

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
ADVENTURES
OF
JOSEPH ANDREWS,

And of his FRIEND

Mr. *ABRAHAM ADAMS.*

Written in Imitation of

The *Manner* of CERVANTES,

Author of *Don Quixote.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

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P R E F A C E.

AS it is possible the mere *English* Reader may have a different Idea of Romance with the Author of these little Volumes ; and may consequently expect a kind of Entertainment, not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following Pages ; it may not be improper to premise a few Words concerning this kind of Writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our Language.

The EPIC as well as the DRAMA is divided into Tragedy and Comedy. *Homer*, who was the Father of this Species of Poetry, gave us a Pattern of both these, tho' that of the latter kind is entirely lost ;

which *Aristotle* tells us, bore the same Relation to Comedy which his *Iliad* bears to Tragedy. And perhaps, that we have no more Instances of it among the Writers of Antiquity, is owing to the Loss of this great Pattern, which, had it survived, would have found its Imitators equally with the other Poems of this great Original.

And farther, as this Poetry may be Tragic or Comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in Verse or Prose : for tho' it wants one particular, which the Critic enumerates in the constituent Parts of an Epic Poem, namely Metre ; yet, when any kind of Writing contains all its other Parts, such as Fable, Action, Characters, Sentiments, and Diction, and is deficient in Metre only ; it seems, I think, reasonable to refer it to the Epic ; at least, as no Critic hath thought proper to range it under any other Head, nor to assign it a particular Name to itself.

Thus the *Telemachus* of the Arch-Bishop of *Cambray* appears to me of the Epic kind, as well as the *Odyssey* of *Homer* ; indeed, it is much fairer and more reasonable to give it a Name common with that species from which it differs only in a single Instance, than

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than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such are those voluminous Works commonly called *Romances*, namely, *Clelia*, *Cleopatra*, *Astræa*, *Cassandra*, the *Grand Cyrus*, and innumerable others which contain, as I apprehend, very little Instruction or Entertainment.

Now a comic Romance is a comic Epic-Poem in Prose; differing from Comedy, as the serious Epic from Tragedy: its Action being more extended and comprehensive; containing a much larger Circle of Incidents, and introducing a greater Variety of Characters. It differs from the serious Romance in its Fable and Action, in this; that as in the one these are grave and solemn, so in the other they are light and ridiculous: It differs in its Characters, by introducing Persons of inferior Rank, and consequently of inferior Manners, whereas the grave Romance, sets the highest before us; lastly in its Sentiments and Diction; by preserving the Ludicrous instead of the Sublime. In the Diction I think, Burlesque itself may be sometimes admitted; of which many Instances will occur in this Work, as in the Descriptions of the Battles, and some other Places, not necessary to be pointed out to the Classical Reader; for whose Enter-

tainment those Parodies or Burlesque Imitations are chiefly calculated.

But tho' we have sometimes admitted this in our Diction, we have carefully excluded it from our Sentiments and Characters : for there it is never properly introduced, unless in Writings of the Burlesque kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two Species of Writing can differ more widely than the Comic and the Burlesque : for as the latter is ever the Exhibition of what is monstrous and unnatural, and where our Delight, if we examine it, arises from the surprizing Absurdity, as in appropriating the Manners of the highest to the lowest, or *à converso* ; so in the former, we should ever confine ourselves strictly to Nature from the just Imitation of which, will flow all the Pleasure we can this way convey to a sensible Reader. And perhaps there is one Reason, why a Comic Writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from Nature, since it may not be always so easy for a serious Poet to meet with the Great and the Admirable ; but Life every where furnishes an accurate Observer with the Ridiculous.

I have hinted this little, concerning Burlesque; because, I have often heard that Name given to Performances, which have been truly of the Comic kind, from the Author's having sometimes admitted it in his Diction only; which as it is the Dress of Poetry, doth like the Dress of Men establish Characters, (the one of the whole Poem, and the other of the whole Man,) in vulgar Opinion, beyond any of their greater Excellencies: But surely, a certain Drollery in Style, where the Characters and Sentiments are perfectly natural, no more constitutes the Burlesque, than an empty Pomp and Dignity of Words, where every thing else is mean and low, can entitle any Performance to the Appellation of the true Sublime.

And I apprehend, my Lord Shaftesbury's Opinion of mere Burlesque agrees with mine, when he asserts, "There is no such Thing to be found in the Writings of the Ancients." But perhaps, I have less Abhorrence than he professes for it: And that not because I have had some little Success on the Stage this way; but rather, as it contributes more to exquisite Mirth and Laughter than any other; and

these are probably more wholesome Physic for the Mind, and conduce better to purge away Spleen, Melancholy and ill Affections, than is generally imagined. Nay, I will appeal to common Observation, whether the same Companies are not found more full of Good-Humour and Benevolence, after they have been sweeten'd for two or three Hours with Entertainments of this kind, than when soured by a Tragedy or a grave Lecture.

But to illustrate all this by another Science, in which, perhaps, we shall see the Distinction more clearly and plainly: Let us examine the Works of a Comic History Painter, with those Performances which the *Italians* call *Caricatura*; where we shall find the true Excellence of the former, to consist in the exactest Copy of Nature; inso-much, that a judicious Eye instantly rejects any thing *outré*; any Liberty which the Painter hath taken with the Features of that *Alma Mater*.—Whereas in the *Caricatura* we allow all Licence. Its Aim is to exhibit Monsters, not Men; and all Distortions and Exaggerations whatever are within its proper Province.

Now what *Caricatura* is in Painting, Burlesque is in Writing; and in the same manner

manner the Comic Writer and Painter correlate to each other. And here I shall observe, that as in the former, the Painter seems to have the Advantage; so it is in the latter infinitely on the side of the Writer: For the *Monstrous* is much easier to paint than describe, and the *ridiculous* to describe than paint.

And tho' perhaps this latter Species doth not in either Science so strongly affect and agitate the Muscles as the other; yet it will be owned, I believe, that a more rational and useful Pleasure arises to us from it. He who should call the Ingenious *Hogarth* a Burlesque Painter, would, in my Opinion, do him very little Honour: For sure it is much easier, much less the Subject of Admiration, to paint a Man with a Nose, or any other Feature of a preposterous Size, or to expose him in some absurd or monstrous Attitude, than to express the Affections of Men on Canvas. It hath been thought a vast Commendation of a Painter, to say his Figures *seem to breathe*; but surely, it is a much greater and nobler Applause, *that they appear to think*.

But to return——The Ridiculous only, as I have before said, falls within my Province in the present Work.—Nor will

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some Explanation of this Word he thought impertinent by the Reader, if he considers how wonderfully it hath been mistaken, even by Writers who have profess'd it: For to what but such a Mistake, can we attribute the many Attempts to ridicule the blackest Villanies; and what is yet worse, the most dreadful Calamities? What could exceed the Absurdity of an Author, who should write *the Comedy of Nero, with the merry Incident of ripping up his Mother's Belly*; or what would give a greater Shock to Humanity, than an Attempt to expose the Miseries of Poverty and Distress to Ridicule? And yet, the Reader will not want much Learning to suggest such Instances to himself.

Besides, it may seem remarkable, that *Aristotle*, who is so fond and free of Definitions, hath not thought proper to define the Ridiculous. Indeed, where he tells us it is proper to Comedy, he hath remarked that Villany is not its Object: but he hath not, as I remember, positively asserted what is. Nor doth the *Abbé Bellegarde*, who hath writ a Treatise on this Subject, tho' he shews us many Species of it, once trace it to its Fountain.

The

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The only Source of the true Ridiculous (as it appears to me) is Affectation. But tho' it arises from one Spring only, when we consider the infinite Streams into which this one branches, we shall presently cease to admire at the copious Field it affords to an Observer. Now Affectation proceeds from one of these two Causes; Vanity, or Hypocrisy: For as Vanity puts us on affecting false Characters, in order to purchase Applause; so Hypocrisy sets us on an Endeavour to avoid Censure by concealing our Vices under an Appearance of their opposite Virtues. And tho' these two Causes are often confounded, (for they require some Difficulty in distinguishing;) yet, as they proceed from very different Motives, so they are as clearly distinct in their Operations: For indeed, the Affectation which arises from Vanity is nearer to Truth than the other, as it hath not that violent Repugnancy of Nature to struggle with, which that of the Hypocrite hath. It may be likewise noted, that Affectation doth not imply an absolute Negation of those Qualities which are affected: And therefore, tho', when it proceeds from Hypocrisy, it be nearly allied to Deceit; yet when it comes from Vanity

Vanity only, it partakes of the Nature of Ostentation: for instance, the Affectation of Liberality in a vain Man, differs visibly from the same Affectation in the Avaricious; for tho' the vain Man is not what he would appear, or hath not the Virtue he affects, to the degree he would be thought to have it; yet it sits less awkwardly on him than on the avaricious Man, who is the very Reverse of what he would *seem* to be.

From the Discovery of this Affectation arises the Ridiculous—which always strikes the Reader with Surprise and Pleasure; and that in a higher and stronger Degree when the Affectation arises from Hypocrisy, than when from Vanity: for to discover any one to be the exact Reverse of what he affects, is more surprizing, and consequently more ridiculous, than to find him a little deficient in the Quality he desires the Reputation of. I might observe that our *Ben Johnson*, who of all Men understood the *Ridiculous* the best, hath chiefly used the hypocritical Affectation.

Now from Affectation only, the Misfortunes and Calamities of Life, or the Imperfections of Nature, may become the Objects of Ridicule. Surely he hath a
very

very ill-framed Mind, who can look on Ugliness, Infirmary, or Poverty, as ridiculous in themselves: nor do I believe any Man living who meets a dirty Fellow riding through the Streets in a Cart, is struck with an Idea of the Ridiculous from it; but if he should see the same Figure descend from his Coach and Six, or bolt from his Chair with his Hat under his Arm, he would then begin to laugh, and with Justice. In the same manner, were we to enter a poor House, and behold a wretched Family shivering with Cold and languishing with Hunger, it would not incline us to Laughter, (at least we must have very diabolical Natures, if it would :) but should we discover there a Grate, instead of Coals, adorned with Flowers, empty Plate or China Dishes on the Side-board, or any other Affectation of Riches and Finery either on their Persons or in their Furniture; we might then indeed be excused, for ridiculing so fantastical an Appearance. Much less are natural Imperfections the Objects of Derision: but when Ugliness aims at the Applause of Beauty, or Lameness endeavours to display Agility; it is then that these unfortunate Circumstances, which at first moved our Compassion, tend only to raise our Mirth.

The

The Poet carries this very far ;

*None are for being what they are in Fault,
But for not being what they would be thought.*

Where if the Metre would suffer the Word *Ridiculous* to close the first Line, the Thought would be rather more proper. Great Vices are the proper Objects of our Detestation, smaller Faults of our Pity : but Affectation appears to me the only true Source of the Ridiculous.

But perhaps it may be objected to me, that I have against my own Rules introduced Vices, and of a very black Kind into this Work. To which I shall answer : First, that it is very difficult to pursue a Series of human Actions and keep clear from them. Secondly, That the Vices to be found here, are rather the accidental Consequences of some human Frailty, or Foible, than Causes habitually existing in the Mind. Thirdly, That they are never set forth as the Objects of Ridicule but Detestation. Fourthly, That they are never the principal Figure at that Time on the Scene ; and lastly, they never produce the intended Evil.

Having

Having thus distinguished *Joseph Andrews* from the Productions of Romance Writers on the one hand, and Burlesque Writers on the other, and given some few very short Hints (for I intended no more) of this Species of writing, which I have affirmed to be hitherto unattempted in our Language; I shall leave to my good-natur'd Reader to apply my Piece to my Observations, and will detain him no longer than with a Word concerning the Characters in this Work.

And here I solemnly protest, I have no Intention to vilify or asperse any one: for tho' every thing is copied from the Book of Nature, and scarce a Character or Action produced which I have not taken from my own Observations and Experience, yet I have used the utmost Care to obscure the Persons by such different Circumstances, Degrees, and Colours, that it will be impossible to guess at them with any degree of Certainty; and if it ever happens otherwise, it is only where the Failure characterized is so minute, that it is a Foible only which the Party himself may laugh at as well as any other.

As to the Character of *Adams*, as it is the most glaring in the whole, so I conceive it is not to be found in any Book now extant. It is designed a Character of perfect Simplicity; and as the Goodness of his Heart will recommend him to the Good-natur'd; so I hope it will excuse me to the Gentlemen of his Cloth; for whom, while they are worthy of their sacred Order, no Man can possibly have a greater Respect. They will therefore excuse me, notwithstanding the low Adventures in which he is engaged, that I have made him a Clergyman; since no other Office could have given him so many Opportunities of displaying his worthy Inclinations.

THE



THE
HISTORY
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OF

*Joseph Andrews, and his
Friend Mr. Abraham Adams.*

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*Of writing Lives in general, and particularly
of Pamela; with a Word by the bye of
Colley Cibber and others.*

IT is a trite but true Observation, that Examples
work more forcibly on the Mind than Precepts :
And if this be just in what is odious and blame-
able, it is more strongly so in what is amiable
and praise-worthy. Here Emulation most effec-
tually operates upon us, and inspires our Imitation in
an irresistible manner. A good Man therefore is a
standing

standing Lesson to all his Acquaintance, and of far greater Use in that narrow Circle than a good Book.

But as it often happens that the best Men are but little known, and consequently cannot extend the Usefulness of their Examples a great way; the Writer may be called in aid to spread their History farther, to present the amiable Pictures to those who have not the Happiness of knowing the Originals; and by communicating such valuable Patterns to the World, may perhaps do a more extensive Service to Mankind than the Person whose Life originally afforded the Pattern.

In this Light I have always regarded those Biographers who have recorded the Actions of great and worthy Persons of both Sexes. Not to mention those antient Writers which of late Days are little read, being written in obsolete, and, as they are generally thought, unintelligible Languages; such as *Plutarch*, *Nepos*, and others which I heard of in my Youth, our own Language affords many of excellent Use and Instruction, finely calculated to sow the Seeds of Virtue in Youth, and very easy to be comprehended by Persons of moderate Capacity. Such are the History of *John* the Great, who, by his brave and heroic Actions against Men of large and athletic Bodies, obtained the glorious Appellation of the Giant-killer; that of an Earl of *Warwick*, whose Christian Name was *Guy*; the Lives of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*, and above all, the History of those seven worthy Personages, the Champions of Christendom. In all these, Delight is mixed with Instruction, and the Reader is almost as much improved as entertained.

But I pass by these and many others, to mention two Books lately published, which represent an admirable Pattern of the amiable in either Sex. The former of these which deals in Male-Virtue, was written by the great Person himself, who lived the Life he hath recorded, and is by many thought to have lived such a Life only in order to write it. The other is communicated to us by an Historian who borrows his Lights, as the common Method is, from authentic Papers and
Records.

Records. The Reader, I believe, already conjectures, I mean the Lives of Mr. *Colley Cibber*, and of Mrs. *Pamela Andrews*. How artfully doth the former, by insinuating that he *escaped* being promoted to the highest Stations in Church and State, teach us a Contempt of worldly Grandeur! how strongly doth he inculcate an absolute Submission to our Superiors! Lastly, how completely doth he arm us against so uneasy, so wretched a Passion as the Fear of Shame; how clearly doth he expose the Emptiness and Vanity of that Fantom, Reputation!

What the Female Readers are taught by the Memoirs of Mrs. *Andrews*, is so well set forth in the excellent Essays or Letters prefixed to the second and subsequent Editions of that Work, that it would be here a needless Repetition. The authentic History, with which I now present the Public, is an Instance of the great Good that Book is likely to do, and of the Prevalence of Example which I have just observed: since it will appear that it was by keeping the excellent Pattern of his Sister's Virtues before his Eyes, that Mr. *Joseph Andrews* was chiefly enabled to preserve his Purity in the midst of such great Temptations; I shall only add, that this Character of Male-Chastity, tho' doubtless as desirable, as becoming in one Part of the human Species, as in the other, is almost the only Virtue which the great Apologist hath not given himself for the sake of giving the Example to his Readers,

CH A P. II.

Of Mr. Joseph Andrews his Birth, Parentage, Education, and great Endowments, with a Word or two concerning Ancestors.

MR. *Joseph Andrews*, the Hero of our ensuing History, was esteemed to be the only Son of *Gaffar and Gammer Andrews*, and Brother to the illustri-

ous *Pamela*, whose Virtue is at present so famous. As to his Ancestors, we have searched with great Diligence, but little Success: being unable to trace them farther than his Great Grandfather, who, as an elderly Person in the Parish remembers to have heard his Father say, was an excellent Cudgel-player. Whether he had any Ancestors before this, we must leave to the Opinion of our curious Reader, finding nothing of sufficient Certainty to rely on. However, we cannot omit inserting an Epitaph which an ingenious Friend of ours hath communicated.

*Stay Traveller, for underneath this Pew
Lies fast asleep that merry Man Andrew;
When the last Day's great Sun shall gild the Skies,
Then he shall from his Tomb get up and rise.
Be merry while thou can'st: for surely thou
Shall shortly be as sad as he is now.*

The Words are almost out of the Stone with Antiquity. But it is needless to observe, that *Andrew* here is writ without an *s*, and is besides a Christian Name. My Friend moreover conjectures this to have been the Founder of that Sect of laughing Philosophers, since called *Merry Andrews*.

To wave therefore a Circumstance, which, tho' mentioned in conformity to the exact Rules of Biography, is not greatly material; I proceed to things of more Consequence. Indeed it is sufficiently certain, that he had as many Ancestors, as the best Man living; and perhaps, if we look five or six hundred Years backwards, might be related to some Persons of very great Figure at present, whose Ancestors within half the last Century, are buried in as great Obscurity. But suppose for Argument's sake we should admit that he had no Ancestors at all, but had sprung up, according to the modern Phrase, out of a Dunghill, as the *Athenians* pretended they themselves did from the Earth, would not this

* *Autokopras*

* *Autokopros* have been justly entitled to all the Praise arising from his own Virtues? Would it not be hard, that a Man who hath no Ancestors, should therefore be rendered incapable of acquiring Honour, when we see so many who have no Virtues, enjoying the Honour of their Forefathers? At ten Years old (by which Time his Education was advanced to Writing and Reading) he was bound an Apprentice, according to the Statute, to Sir *Thomas Booby*, an Uncle of Mr. *Booby's* by the Father's side. Sir *Thomas* having then an Estate in his own Hands, the young *Andrews* was at first employed in what in the Country they call *keeping Birds*. His Office was to perform the Part the Ancients assigned to the God *Priapus*, which Deity the Moderns call by the Name of *Jack-o'-Lent*: but his Voice being so extremely musical, that it rather allured the Birds than terrified them, he was soon transplanted from the Fields into the Dog-kennel, where he was placed under the Huntsman, and made what Sportsmen term a *Whipper-in*. For this Place likewise the Sweetness of his Voice disqualified him: the Dogs preferring the Melody of his chiding to all the alluring Notes of the Huntsman, who soon became so incensed at it, that he desired Sir *Thomas* to provide otherwise for him; and constantly laid every Fault the Dogs were at, to the Account of the poor Boy, who was now transplanted to the Stable. Here he soon gave Proofs of Strength and Agility, beyond his Years, and constantly rode the most spirited and vicious Horses to water, with an Intrepidity which surprized every one. While he was in this Station, he rode several Races for Sir *Thomas*, and this with such Expertness and Success, that the neighbouring Gentlemen frequently solicited the Knight, to permit little *Joey* (for so he was called) to ride their Matches. The best Gamesters, before they laid their Money, always enquired which Horse little

Joey

* In English, *sprung from a Dunghil.*

Joey was to ride, and the Betts were rather proportioned by the Rider than by the Horse himself; especially after he had scornfully refused a considerable Bribe to play booty on such an Occasion. This extremely raised his Character, and so pleased the Lady *Booby*, that she desired to have him (being now seventeen Years of Age) for her own Foot-boy.

Joey was now preferred from the Stable to attend on his Lady; to go on her Errands, stand behind her Chair, wait at her Tea-table, and carry her Prayer-Book to Church; at which Place, his Voice gave him an Opportunity of distinguishing himself by singing Psalms: he behaved likewise in every other respect so well at divine Service, that it recommended him to the Notice of Mr. *Abraham Adams* the Curate; who took an Opportunity one Day, as he was drinking a Cup of Ale in Sir *Thomas's* Kitchen, to ask the young Man several Questions concerning Religion; with his Answers to which he was wonderfully pleased.

C H A P. III.

Of Mr. Abraham Adams the Curate, Mrs. Slipslop the Chambermaid, and others.

MR. *Abraham Adams* was an excellent Scholar. He was a perfect Master of the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages; to which he added a great Share of Knowledge in the Oriental Tongues, and could read and translate *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish*. He had applied many Years to the most severe Study, and had treasured up a Fund of Learning rarely to be met with in a University. He was besides a Man of good Sense, good Parts, and good Nature; but was at the same time as entirely ignorant of the Ways of this World, as an Infant just entered into it could possibly be. As he had never any Intention to deceive, so he never suspected such a Design in others. He was generous, friendly and brave to an Excess; but Simplicity

city was his Characteristic : he did, no more than Mr. *Colley Cibber*, apprehend any such Passions as Malice and Envy to exist in Mankind, which was indeed less remarkable in a Country Parson than in a Gentleman who hath pass'd his Life behind the Scenes, a Place which hath been seldom thought the School of Innocence ; and where a very little Observation would have convinced the great Apologist, that those Passions have a real Existence in the human Mind.

His Virtue and his other Qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his Office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable Companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a Bishop, that at the Age of Fifty, he was provided with a handsome Income of twenty-three Pounds a Year ; which however, he could not make any great Figure with : because he lived in a dear Country, and was a little incumbered with a Wife and six Children.

It was this Gentleman, who, having, as I have said, observed the singular Devotion of young *Andrews*, had found means to question him, concerning several Particulars ; as how many Books there were in the New Testament ? which were they ? how many Chapters they contained ? and such like ; to all which Mr. *Adams* said, he answer'd much better than Sir *Thomas*, or two other neighbouring Justices of the Peace could probably have done.

Mr. *Adams* was wonderfully solicitous to know at what Time, and by what Opportunity the Youth became acquainted with these Matters : who told him, that he had very early learnt to read and write by the Goodness of his Father, who, though he had not Interest enough to get him into a Charity School, because a Cousin of his Father's Landlord did not vote on the right side for a Church-warden in a Borough Town, yet had been himself at the Expence of Sixpence a Week for his Learning. That he had ever since he was in Sir *Thomas*'s Family, employed all his Hours of Leisure in reading good Books ; that he had read the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, and *Thomas à Kempis* ; and that as often as he could, without being per-

ceived,

ceived, he had studied a great good Book which lay open in the Hall Window, where he had read, *as how the Devil carried away half a Church in Sermon-time; without hurting one of the Congregation; and as how a Field of Corn ran away down a Hill with all the Trees upon it, and covered another Man's Meadow.* This sufficiently assured Mr. Adams, that the good Book meant could be no other than *Baker's Chronicle.*

The Curate, surprized to find such Instances of Industry and Application in a young Man, who had never met with the least Encouragement, asked him, if he did not extremely regret the want of a liberal Education, and the not having been born of Parents, who might have indulged his Talents and Desire of Knowledge? To which he answered, "He hoped he had profited somewhat better from the Books he had read, than to lament his Condition in this World. That for his part, he was perfectly content with the State to which he was called, that he should endeavour to improve his Talent, which was all required of him, but not repine at his own Lot, nor envy those of his Betters." "Well said, my Lad, replied the Curate, and I wish some who have read many more Books, had profited so much by them."

Adams had no nearer Access to Sir Thomas, or my Lady, than by the waiting Gentlewoman: For Sir Thomas was too apt to estimate Men merely by their Dress, or Fortune; and my Lady was a Woman of Gaiety, who had been bless'd with a Town-Education, and never spoke of any of her Country Neighbours, by any other Appellation than that of *Brutes.* They both regarded the Curate as a kind of Domestic only belonging to the Parson of the Parish, who was at this time at variance with the Knight on Suits, which he then had for Tithes with seven Tenants of his Manor, in order to set aside a Modus, by which the Parson proposed an Advantage of several Shillings *per annum*, and by these Suits had greatly impoverished himself, and utterly undone the poor Tenants.

Mrs. *Slipshod* the Waiting-Gentlewoman, being herself the Daughter of a Curate, preserved some Respect

For *Adams*; she professed great Regard for his Learning, and would frequently dispute with him on Points of Theology; but always insisted on a Deference to be paid to her Understanding, as she had been frequently at *London*, and knew more of the World than a Country Parson could pretend to.

She had in these Disputes a particular Advantage over *Adams*: for she was a mighty Affecter of hard Words, which she used in such a manner, that the Parson, who durst not offend her, by calling her Words in question, was frequently at some loss to guess her meaning, and would have been much less puzzled by an *Arabian Manuscript*.

To her therefore, *Adams* mentioned the Case of young *Andrews*, and desired her to recommend him to her Lady as a Youth very susceptible of Learning, and one, whose Instruction in *Latin* he would himself undertake; by which means, he might be qualified for a higher Station than that of a Footman: and added, she knew it was in his Master's power easily to provide for him in a better manner. He therefore desired, that the Boy might be left behind under his Care.

"La Mr. *Adams*, said Mrs. *Slipslop*, do you think my Lady will suffer any *Preambles* about such a Matter? She is going to *London* very *concisely*, and I am *confidous* would not leave *Joe* behind her on any account; for he is one of the genteelest young Fellows you may see in a Summer's Day, and I am *confidous* she would as soon think of parting with a Pair of her Grey-Mares: for she values herself as much on one as the other." *Adams* would have interrupted, but she proceeded: "And why is *Latin* more *necssitous* for a Footman than a Gentleman? It is very proper that you Clergymen must learn it, because you can't preach without it: but I have heard Gentlemen say in *London*, that it is fit for no body else. I am *confidous* my Lady would be angry with me for mentioning it, and I shall draw myself into no such *Delemy*." At which words her Lady's Bell rung, and Mr. *Adams* was forced to retire; nor could he gain a second Opportunity with her before their

London Journey, which happened a few Days afterwards. However, *Andrews* behaved very thankfully and gratefully to him for his intended Kindness, which he told him he never would forget, and at the same time received from the good Man many Admonitions concerning the Regulation of his future Conduct, and his Perseverance in Innocence and Industry.

CHAP. IV.

What happened after their Journey to London.

N O sooner was young *Andrews* arrived at *London*, than he began to scrape an Acquaintance with his party-colour'd Brethren, who endeavour'd to make him despise his former Course of Life. His Hair was cut after the newest Fashion, and became his chief Care. He went abroad with it all the Morning in Papers, and drest it out in the Afternoon; they could not however teach him to game, swear, drink, nor any other genteel Vice the Town abounded with. He applied most of his leisure Hours to Music, in which he greatly improved himself, and became so perfect a Connoisseur in that Art, that he led the Opinion of all the other Footmen at an Opera, and they never condemned or applauded a single Song contrary to his Approbation or Dislike. He was a little too forward in Riots at the Play-Houses and Assemblies; and when he attended his Lady at Church (which was but seldom) he behaved with less seeming Devotion than formerly: however, if he was outwardly a pretty Fellow, his Morals remained entirely uncorrupted, tho' he was at the same time smarter and genteeler, than any of the Beaus in Town, either in or out of Livery.

His Lady, who had often said of him that *Joey* was the handsomest and genteelst Footman in the Kingdom, but that it was pity he wanted Spirit, began now to find that Fault no longer; on the contrary, she was frequently heard to cry out, *Aye, there is some Life in this*

this Fellow. She plainly saw the Effects which Town-Air hath on the soberest Constitutions. She would now walk out with him into *Hyde-Park* in a Morning, and when tired, which happened almost every Minute, would lean on his Arm, and converse with him in great Familiarity. Whenever she stepped out of her Coach she would take him by the Hand, and sometimes, for fear of stumbling, press it very hard; she admitted him to deliver Messages at her Bed-side in a Morning, leered at him at Table, and indulged him in all those innocent Freedoms which Women of Figure may permit without the least sully of their Virtue.

But tho' their Virtue remains unsullied, yet now and then some small Arrows will glance at the Shadow of it, their Reputation; and so it fell out to Lady Booby, who happened to be walking Arm in Arm with Joey one Morning in *Hyde-Park*, when Lady Tittle and Lady Tattle came accidentally by in their Coach. *Bless me,* says Lady Tittle, *can I believe my Eyes? Is that Lady Booby?* Surely, says Tattle. *But what makes you surprized? Why is not that her Footman,* reply'd Tittle? At which Tattle laughed and cried, *An old Business, I assure you, is it possible you should not have heard it? The whole Town hath known it this half Year.* The Consequence of this Interview was a Whisper through a hundred Visits, which were separately performed by the two Ladies * the same Afternoon, and might have had a mischievous Effect, had it not been stopt by two fresh Reputations which were published the Day afterwards, and engrossed the whole Talk of the Town.

But whatever Opinion or Suspicion the scandalous Inclination of Defamers might entertain of Lady

B 2

Booby's

* It may seem an Absurdity that Tattle should visit, as she actually did, to spread a known Scandal: but the Reader may reconcile this, by supposing with me, that, notwithstanding what she says, this was her first Acquaintance with it.

Booby's innocent Freedoms, it is certain they made no Impression on young *Andrews*, who never offered to encroach beyond the Liberties which his Lady allowed him. A Behaviour which she imputed to the violent Respect he preserved for her, and which served only to heighten a something she began to conceive, and which the next Chapter will open a little farther.

CHAP. V.

The Death of Sir Thomas Booby, with the affectionate and mournful Behaviour of his Widow, and the great Purity of Joseph Andrews.

AT this Time, an Accident happened which put a stop to these agreeable Walks, which probably would have soon puffed up the Cheeks of Fame, and caused her to blow her brazen Trumpet through the Town, and this was no other than the Death of Sir *Thomas Booby*, who departing this Life, left his disconsolate Lady confined to her House as closely as if she herself had been attacked by some violent Disease. During the first six Days the poor Lady admitted none but Mrs. *Slipslop* and three Female Friends who made a Party at Cards: but on the seventh she ordered *Joey*, whom for a good Reason we shall hereafter call *JOSEPH*, to bring up her Tea-kettle. The Lady being in Bed, called *Joseph* to her, bad him sit down, and having accidentally laid her hand on his, she asked him, *if he had never been in Love?* *Joseph* answered, with some Confusion, "it was time enough for one so young as himself to think on such things." As young as you are, reply'd the Lady, I am convinced you are no Stranger to that Passion; "Come *Joey*," says she, "tell me truly, who is the happy Girl whose Eyes have made a Conquest of you?" *Joseph* returned, "that all Women he had ever seen were
" equally

"equally indifferent to him." "O then," said the Lady, "you are a general Lover. Indeed you hand-
 "some Fellows, like handsome Women, are very
 "long and difficult in fixing: but yet you shall never
 "persuade me that your Heart is so insusceptible of
 "Affection; I rather impute what you say to your
 "Secrecy, a very commendable Quality, and what I
 "am far from being angry with you for. Nothing
 "can be more unworthy in a young Man than to be-
 "tray any Intimacies with the Ladies. *Ladies! Ma-*
dam, said Joseph, I am sure I never had the Impu-
dence to think of any that deserve that Name. "Don't
 "pretend to too much Modesty, said she, for that
 "sometimes may be impertinent: but pray, answer
 "me this Question, Suppose a Lady should happen
 "to like you, suppose she should prefer you to all your
 "Sex, and admit you to the same Familiarities as you
 "might have hoped for if you had been born her equal;
 "are you certain that no Vanity could tempt you to
 "discover her? Answer me honestly. *Joseph, Have*
you so much more Sense and so much more Virtue
than you handsome young Fellows generally have,
who make no scruple of sacrificing our dear Repu-
tation to your Pride, without considering the great
Obligation we lay on you, by our Condescension and
Confidence? Can you keep a Secret, my Joey." Ma-
 "dam says he, "I hope your Ladyship can't tax me
 "with ever betraying the Secrets of the Family, and
 "I hope, if you was to turn me away, I might have
 "that Character of you." "I don't intend to
 "turn you away, *Joey,*" said she, and sighed, "I
 "am afraid it is not in my power." She then raised
 herself a little in her Bed, and discovered one of the
 whitest Necks that ever was seen; at which *Joseph*
 blushed, La! says she, in an affected Surprise, "what
 "am I doing? I have trusted myself with a Man a-
 "lone, naked in Bed; suppose you should have any
 "wicked Intentions upon my Honour, how should I
 "defend myself?" *Joseph* protested that he never had
 the least evil Design against her. "No, says she, per-
 "haps you may not call your Designs wicked, and

"perhaps they are not so."—He swore they were not:
 "You misunderstand me, says she, I mean if they
 "were against my Honour, they may not be wicked,
 "but the World calls them so. But then, say you,
 "the World will never know any thing of the Mat-
 "ter, yet would not that be trusting to your Secrecy?
 "Must not my Reputation be then in your power?
 "Would you not then be my Master?" *Joseph* begged
 her Ladyship to be comforted, for that he would ne-
 ver imagine the least wicked thing against her, and
 that he had rather die a thousand Deaths than give her
 any reason to suspect him. "Yes, said she, I must
 "have reason to suspect you. Are you not a Man?
 "and without Vanity I may pretend to some Charms.
 "But perhaps you may fear I should prosecute you;
 "indeed I hope you do, and yet Heaven knows I
 "should never have the Confidence to appear before
 "a Court of Justice, and you know, *Joey*, I am, of
 "a forgiving Temper. Tell me *Joey*, don't you
 "think I should forgive you?" "Indeed Madam,
 "says *Joseph*, I will never do any thing to disoblige
 "your Ladyship." "How, says she, do you think
 "it would not disoblige me then? Do you think I
 "would willingly suffer you?" "I don't understand you,
 "Madam, says *Joseph*. Don't you, said she, then
 "you are either a Fool or pretend to be so, I find I
 "was mistaken in you, so get you down Stairs, and
 "never let me see your Face again: your pretended
 "Innocence cannot impose on me." "Madam, said
 "*Joseph*, I would not have your Ladyship think any
 "Evil of me. I have always endeavoured to be a
 "dutiful Servant both to you and my Master." "O
 "thou Villain, answered my Lady, Why did'st thou
 "mention the Name of that dear Man, unless to tor-
 "ment me, to bring his precious Memory to my
 "Mind, (and then she burst into a Fit of Tears) "Get
 "thee from my Sight, I shall never endure thee more."
 At which words she turned away from him, and *Joseph*
 retreated from the Room in a most disconsolate Condi-
 tion, and writ the Letter which the Reader will find in
 the next Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

How Joseph Andrews writ a Letter to his Sister Pamela.

To Mrs. *Pamela Andrews*, living with Squire *Booby*.

“ *Dear Sister,*

“ SINCE I received your Letter of your good Lady’s Death, we have had a Misfortune of the same kind in our Family. My worthy Master, Sir *Thomas*, died about four Days ago, and what is worse, my poor Lady is certainly gone distracted. None of the Servants expected her to take it so to heart, because they quarrell’d almost every day of their Lives: but no more of that, because you know, *Pamela*, I never loved to tell the Secrets of my Master’s Family; but to be sure you must have known they never loved one another, and I have heard her Ladyship wish his Honour dead above a thousand times: but no body knows what it is to lose a Friend till they have lost him.

“ Don’t tell any body what I write, because I should not care to have Folks say I discover what passes in our Family: but if it had not been so great a Lady, I should have thought she had had a mind to me. Dear *Pamela*, don’t tell any body; but she ordered me to sit down by her Bed-side, when she was in naked Bed; and she held my Hand, and talked exactly as a Lady does to her Sweetheart in a Stage-Play, which I have seen in *Covent Garden*, while she wanted him to be no better than he should be.

“ If Madam be mad, I shall not care for staying long in the Family; so I heartily wish you could get me a Place either at the Squire’s, or some other neighbouring Gentleman’s, unless it be true that you are going to be married to Parson *Williams*, as

" Folks talk, and then I should be very willing to be
 " his Clerk : for which you know I am qualified, be-
 " ing able to read, and to set a Psalm.

" I fancy, I shall be discharged very soon ; and the
 " Moment I am, unless I hear from you, I shall re-
 " turn to my old Master's country Seat, if it be only
 " to see Parson *Adams*, who is the best Man in the
 " World. *London* is a bad Place, and there is so little
 " good Fellowship, that next-door Neighbours don't
 " know one another. Pray give my Service to all
 " Friends that enquire for me ; so I rest

Your Loving Brother,
 Joseph Andrews.

As soon as *Joseph* had sealed and directed this Letter, he walked down Stairs, where he met Mrs. *Slipshod*, with whom we shall take this Opportunity to bring the Reader a little better acquainted. She was an ancient Maiden Gentlewoman of about Forty-five Years of Age, who having made a small Slip in her Youth had continued a good Maid ever since. She was not at this time remarkably handsome ; being very short, and rather too corpulent in Body, and somewhat red, with the Addition of Pimples in the Face. Her Nose was likewise rather too large, and her Eyes too little ; nor did she resemble a Cow so much in her Breath, as in two brown Globes which she carried before her ; one of her Legs was also a little shorter than the other, which occasioned her to limp as she walked. This fair Creature had long cast the Eyes of Affection on *Joseph*, in which she had not met with quite so good Success as she probably wished, tho' besides the Allurements of her native Charms, she had given him Tea, Sweetmeats, Wine, and many other Delicacies, of which by keeping the Keys, she had the absolute Command. *Joseph* however, had not returned the least Gratitude to all these Favours, not even so much as a Kiss ; tho' I would not insinuate she was so easily to be satisfied : for surely then he would have been highly blameable. The Truth is, she was arrived at

an Age, when she thought she might indulge herself in any Liberties with a Man, without the Danger of bringing a third Person into the World to betray them. She imagined, that by so long a Self-denial, she had not only made amends for the small Slip of her Youth above hinted at : but had likewise laid up a Quantity of Merit to excuse any future Failings. In a word, she resolved to give a loose to her amorous Inclinations, and pay off the Debt of Pleasure which she found she owed herself, as fast as possible.

With these Charms of Person, and in this Disposition of Mind, she encountered poor *Joseph* at the Bottom of the Stairs, and asked him if he would drink a Glass of something good this Morning. *Joseph*, whose Spirits were not a little cast down, very readily and thankfully accepted the Offer ; and together they went into a Closet, where having delivered him a full Glass of Ratifia, and desired him to sit down, Mrs. *Slipslop* thus began :

“ Sure nothing can be a more simple *Contract* in a Woman, than to place her Affections on a Boy. If I had ever thought it would have been my Fate, I should have wished to die a thousand deaths rather than live to see that Day. If we like a Man, the lightest Hint *sophisticates*. Whereas a Boy proposes upon us to break through all the Regulations of Modesty, before we can make any Oppression upon him.” *Joseph*, who did not understand a Word she said, answered, “ yes Madam ;—” “ Yes Madam !” reply’d Mrs. *Slipslop* with some Warmth, “ do you intend to *result* my Passion ? Is it not enough, ungrateful as you are, to make no Return to all the Favours I have done you : but you must treat me with *Ironing* ? Barbarous Monster ! how have I deserved that my Passion should be *resulted* and treated with *Ironing* ?” “ Madam,” answered *Joseph*, “ I don’t understand your hard Words : but I am certain, you have no Occasion to call me ungrateful : for so far from intending you any Wrong, I have always loved you as well as if you had been my own Mother.” How, Sirrah !” says Mrs. *Slipslop*.

in a Rage: "your own Mother! Do you *assume* that I am old enough to be your Mother?"
 "I don't know what a Stripling may think: but I believe a Man would *refer* me to any Green-Sickness silly Girl *whatsoever*: but I ought to despise you rather than be angry with you, for *referring* the Conversation of Girls to that of a Woman of Sense." "Madam," says *Joseph*, "I am sure I have always valued the Honour you did me by your Conversation; for I know you are a Woman of Learning." "Yes but, *Joseph*," said she a little softened by the Compliment to her Learning, "If you had a Value for me, you certainly would have found some Method of shewing it me: for I am *convinced* you must see the Value I have for you. Yes, *Joseph*, my Eyes, whether I would or no, must have declared a Passion I cannot conquer."
 "—Oh! *Joseph*!—"

As when a hungry Tygreſs, who long had traversed the Woods in fruitless Search, sees within the Reach of her Claws a Lamb, she prepares to leap on her Prey; or as a voracious Pike, of immense Size, surveys through the liquid Element a Roach or Gudgeon which cannot escape her Jaws, opens them wide to swallow the little Fish: so did Mrs. *Slipslop* prepare to lay her violent amorous Hands on the poor *Joseph*, when luckily her Mistress's Bell rung, and delivered the intended Martyr from her Clutches. She was obliged to break off abruptly, and defer the Execution of her Purpose to some other Time. We shall therefore return to the Lady *Booby*, and give our Reader some Account of her Behaviour, after she was left by *Joseph* in a Temper of Mind not greatly different from that of the inflamed *Slipslop*.

C H A P. VI.

Sayings of wise Men. A Dialogue between the Lady and her Maid, and a Panegyric or rather Satire on the Passion of Love, in the sublime Style.

IT is the Observation of some ancient Sage, whose Name I have forgot, that Passions operate differently on the human Mind, as Diseases on the Body, in proportion to the Strength or Weakness, Soundness or Rottenness of the one and the other.

We hope therefore, a judicious Reader will give himself some Pains to observe, what we have so greatly laboured to describe, the different Operations of this Passion of Love in the gentle and cultivated Mind of the Lady *Booby*, from those which it effected in the less polished and coarser Disposition of Mrs. *Slipslop*.

One other Philosopher, whose Name also at present escapes my Memory, hath somewhere said, that Resolutions taken in the Absence of the beloved Object are very apt to vanish in its Presence; on both which wise Sayings the following Chapter may serve as a Comment.

No sooner had *Joseph* left the Room in the Manner we have before related, than the Lady, enraged at her Disappointment, began to reflect with Severity on her Conduct. Her Love was now changed to Disdain, which Pride assisted to torment her. She despised herself for the Meanness of her Passion, and *Joseph* for its ill Success. However, she had now got the better of it in her own Opinion, and determined immediately to dismiss the Object. After much tossing and turning in her Bed, and many Soliloquies, which, if we had no better Matter for our Reader, we would give him; she at last rung the Bell us above-mentioned, and was presently attended by Mrs. *Slipslop*, who was not much better pleased with *Joseph*, than the Lady herself.

Slipslop.

Slipslop, said Lady Booby, *when did you see Joseph?* The poor Woman was so surprized at the unexpected Sound of his Name, at so critical a time, that she had the greatest Difficulty to conceal the Confusion she was under from her Mistress, whom she answered nevertheless, with pretty good Confidence, though not entirely void of Fear of Suspicion, that she had not seen him that Morning. "I am afraid," said Lady Booby, "he is a wild young Fellow." "That he is," said *Slipslop*, "and a wicked one too. To my Knowledge he games, drinks, swears and fights eternally: besides he is horribly indicted to Wenching." "Ay!" said the Lady, "I never heard that of him." "O Madam," answered the other, "he is so lewd a Rascal, that, if your Ladyship keeps him much longer, you will not have one Virgin in your House except myself. And yet I can't conceive what the Wenches see in him, to be so foolishly fond as they are; in my Eyes he is as ugly a Scarecrow as ever I upheld." "Nay," said the Lady, "the Boy is well enough.—" "La Ma'am," cries *Slipslop*, "I think him the ragmaticallest Fellow in the Family." "Sure," *Slipslop*, says she, "you are mistaken: but which of the Women do you most suspect?" "Madam," says *Slipslop*, "there is Betty the Chamber-Maid, I am almost convicted, is with Child by him." "Ay!" says the Lady, "then pray pay her her Wages instantly. I will keep no such Sluts in my Family. And as for Joseph, you may discard him too." "Would your Ladyship have him paid off immediately?" cries *Slipslop*. "for perhaps, when Betty is gone, he may mend; and really the Boy is a good Servant, and a strong healthy lascivious Boy enough." "This Morning," answered the Lady with some Vehemence. "I wish, Madam," cries *Slipslop*, "your Ladyship would be so good: as to try him a little longer." "I will not have my Commands disputed," said the Lady, "sure you are not fond of him yourself." "I Madam?" cries *Slipslop*; reddening, if not blushing. "I should be sorry to think your Ladyship had any Reason

Reason to *suspect* me of Fondness for a Fellow ;
and if it be your Pleasure. I shall fulfil it with as
much *reluctance* as possible." " As little, I suppose
you mean," said the Lady ; " and so about it instant-
ly." Mrs. *Slipslop* went out, and the Lady had
scarce taken two turns before she fell to knocking and
ringing with great Violence. *Slipslop*, who did not
travel post-haste, soon returned, and was countermand-
ed as to *Joseph*, but ordered to send *Betty* about her
Business without delay. She went out a second time with
much greater Alacrity than before ; when the Lady be-
gan immediately to accuse herself of Want of Reso-
lution, and to apprehend the Return of her Affection
with its pernicious Consequences : she therefore ap-
plied herself again to the Bell, and resummoned Mrs.
Slipslop into her Presence ; who again returned, and
was told by her Mistress, that she had considered better
of the Matter, and was absolutely resolved to turn
away *Joseph* ; which she ordered her to do immediate-
ly. *Slipslop*, who knew the Violence of her Lady's
Temper, and would not venture her Place for any
Adonis or *Hercules* in the Universe, left her a third
time ; which she had no sooner done, than the little
God *Cupid*, fearing he had not yet done the Lady's
Business, took a fresh Arrow with the sharpest Point
out of his Quiver, and shot it directly into her Heart :
in other and plainer Language, the Lady's Passion got
the better of her Reason. She called back *Slipslop*
once more, and told her, she had resolved to see the
Boy, and examine him herself ; therefore bid her send
him up. This wavering in her Mistress's Temper,
probably put something into the Waiting-Gentlewo-
man's Head, not necessary to mention to the sagacious
Reader.

Lady *Booby* was going to call her back again, but
could not prevail with herself. The next Considera-
tion therefore was, how she should behave to *Joseph*
when he came in. She resolved to preserve all the
Dignity of the Woman of Fashion to her Servant, and
to indulge herself in this last View of *Joseph* (for that
she

he was most certainly resolv'd it should be) at his own Expence, by first insulting, and then discarding him.

O Love, what monstrous Tricks dost thou play with thy Votaries of both Sexes! How dost thou deceive them, and make them deceive themselves! Their Follies are thy Delight. Their Sighs make thee laugh, and their Pangs are thy Merriment!

Not the great *Rich*, who turns Men into Monkeys, Wheelbarrows, and whatever else best humours his Fancy, hath so strangely metamorphos'd the human Shape; nor the great *Cibber*, who confounds all Number, Gender, and breaks through every Rule of Grammar at his Will, hath so distorted the *English* Language, as thou dost metamorphose and distort the human Senses.

Thou puttest out our Eyes, stoppest up our Ears, and takest away the Power of our Nostrils; so that we can neither see the largest Object, hear the loudest Noise, nor smell the most poignant Perfume. Again, when thou pleasest, thou canst make a Mole-hill appear as a Mountain; a *Jew's*-Harp sound like a Trumpet; and a Dazy smell like a Violet. Thou canst make Cowardice brave, Avarice generous, Pride humble, and Cruelty tender-hearted. In short, thou turnest the Heart of Man inside-out, as a Jugler doth a Petticoat, and bringest whatsoever pleaseth thee out from it. If there be any one who doubts all this, let him read the next Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

In which, after some very fine Writing, the History goes on, and relates the Interview between the Lady and Joseph; where the latter hath set an Example, which we despair of seeing followed by his Sex, in this vicious Age.

NOW the Rake *Hesperus* had called for his Breeches, and having well rubbed his drowsy Eyes, prepared to dress himself for all Night; by whose Example his Brother Rakes on Earth likewise leave those Beds, in which they had slept away the Day. Now *Thetis* the good Housewife began to put on the Pot in order to regale the good Man *Phabus*, after his daily Labours were over. In vulgar Language, it was in the Evening when *Joseph* attended his Lady's Orders.

But as it becomes us to preserve the Character of this Lady, who is the Heroine of our Tale; and as we have naturally a wonderful Tenderness for that beautiful Part of the human Species, called the Fair Sex; before we discover too much of her Frailty to our Reader, it will be proper to give him a lively Idea of that vast Temptation, which overcame all the Efforts of a modest and virtuous Mind; and then we humbly hope his Good-nature will rather pity than condemn the Imperfection of human Virtue.

Nay, the Ladies themselves will, we hope, be induced, by considering the uncommon Variety of Charms, which united in this young Man's Person, to bridle their rampant Passion for Chastity, and be at least, as mild as their violent Modesty and Virtue will permit them, in censuring the Conduct of a Woman, who, perhaps, was in her own Disposition as chaste as those pure and sanctified Virgins, who, after a Life innocently spent in the Gaieties of the Town, begin about

about Fifty to attend twice *per diem*, at the polite Churches and Chappels, to return Thanks for the Grace which preserved them formerly amongst Beaus from Temptations, perhaps less powerful than what now attacked the Lady Booby.

Mr. *Joseph Andrews* was now in the one and twentieth Year of his Age. He was of the highest Degree of middle Stature. His Limbs were put together with great Elegance and no less Strength. His Legs and Thighs were formed in the exactest Proportion. His Shoulders were broad and brawny, but yet his Arms hung so easily, that he had all the Symptoms of Strength without the least clumsiness. His Hair was of a nut-brown Colour, and was displayed in wanton Ringlets down his Back. His Forehead was high, his Eyes dark, and as full of Sweetness as of Fire. His Nose a little inclined to the Roman, His Teeth white and even. His Lips full red, and soft. His Beard was only rough on his Chin and upper Lip; but his Cheeks, in which his Blood glowed, were overspread with a thick Down. His Countenance had a Tenderness joined with a Sensibility inexpressible. Add to this the most perfect Neatness in his Dress, and an Air, which to those who have not seen many Noblemen, would give an Idea of Nobility.

Such was the Person who now appeared before the Lady. She viewed him some time in Silence, and twice or thrice before she spake, changed her Mind as to the manner in which she should begin. At length, she said to him, "*Joseph*, I am sorry to hear such Complaints against you; I am told you be-
 " have so rudely to the Maids, that they cannot do
 " their Business in quiet; I mean those who are not
 " wicked enough to hearken to your Solicitations.
 " As to others, they may not, perhaps, call you rude:
 " for there are wicked Sluts who make one ashamed
 " of one's own Sex; and are as ready to admit any
 " nauseous Familiarity as Fellows to offer it; nay,
 " there are such in my Family: but they shall not
 " stay

" stay in it ; that impudent Trollop, who is with
" Child by you, is discharged by this time."

As a Person who is struck through the Heart with
a Thunderbolt, looks extremely surpris'd, nay, and
perhaps is so too.—Thus the poor *Joseph* received
the false Accusation of his Mistress ; he blush'd and
looked confounded, which she misinterpreted to be
Symptoms of his Guilt, and thus went on.

" Come hither, *Joseph* : another Mistress might
" discard you for these Offences ; But I have a Compass-
" sion for your Youth, if I could be certain you would
" be no more guilty. And consider, Child, (laying
" her Hand carelessly upon his) you are a handsome
" young Fellow, and might do better ; you might
" make your Fortune—." " Madam," said *Joseph*,
" I do assure your Ladyship, I don't know whether
" any Maid in the House is Man or Woman——." " Oh fie ! *Joseph*," answer'd the Lady, " don't
" commit another Crime in denying the Truth. I
" could pardon the first ; but I hate a Lyar." " Ma-
" dam," cries *Joseph*, I hope your Ladyship will not
" be offended at my asserting my Innocence : and by
" all that is Sacred, I have never offer'd more than
" Kissing." " Kissing !" said the Lady, " do you
" call that no Crime ? Kissing, *Joseph*, is but a Pro-
" logue to a Play. Can I believe a young Fellow of
" your Age and Complexion will be content with
" Kissing ? No, *Joseph*, there is no Woman who
" grants that but will grant more, and I am deceived
" greatly in you, if you would not put her closely
" to it. What would you think, *Joseph*, if I ad-
" mitted you to kiss me ?" *Joseph* reply'd, " He
" would sooner die than have any such Thought."
" And yet, *Joseph*," returned she, " Ladies have
" admitted their Footmen to such Familiarities ; and
" Footmen, I confess to you, much less deserving
" them ; Fellows without half your Charms : for
" such might almost excuse the Crime. Tell me,
" therefore, *Joseph*, if I should admit you to such
" Freedom, what would you think of me ?—tell
" me freely," " Madam," said *Joseph*, " I should
" think

"think your Ladyship condescended a great deal be-
 "low yourself." "Pugh!" said she, "that I am to
 "answer to myself: but would not you insist on
 "more? Would you be contented with a Kiss?
 "Would not your Inclinations be all on fire rather
 "by such a Favour?" "Madam," said *Joseph*, "if
 "they were, I hope I should be able to controll
 "them, without suffering them to get the better of
 "my Virtue."—You have heard, Reader, Poets
 talk of the *Statue of Surprise*; you have heard like-
 wise, or else you have heard very little, how *Surprise*
 made one of the Sons of *Craesus* speak tho' he was
 dumb. You have seen the Faces, in the Eighteen-
 penny Gallery, when through the Trap-Door, to soft
 or no Musick, Mr. *Bridgewater*, Mr. *William Mills*,
 or some other of ghostly Appearance, hath ascended
 with a Face all pale with Powder, and a Shirt all
 bloody with Ribbons; but from none of these, nor
 from *Phidias*, or *Praxiteles*, if they should return to
 Life—no, not from the inimitable Pencil of my
 Friend *Hogarth*, could you receive such an Idea of
 Surprise, as would have entered in at your Eyes, had
 they beheld the Lady *Booby*, when those last Words
 issued out from the Lips of *Joseph*.—"Your Vir-
 "tue! (said the Lady recovering after a Silence of two
 Minutes) "I shall never survive it. Your Virtue!
 "Intolerable Confidence! Have you the Assurance
 "to pretend, that when a Lady demeans herself to
 "throw aside the Rules of Decency, in order to
 "honour you with the highest Favour in her Power,
 "your Virtue should resist her Inclination? That
 "when she had conquer'd her own Virtue, she should
 "find an Obstruction in yours? "Madam," said *Jo-
 seph*, "I can't see why her having no Virtue should
 "be a Reason against my having any. Or why, be-
 "cause I am a Man, or because I am poor, my Vir-
 "tue must be subservient to her Pleasures." "I am
 "out of Patience," cries the Lady: "Did ever Mor-
 "tal hear of a Man's Virtue! Did ever the greatest,
 "or the gravest Men pretend to any of this Kind!
 "Will Magistrates who punish Lewdness, or Parsons,
 "who

" who preach against it, make any scruple of com-
 " mitting it? And can a Boy, a Stripling, have the
 " Confidence to talk of his Virtue?" Madam," says
Joseph, " that Boy is the Brother of *Pamela*, and
 " would be ashamed, that the Chastity of his Family,
 " which is preserved in her, should be stained in him.
 " If there are such Men as your Ladyship mentions,
 " I am sorry for it, and I wish they had an Oppor-
 " tunity of reading over those Letters, which my
 " Father hath sent me of my Sister *Pamela*'s, nor
 " do I doubt but such an Example would amend
 " them." You impudent Villain, cries the Lady in
 a Rage, " Do you insult me with the Follies of my
 " Relation, who hath exposed himself all over the
 " Country upon your Sister's account? a little Vixen,
 " whom I have always wondered my late Lady *John*
 " *Booby* ever kept in her House. Sirrah! get out
 " of my sight, and prepare to set out this Night;
 " for I will order you your Wages immediately, and
 " you shall be stripped and turned away.—" " Ma-
 " dam," says *Joseph*, " I am sorry I have offended
 " your Ladyship, I am sure I never intended it."
 " Yes, Sirrah," cries she, " you have had the Van-
 " ty to misconstrue the little innocent Freedom I
 " took in order to try, whether what I had heard
 " was true. O' my Conscience, you have had the
 " Assurance to imagine, I was fond of you myself."
Joseph was going to speak, when she refused to
 hear him, and ordered him instantly to leave the
 Room.

He was no sooner gone, than she burst forth into
 the following Exclamation: " Whither doth this
 " violent Passion hurry us? What Meaneſſes do we
 " submit to from its Impulſe? Wiſely we reſiſt its
 " firſt and leaſt Approaches; for it is then only we
 " can aſſure ourſelves the Victory. No Woman
 " could ever ſafely ſay, *ſo far only will I go*. Have
 " I not expoſed myſelf to the Reſuſal of my Foot-
 " man? I cannot bear the Reſlection." Upon which
 ſhe applied herſelf to the Bell, and rung it with infi-

nite more Violence than was necessary ; the faithful *Slipslop* attending near at hand : To say the truth, she had conceived a Suspicion at her last Interview with her Mistress ; and had waited ever since in the Antichamber, having carefully applied her Ears to the Key-hole during the whole time, that the preceding Conversation passed between *Joseph* and the Lady.

C H A P. VIII.

What passed between the Lady and Mrs. Slipslop, in which we prophesy there are some Strokes which every one will not truly comprehend at the first Reading.

“ **S**LIPSLOP,” said the Lady. I find too much Reason to believe all thou hast told me of this wicked *Joseph* ; I have determined to part with him instantly ; so go you to the Steward, and bid him pay him his Wages.” *Slipslop*, who had preserved hitherto a Distance to her Lady, rather out of Necessity than Inclination, and who thought the Knowledge of this Secret had thrown down all Distinction between them, answered her Mistress very pertly, “ She wished she knew her own Mind ; and that she was certain she would call her back again, before she was got half way down Stairs.” The Lady replied, “ she had taken a Resolution, and was resolved to keep it.” “ I am sorry for it,” cries *Slipslop* ; “ and if I had known you would have punished the poor Lad so severely, you should never have heard a Particle of the Matter. Here’s a Fufs indeed, about nothing.” “ Nothing !” returned my Lady ; “ Do you think I will countenance Lewdness in my House ?” “ If you will turn away every Footman,” said *Slipslop*, “ that is a lover of the Sport, you must soon open the Coach-Door yourself, or get a Sett of *Maphrodites* to wait upon you ; and I am sure I hated the Sight of them
“ even

"even singing in an Opera." "Do as I bid you," says my Lady, "and don't shock my Ears with your beastly Language." "Marry-come-up," cries *Slipslop*, "People's Ears are sometimes the nicest Part about them."

The Lady, who began to admire the new Style in which her Waiting-Gentlewoman delivered herself, and by the Conclusion of her Speech, suspected somewhat of the Truth, called her back, and desired to know what she meant by that extraordinary degree of Freedom which she thought proper to indulge to her Tongue. "Freedom!" says *Slipslop*, "I don't know what you call Freedom, Madam; Servants have Tongues as well as their Mistresses." "Yes, and saucy ones too," answered the Lady: "but I assure you I shall bear no such Impertinence." "Impertinence! I don't know that I am impertinent," says *Slipslop*. "Yes indeed you are," cries my Lady; "and unless you mend your Manners, this House is no Place for you." "Manners!" cries *Slipslop*, "I never was thought to want Manners nor Modesty neither; and for Places, there are more Places than one; and I know what I know." "What do you know, Mistress," answered the Lady? "I am not obliged to tell that to every body," says *Slipslop*, "any more than I am obliged to keep it a Secret." "I desire you would provide yourself," answered the Lady. "With all my heart," replied the Waiting-Gentlewoman; and so departed in a Passion, and slapped the Door after her.

The Lady too plainly perceived that her Waiting-Gentlewoman knew more than she would willingly have had her acquainted with; and this she imputed to *Joseph's* having discovered to her what past at the first Interview. This therefore blew up her Rage against him, and confirmed her in a Resolution of parting with him.

But the dismissing Mrs. *Slipslop* was a Point not so easily to be resolved upon: she had the utmost Tenderness for her Reputation, as she knew on that depended many of the most valuable Blessings of Life; particularly

particularly Cards, making Court'ies in public Places, and above all, the Pleasure of demolishing the Reputations of others, in which innocent Amusement she had an extraordinary Delight. She therefore determined to submit to any Insult from a Servant, rather than run a Risque of losing the Title to so many great Privileges.

She therefore sent for her Steward, Mr. *Peter Pounce*; and ordered him to pay *Joseph* his Wages, to strip off his Livery and turn him out of the House that Evening.

She then called *Slipslop* up, and after refreshing her Spirits with a small Cordial which she kept in her Closet, she began in the following manner:

"*Slipslop*, why will you, who know my passionate Temper, attempt to provoke me by your Answers?
 "I am convinced you are an honest Servant, and should be very unwilling to part with you. I believe likewise, you have found me an indulgent Mistress on many Occasions, and have as little Reason on your side to desire a change. I can't help being surprized therefore, that you will take the surest Method to offend me. I mean repeating my Words, which you know I have always detested."

The prudent Waiting-Gentlewoman, had duly weighed the whole Matter, and found on mature Deliberation, that a good Place in Possession was better than one in Expectation; as she found her Mistress therefore inclined to relent, she thought proper also to put on some small Condescension; which was as readily accepted: and so the Affair was reconciled, all Offences forgiven, and a Present of a Gown and Petticoat made her as an Instance of her Lady's future Favour.

She offered once or twice to speak in favour of *Joseph*: but found her Lady's Heart so obdurate, that she prudently dropt all such Efforts. She considered there were more Footmen in the House, and some as stout Fellows, tho' not quite so handsome as *Joseph*; besides, the Reader hath already seen her tender Advances had not met with the Encouragement she

she might have reasonably expected. She thought she had thrown away a great deal of Sack and Sweetmeats on an ungrateful Rascal ; and being a little inclined to the Opinion of that female Sect, who hold one lusty young Fellow to be near as good as another lusty young Fellow, she at last gave up *Joseph* and his Cause, and with a Triumph over her Passion highly commendable, walked off with her Present, and with great Tranquility paid a visit to a Stone-Bottle, which is of sovereign Use to a Philosophical Temper.

She left not her Mistress so easy. The poor Lady could not reflect, without Agony, that her dear Reputation was in the power of her Servants. All her Comfort as to *Joey*, was that she hoped he did not understand her Meaning ; at least, she could say for herself, she had not plainly express'd any thing to him ; and as to Mrs. *Slipslop*, she imagined she could bribe her to Secrecy.

But what hurt her most was, that in reality she had not so entirely conquered her Passion ; the little God lay lurking in her Heart, tho' Anger and Disdain so hoodwinked her, that she could not see him. She was a thousand times on the very Brink of revoking the Sentence she had passed against the poor Youth. Love became his Advocate, and whispered many things in his Favour. Honour likewise endeavoured to vindicate his Crime, and Pity to mitigate his Punishment ; on the other side, Pride and Revenge spoke as loudly against him ; and thus the poor Lady was tortur'd with Perplexity ; opposite Passions distracting and tearing her Mind different ways.

So have I seen, in the Hall of *Westminster* ; where Serjeant *Bramble* hath been retained on the right Side, and Serjeant *Puzzle* on the left ; the Balance of Opinion (so equal were their Fees) alternately incline to either Scale. Now *Bramble* throws in an Argument, and *Puzzle's* Scale strikes the Beam ; again, *Bramble* shares the like Fate, over-powered by the Weight of *Puzzle*. Here *Bramble* hit, there *Puzzle* strikes ; here one has you, there t'other has you ; 'till at last all becomes one Scene of Confusion in the tortured Mind.

Minds of the Hearers ; equal Wagers are laid on the Success, and neither Judge or Jury can possibly make any thing of the Matter ; all Things are so enveloped by the careful Serjeants in Doubts and Obscurity.

Or as it happens in the Conscience, where Honour and Honesty pull one way, and a Bribe and Necessity another.—If it was only our present Business to make Similies, we could produce many more to this Purpose : but a Similie (as well as a Word) to the Wife. We shall therefore see a little after our Hero, for whom the Reader is doubtless in some pain.

C H A P. IX.

Joseph writes another Letter : His Transactions with Mr. Peter Pounce, &c. with his Departure from Lady Booby.

THE disconsolate *Joseph*, would not have had an Understanding sufficient for the principal Subject of such a Book as this, if he had any longer misunderstood the Drift of his Mistress ; and indeed that he did not discern it sooner, the Reader will be pleased to apply to an Unwillingness in him to discover what he must condemn in her as a Fault. Having therefore quitted her Presence, he retired into his own Garret, and entered himself into an Ejaculation on the numberless Calamities which attended Beauty, and the Misfortune it was to be handsomer than one's Neighbours.

He then sat down and addressed himself to his Sister *Pamela*, in the following Words :

“ Dear Sister *Pamela*,

“ **H**OPING you are well, what News have I to tell you ! O *Pamela*, my Mistress is fallen in love with me—That is, what great Folks call falling in love, she has a mind to ruin me ; but I hope, I shall have more Resolution and more Grace
“ than

“ than to part with my Virtue. to any Lady upon Earth.

“ Mr. *Adams* has often told me, that Chastity is as great a Virtue in a Man as in a Woman. He says he never knew any more than his Wife, and I shall endeavour to follow his Examples. Indeed, it is owing entirely to his excellent Sermons and Advice, together with your Letters, that I have been able to resist a Temptation, which he says no Man complies with, but he repents in this World, or is damned for it in the next ; and why should I trust to Repentance on my Death-bed, since I may die in my sleep ? What fine things are good Advice and good Examples ! But I am glad she turned me out of the Chamber as she did : for I had once almost forgotten every word *Parson Adams* had ever said to me.

“ I don't doubt, dear Sister, but you will have Grace to preserve your Virtue against all Trials ; and I beg you earnestly to pray, I may be enabled to preserve mine : for truly, it is very severely attacked by more than one : but, I hope I shall copy your Example, and that of *Joseph*, my Name-fake ; and maintain my Virtue against all Temptations.”

Joseph had not finished his Letter, when he was summoned down stairs by Mr. *Peter Pounce*, to receive his Wages : for, besides that out of eight Pounds a Year, he allowed his Father and Mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical Instruments, to apply to the Generosity of the aforesaid *Peter*, who, on urgent Occasions, used to advance the Servants their Wages : not before they were due, but before they were payable ; that is, perhaps, half a Year after they were due, and this at the moderate *Premiums* of fifty per Cent. or a little more ; by which charitable Methods, together with lending Money to other People, and even to his own Master and Mistress, the honest Man had, from nothing in a few Years amassed a small Sum of twenty thousand Pounds or thereabouts.

Joseph having received his little Remainder of Wages, and having stript off his Livery, was forced to borrow a Frock and Breeches of one of the Servants: (for he was so beloved in the Family, that they would all have lent him any thing) and being told by *Peter*, that he must not stay a Moment longer in the House, than was necessary to pack up his Linnen, which he easily did in a very narrow Compass; he took a melancholy Leave of his Fellow-Servants, and set out at seven in the Evening.

He had proceeded the length of two or three Streets, before he absolutely determined with himself, whether he should leave the Town this Night, or procuring a Lodging, wait 'till the Morning. At last, the Moon, shining very bright, helped him to come to a Resolution of beginning his Journey immediately, to which likewise he had some other Inducements which the Reader, without being a Conjuror, cannot possibly guess: 'till we have given him those hints, which it may be now proper to open.

C H A P. X.

Of several new Matters not expected.

IT is an Observation sometimes made, to indicate our Idea of a simple Fellow, *That he is easily to be seen through*: Nor do I believe it a more improper Denotation of a simple Book. Instead of applying this to any particular Performance, we chuse rather to remark the contrary in this History, where the Scene opens itself by small degrees, and he is a sagacious Reader who can see two Chapters before him.

For this reason, we have not hitherto hinted a Matter which now seems necessary to be explained; since it may be wondered at, first, that *Joseph* made such extraordinary haste out of Town, which hath been already shewn; and secondly, which will be now shewn, that instead of proceeding to the Habitation

of

of his Father and Mother, or to his beloved Sister *Pamela*, he chose rather to set out full speed to the Lady *Booby's* Country Seat, which he had left on his Journey to *London*.

Be it known then, that in the same Parish where this Seat stood, there lived a young Girl whom *Joseph* (tho' the best of Sons and Brothers) longed more impatiently to see than his Parents or his Sister. She was a poor Girl who had been formerly bred up in Sir *John's* Family; whence a little before the Journey to *London*, she had been discarded by Mrs. *Slipshod* on account of her extraordinary Beauty: for I never could find any other reason.

This young Creature (who now lived with a Farmer in the Parish) had been always beloved by *Joseph*, and returned his Affection. She was two Years only younger than our Hero. They had been acquainted from their Infancy, and had conceived a very early liking for each other, which had grown to such a degree of Affection, that Mr. *Adams* had with much ado prevented them from marrying; and persuaded them to wait, 'till a few Years Service and Thrift had a little improved their Experience, and enabled them to live comfortably together.

They followed this good Man's Advice; as indeed his Word was little less than a Law in his Parish: for as he had shewn his Parishioners by a uniform Behaviour of thirty-five Years duration, that he had their Good entirely at heart; so they consulted him on every Occasion, and very seldom acted contrary to his Opinion.

Nothing can be imagined more tender than was the parting between these two Lovers. A thousand Sighs heaved the Bosom of *Joseph*: a thousand Tears distilled from the lovely Eyes of *Fanny*, (for that was her Name.) Tho' her Modesty would only suffer her to admit his eager Kisses, her violent Love made her more than passive in his Embraces; and she often pulled him to her Breast with a soft Pressure, which, tho' perhaps it would not have squeezed an Insect to

death, caused more Emotion in the Heart of *Joseph*, than the closest *Cornish* Hug could have done.

The Reader may perhaps wonder, that so fond a Pair should during a Twelve-month's Absence never converse with one another; indeed there was but one Reason which did, or could have prevented them; and that was, that poor *Fanny* could neither write nor read, nor could she be prevailed upon to transmit the Delicacies of her tender and chaste Passion, by the Hands of an Amanuensis.

They contented themselves therefore with frequent Enquiries after each other's Health, with a mutual Confidence in each other's Fidelity, and the Prospect of their future Happiness.

Having explained these Matters to our Reader, and, as far as possible, satisfied all his Doubts, we return to honest *Joseph*, whom we left just set out on his Travels by the Light of the Moon.

Those who have read any Romance or Poetry ancient or modern, must have been informed, that Love hath Wings; by which they are not to understand, as some young Ladies by mistake have done, that a Lover can fly: the Writers, by this ingenious Allegory, intending to insinuate no more, than that Lovers do not march like Horse Guards; in short, that they put the best Leg foremost, which our lusty Youth, who could walk with any Man, did so heartily on this Occasion, that within four Hours, he reached the famous House of Hospitality well known to the Western Traveller. It presents you a Lion on the Sign Post: and the Master, who was christened *Timoteus*, is commonly call'd plain *Tim*. Some have conceived that he hath particularly chosen the Lion for his Sign, as he doth in Countenance greatly resemble that magnanimous Beast, tho' his Disposition favours more of the Sweetness of the Lamb. He is a Person well received among all sorts of Men, being qualified to render himself agreeable to any; as he is well versed in History and Politicks, hath a smattering in Law, and Divinity, cracks a good Jest, and plays wonderfully well on the *French Horn*.

A violent Storm of Hail forced *Joseph* to take Shelter in this Inn, where he remembred Sir *John* had dined in his way to Town. *Joseph* had no sooner seated himself by the Kitchen-Fire, than *Timotheus*, observing his Livery began to condole the loss of his late Master; who was, he said, his very particular and intimate Acquaintance, with whom he had cracked many a merry Bottle, ay many a dozen in his Time. He then remarked that all those Things were over now, all past, and just as if they had never been; and concluded with an excellent Observation on the Certainty of Death, which his Wife said was indeed very true. A Fellow now arrived at the same Inn with two Horses, one of which he was leading farther down into the Country to meet his Master; these he put into the Stable, and came and took his Place by *Joseph*'s Side, who immediately knew him to be the Servant of a neighbouring Gentleman, who used to visit at their House.

This Fellow was likewise forced in by the Storm; for he had Orders to go twenty Miles farther that Evening, and luckily on the same Road which *Joseph* himself intended to take. He therefore embraced this Opportunity of complimenting his Friend with his Master's Horses, (notwithstanding he had received exprefs commands to the contrary) which was readily accepted: and so after they had drank a loving Pot, and the Storm was over, they set out together.

C H A P. XI.

Containing many surprizing Adventures, which Joseph Andrews met with on the Road, scarce credible by those who have never travelled in a Stage-Coach.

NOTHING remarkable happened on the Road, till their arrival at the Inn, whither the Horses were ordered ; where they came about two in the Morning. The Moon then shone very bright, and *Joseph* making his Friend a present of a Pint of Wine, and thanking him for the favour of his Horse, notwithstanding all Entreaties to the contrary, proceeded on his Journey on foot.

He had not gone above two Miles, charmed with the hopes of shortly seeing his beloved *Fanny*, when he was met by two Fellows in a narrow Lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the Money he had, which was somewhat less than two Pounds ; and told them he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few Shillings, to defray his Charges on his way home.

One of the Ruffians answered with an Oath, *Yes, we'll give you something presently : but first strip and be d—n'd to you.*—*Strip*, cry'd the other, *or I'll blow your Brains to the Devil.* *Joseph*, remembring that he had borrowed his Coat and Breeches of a Friend ; and that he should be ashamed of making any Excuse for not returning them, reply'd, he hoped they would not insist on his Clothes, which were not worth much ; but consider the Coldness of the Night. *You are cold, are you, you Rascal!* says one of the Robbers, *I'll warm you with a Vengeance ;* and damning his Eyes, snapt a Pistol at his Head : which he had no sooner done, than the other levelled a Blow at him with his Stick, which *Joseph*, who was expert at Cudgel playing, caught with his, and returned the Favour so successfully

cessfully on his Adversary, that he laid him sprawling at his Feet, and at the same Instant received a Blow from behind, with the Butt-end of a Pistol from the other Villain, which felled him to the Ground, and totally deprived him of his Senses.

The Thief, who had been knocked down, had now recovered himself; and both together fell to be-labouring poor *Joseph* with their Sticks, till they were convinced they had put an end to his miserable Being: They then stript him entirely naked, threw him into a Ditch, and departed with their Booty.

The poor Wretch, who lay motionless a long time, just began to recover his Senses as a Stage-Coach came by. The Postilion hearing a Man's Groans, stop'd his Horses, and told the Coachman, "He was certain there was a dead Man lying in the Ditch, for he heard him groan." "Go on, Sirrah," says the Coachman, "we are confounded late, and have no time to look after dead Men." A Lady, who heard what the Postilion said, and likewise heard the Groan, called eagerly to the Coachman, "To stop and see what was the matter". Upon which he bid the Postilion "alight, and look into the Ditch." He did so, and returned, "That there was a Man sitting up—right as naked as ever he was born.—O *J—fus*," cry'd the Lady, "A naked Man! Dear Coachman, drive on and leave him." Upon this the Gentlemen got out of the Coach; and *Joseph* begged them, "to have Mercy upon him: For that he had been robbed, and almost beaten to death." "Robbed," cries an old Gentleman; "Let us make all the haste imaginable, or we shall be robbed too." A young Man, who belonged to the Law answered, "He wished they had pass'd by without taking any Notice: But that now they might be proved to have been *last in his Company*; if he should die, they might be called to some account for his Murder. He therefore thought it adviseable to save the poor Creature's Life, for their own sakes, if possible; at least, if he died, to prevent the Jury's finding *that they fled for it*. He was therefore of Opinion, to take the

"Man into the Coach, and carry him to the next Inn." The Lady insisted, "That he should not come into the Coach. That if they lifted him in, she would herself alight: for she had rather stay in that Place to all Eternity, than ride with a naked Man." The Coachman objected, "That he could not suffer him to be taken in, unless some body would pay a Shilling for his Carriage the four Miles." Which the two Gentlemen refused to do; but the Lawyer, who was afraid of some Mischiefe happening to himself if the Wretch was left behind in that Condition, saying, "No Man could be too cautious in these Matters, and that he remembered very extraordinary Cases in the Books, threatened the Coachman, and bid him deny taking him up at his Peril; for that if he died, he should be indicted for his Murther, and if he lived, and brought an Action against him, he would willingly take a Brief in it." These Words had a sensible Effect on the Coachman, who was well acquainted with the Person who spoke them; and the old Gentleman above-mentioned, thinking the naked Man would afford him frequent Opportunities of shewing his Wit to the Lady, offered to join with the Company in giving a Mug of Beer for his Fare; till partly alarmed by the Threats of the one, and partly by the Promises of the other, and being perhaps a little moved with Compassion at the poor Creature's Condition, who stood bleeding and shivering with the Cold, he at length agreed; and *Joseph* was now advancing to the Coach, where seeing the Lady, who held the Sticks of her Fan before her Eyes, he absolutely refused, miserable as he was, to enter, unless he was furnished with sufficient Covering, to prevent giving the least Offence to Decency. So perfectly modest was this young Man; such mighty Effects had the spotless Example of the amiable *Pamela*, and the excellent Sermons of *Mr. Adams* wrought upon him.

Though there were several great Coats about the Coach, it was not easy to get over this Difficulty which *Joseph* had started. The two Gentlemen complained they were cold, and could not spare a Rag; the Man
of

of Wit saying, with a Laugh, *that Charity began at home*; and the Coachman, who had two spread under him, refused to lend either, lest they should be made bloody; the Lady's Footman desired to be excused for the same Reason, which the Lady herself, notwithstanding her Abhorrence of a naked Man, approved: and it is more than probable, poor *Joseph*, who obstinately adhered to his modest Resolution, must have perished, unless the Postilion, (a Lad who hath been since transported for robbing a Hen-roost) had voluntarily stript off a great Coat, his only Garment, at the same time swearing a great oath, (for which he was rebuked by the Passengers) "That he would rather ride in his Shirt all his Life, than suffer a Fellow-Creature to lie in so miserable a Condition."

Joseph, having put on the great Coat, was lifted into the Coach, which now proceeded on its Journey. He declared himself almost dead with the Cold, which gave the Man of Wit an occasion to ask the Lady, if she could not accommodate him with a Dram. She answered with some Resentment, "She wondered at his asking her such a Question; but assured him, She never tasted any such thing."

The Lawyer was enquiring into the Circumstances of the Robbery, when the Coach stopt, and one of the Russians, putting a Pistol in, demanded their Money of the Passengers; who readily gave it them; and the Lady, in her Fright, delivered up a little silver Bottle, of about a half-pint Size, which, the Rogue clapping it to his Mouth, and drinking her Health, declared, held some of the best *Nantes* he had ever tasted: this the Lady afterwards assured the Company was the Mistake of her Maid, for that she had ordered her to fill the Bottle with *Hungary Water*.

As soon as the Fellows were departed, the Lawyer, who had, it seems, a Case of Pistols in the Seat of the Coach, informed the Company, that if it had been Day-light, and he could have come at his Pistols, he would not have submitted to the Robbery; he likewise set forth, that he had often met Highwaymen when he travelled on horseback, but none ever durst

attack him ; concluding, that if he had not been more afraid for the Lady than for himself, he should not have now parted with his Money so easily.

As Wit is generally observed to love to reside in empty Pockets ; so the Gentleman, whose Ingenuity we have above remark'd, as soon as he had parted with his Money, began to grow wonderfully facetious. He made frequent Allusions to *Adam* and *Eve*, and said many excellent things on Figs and Fig-Leaves ; which perhaps gave more Offence to *Joseph* than to any other in the Company.

The Lawyer likewise made several very pretty Jest, without departing from his Profession. He said, “ If *Joseph* and the Lady were alone, he would be the more capable of making a *Conveyance* to her, as his *Affairs* were not fettered with any *Incumbrance* ; he’d warrant, he soon suffered a *Recovery* by a Writ of *Entry*, which was the proper way to create *Heirs in Tail* ; that for his own part, he would engage to make so firm a *Settlement* in a Coach, that there should be no Danger of an *Ejection* ;” with an Inundation of the like Gibbrish, which he continued to vent till the Coach arrived at an Inn, where one Servant-Maid only was up in readiness to attend the Coachman, and furnish him with cold Meat and a Dram. *Joseph* desired to alight, and that he might have a Bed prepared for him, which the Maid readily promised to perform ; and being a good-natur’d Wench, and not so squeamish as the Lady had been, she clapt a large Faggot on the Fire, and furnishing *Joseph* with a great Coat belonging to one of the Hostlers, desired him to sit down and warm himself, whilst she made his Bed. The Coachman, in the mean time, took an Opportunity to call up a Surgeon, who lived within a few Doors : after which, he reminded his Passengers how late they were, and after they had taken Leave of *Joseph*, hurried them off as fast as he could.

The Wench soon got *Joseph* to bed, and promised to use her Interest to borrow him a Shirt ; but imagined, as she afterwards said, by his being so bloody, that he must be a dead Man : she ran with all speed to ha-

sten

then the Surgeon, who was more than half drest, apprehending that the Coach had been overturned and some Gentleman or Lady hurt. As soon as the Wench had informed him at his Window, that it was a poor foot Passenger who had been stripped of all he had, and almost murdered; he chid her for disturbing him so early, slipped off his Clothes again, and very quietly returned to bed and to sleep.

Aurora now began to shew her blooming Cheeks over the Hills, whilst ten Millions of feathered Songsters, in jocund Chorus, repeat Odes a thousand times sweeter than those of our *Laureate*, and sing both *the Day and the Song*; when the Master of the Inn, Mr. *Tow-wouse*, arose, and learning from his Maid an Account of the Robbery, and the Situation of his poor naked Guest, he shook his Head, and cried, *Good-lack-a-day!* and then ordered the Girl to carry him one of his own Shirts.

Mrs. *Tow-wouse* was just awake, and had stretched out her Arms in vain to fold her departed Husband, when the Maid entered the Room. "Who's there, *Betty*?" "Yes Madam." "Where's your Master?" He's without, Madam; he hath sent me for "a Shirt to lend to a poor naked Man, who hath "been robbed and murdered." "Touch one, if you "dare, you Slut," "said Mrs. *Tow-wouse*, "your "Master is a pretty sort of a Man to take in naked "Vagabonds, and clothe them with his own Clothes. "I shall have no such Doings.—If you offer to touch "any thing, I will throw the Chamber-Pot at your "Head. Go, send your Master to me." "Yes, Ma- "dam," answered *Betty*. As soon as he came in, she thus began: "What the Devil do you mean by this, "Mr. *Tow-wouse*? Am I to buy Shirts to lend to a "Sett of scabby Rascals?" "My Dear," said Mr. "*Tow-wouse*," "this is a poor Wretch." "Yes," says she, "I know it is a poor Wretch, but what the "Devil have we to do with poor Wretches? The "Law makes us provide for too many already. We "shall have thirty or forty poor Wretches in red "Coats shortly." "My Dear," cries *Tow-wouse*, "this

"this Man hath been robbed of all he has." "Well, then," says she, "where's his Money to pay his Reckoning? Why does not such a Fellow go to an Ale-house? I shall send him packing as soon as I am up, I assure you." "My Dear," said he, "common Charity won't suffer you to do that." "Common Charity, a F—t!" says she, "Common Charity teaches us to provide for ourselves, and our Families; and I and mine won't be ruined by your Charity, I assure you." "Well," says he, "my Dear, do as you will when you are up, you know I never contradict you." "No," says she, "if the Devil was to contradict me, I would make the House too hot to hold him."

With such like Discourses they consumed near half an Hour, whilst *Betty* provided a Shirt from the Hostler, who was one of her Sweethearts, and put it on poor *Joseph*. The Surgeon had likewise at last visited him, had washed and dressed his Wounds, and was now come to acquaint Mr. *Tow-wouse*, that his Guest was in such extreme danger of his Life, that he scarce saw any hopes of his Recovery.—"Here's a pretty Kettle of Fish," cries Mrs. *Tow-wouse*, you have brought upon us! We are like to have a Funeral at our own Expence." *Tow-wouse*, (who notwithstanding his Charity, would have given his Vote as freely as he ever did at an Election, that any other House in the Kingdom, should have had quiet Possession of his Guest) answered, "My Dear, I am not to blame: he was brought hither by the Stage-Coach; and *Betty* had put him to bed before I was stirring." "I'll Betty her," says she—At which, with half her Garments on, the other half under her Arm, she sallied out in quest of the unfortunate *Betty*, whilst *Tow-wouse* and the Surgeon went to pay a Visit to poor *Joseph*, and enquire into the Circumstance of this melancholy Affair.

C H A P. XII.

What happened to Joseph during his Sickness at the Inn, with the curious Discourse between him and Mr. Barnabas the Parson of the Parish.

AS soon as *Joseph* had communicated a particular History of the Robbery, together with a short Account of himself, and his intended Journey, he asked the Surgeon, "If he apprehended him to be in any Danger?" To which the Surgeon very honestly answered, "He feared he was; for that his Pulse was very exalted and feverish, and if his Fever should prove more than *Symptomick*, it would be impossible to save him." *Joseph*, fetching a deep Sigh, cried, "Poor Fanny, I would I could have lived to see thee! but G—'s Will be done." The Surgeon then advised him, "If he had any worldly Affairs to settle, that he would do it as soon as possible; for though he hoped he might recover, yet he thought himself obliged to acquaint him he was in great danger, and if the malign Concoction of his Humours should cause a fuscitation of his Fever, he might soon grow delirious, and incapable to make his Will." *Joseph* answered, "That it was impossible for any Creature in the Universe to be in a poorer Condition than himself: for since the Robbery he had not one thing of any kind whatever, which he could call his own." *I had a poor little Piece of Gold which they took away, that would be a Comfort to me in all my Afflictions; but surely, Fanny, I want nothing to remind me of thee. I have thy dear Image in my Heart, and no Villain can ever tear it thence.*

Joseph desired Paper and Pens to write a Letter, but they were refused him; and he was advised to use all his Endeavours to compose himself. They then left him; and Mr. *Tow-wouse* sent to a Clergyman to come.

come and administer his good Offices to the Soul of poor *Joseph*, since the Surgeon despaired of making any successful Applications to his Body.

Mr. *Barnabas* (for that was the Clergyman's Name) came as soon as sent for, and having first drank a Dish of Tea with the Landlady, and afterwards a Bowl of Punch with the Landlord, he walked up to the Room where *Joseph* lay: but, finding him asleep, returned to take the other Sneaker, which when he had finished, he again crept softly up to the Chamber-Door, and, having opened it, heard the Sick Man talking to himself in the following manner:

“ O most adorable *Pamela* ! most virtuous Sister,
 “ whose Example could alone enable me to withstand
 “ all the Temptations of Riches and Beauty, and to
 “ preserve my Virtue pure and chaste, for the Arms
 “ of my dear *Fanny*, if it had pleased Heaven that I
 “ should ever have come unto them. What Riches,
 “ or Honours, or Pleasures can make us amends for
 “ the Loss of Innocence ? Doth not that alone afford us
 “ more Consolation, than all worldly Acquisitions ?
 “ What but Innocence and Virtue could give any
 “ Comfort to such a miserable Wretch as I am ? Yet
 “ these can make me prefer this sick and painful Bed
 “ to all the Pleasures I should have found in my Lady's.
 “ These can make me face Death without
 “ Fear ; and though I love my *Fanny* more than ever
 “ Man loved a Woman ; these can teach me to resign
 “ myself to the Divine Will without repining. O
 “ thou delightful charming Creature, would Heaven
 “ have indulged thee to my Arms, the poorest, humblest
 “ State would have been a Paradise ; I could
 “ have lived with thee in the lowest Cottage, without
 “ envying the Palaces, the Dainties, or the Riches of
 “ any Man breathing. But I must leave thee, leave
 “ thee for ever, my dearest Angel, I must think of
 “ another World, and I heartily pray thou may'st
 “ meet Comfort in this.” — *Barnabas* thought he
 “ had heard enough ; so down stairs he went, and told
 “ *Townhouse* he could do his Guest no Service : for
 “ that he was very light-headed, and had uttered nothing
 “ but

but a Rhapsody of Nonsense all the time he stayed in the Room.

The Surgeon returned in the Afternoon, and found his Patient in a higher Fever than when he left him, though not delirious : for notwithstanding Mr. *Barnabas's* Opinion, he had not been once out of his Senses since his arrival at the Inn.

Mr. *Barnabas* was again sent for, and with much difficulty prevailed on to make another Visit. As soon as he entered the Room, he told *Joseph*, " He was come to pray by him, and to prepare him for another World ; In the first place therefore, he hoped he had repented of all his Sins ?" *Joseph* answered, " He hoped he had : but there was one thing which he knew not whether he should call a Sin ; if it was, he feared he should die in the Commission of it, and that was the Regret of parting with a young Woman, whom he loved as tenderly as he did his Heartstrings ?" *Barnabas* bid him be assured, that any Repining at the Divine Will, was one of the greatest Sins he could commit ; that he ought to forget all carnal Affections, and think of better things." *Joseph* said, " That neither in this World nor the next, he could forget his *Fanny*, and that the Thought, however grievous, of parting from her for ever, was not half so tormenting, as the Fear of what she would suffer when she knew his Misfortune." *Barnabas* said, " That such Fears argued a Diffidence and Despondence very criminal ; that he must divest himself of all human Passion, and fix his Heart above." *Joseph* answered, " That was what he desired to do, and should be obliged to him, if he would enable him to accomplish it." *Barnabas* replied, " That must be done by Grace." *Joseph* besought him to discover how he might attain it." *Barnabas* answered, " By Prayer and Faith." He then questioned him concerning his Forgiveness of the Thieves. " *Joseph* answered, " He feared, that was more than he could do : for nothing would give him more Pleasure than to hear they were taken." " That, cries *Barnabas*, " is for the sake of

“ of Justice.” “ Yes,” said *Joseph*, but if I was to meet them again, I am afraid I should attack them, and kill them too, if I could.” “ Doubtless,” answered *Barnabas*, “ it is lawful to kill a Thief: but can you say, you forgive them as a Christian ought?” *Joseph* desired to know what that Forgiveness was. “ That is,” answered *Barnabas*, to forgive them as—as—it is to forgive them as—in short, it is to forgive them as a Christian.” *Joseph* reply’d, “ He forgave them as much as he could.” “ Well, well,” said *Barnabas*, “ that will do.” He then demanded of him, if he remembered any more Sins unrepented of; and if he did, he desired him to make haste and repent of them as fast as he could: that they might repeat over a few Prayers together.” *Joseph* answered, “ He could not recollect any great Crime he had been guilty of, and that those he had committed, he was sincerely sorry for.” *Barnabas* then proceeded to Prayer with all the expedition he was master of: Some Company then waiting for him below in the Parlour, where the Ingredients for Punch were all in Readiness; but no one would squeeze the Oranges till he came.

Joseph complained he was dry, and desired a little Tea; which *Barnabas* reported to Mrs. *Tow-woose*, who answered, “ She had just done drinking it, and could not be stopping all day;” but ordered *Betty* to carry him up some Small Beer.

Betty obeyed her Mistress’s Commands; but *Joseph*, as soon as he had tasted it, said, he feared it would encrease his Fever, and that he longed very much for Tea: To which the good-natured *Betty* answered, he should have Tea, if there was any in the Land; she accordingly went and bought him some herself, and attended him with it; where we will leave her and *Joseph* together for some time, to entertain the Reader with other Matters.

C H A P. XIII.

Being very full of Adventures, which succeeded each other at the Inn.

IT was now the Dusk of the Evening, when a grave Person rode into the Inn, and committing his Horse to the Hostler, went directly into the Kitchen, and having called for a Pipe of Tobacco, he took his place by the Fire-side; where several other Persons were likewise assembled.

The Discourse ran altogether on the Robbery which was committed the Night before, and on the poor Wretch, who lay above in the dreadful Condition, in which we have already seen him. Mrs. *Tow-wouse* said, "She wondered what the devil *Tom Whipwell* meant by bringing such Guests to her House, when there were so many Ale-houses on the Road proper for their Reception? But she assured him, if he died, the Parish should be at the Expence of the Funeral." She added, "Nothing would serve the Fellow's Turn but Tea, she would assure him." *Betty*, who was just returned from her charitable Office, answered, she believed he was a Gentleman: for she never saw a finer Skin in her Life. "Pox on his Skin," replied Mrs. *Tow-wouse*, "I suppose, that is all we are like to have for the Reckoning. I desire no such Gentlemen should ever call at the *Dragon*;" (which it seems was the Sign of the Inn.)

The Gentleman lately arrived discovered a great deal of Emotion at the Distress of this poor Creature, whom he observed not to be fallen into the most compassionate Hands. And indeed, if Mrs. *Tow-wouse* had given no Utterance to the Sweetness of her Temper, Nature had taken such Pains in her Countenance, that *Hogarth* himself never gave more Expression to a Picture.

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Her Person was short, thin, and crooked. Her Forehead projected in the middle, and thence descended in a Declivity to the Top of her Nose, which was sharp and red, and would have hung over her Lips, had not Nature turned up the End of it. Her Lips were two Bits of Skin, which, whenever she spoke, she drew together in a Purse. Her Chin was pecked, and at the upper end of that Skin, which composed her Cheeks, stood two Bones, that almost hid a Pair of small red Eyes. Add to this, a Voice most wonderfully adapted to the Sentiments it was to convey, being both loud and hoarse.

It is not easy to say, whether the Gentleman had conceived a greater Dislike for his Landlady, or Compassion for her unhappy Guest. He enquired very earnestly of the Surgeon, who was now come into the Kitchen, "Whether he had any Hopes of his Recovery?" he begged him to use all possible means towards it, telling him, "it was the Duty of Men of all Professions, to apply their Skill gratis for the Relief of the Poor and Necessitous." The Surgeon answered, "he should take proper Care: but he defied all the Surgeons in London to do him any good." "Pray, Sir," said the Gentleman, "what are his Wounds?"—"Why, do you know any thing of Wounds," says the Surgeon, (winking upon Mrs. Tow-woose?) "Sir, I have a small smattering in Surgery," answered the Gentleman. "A smattering,—ho, ho, ho!" said the Surgeon, "I believe it is a smattering indeed."

The Company were all attentive, expecting to hear the Doctor, who was what they call a dry Fellow, expose the Gentleman.

He began therefore with an Air of Triumph: "I suppose, Sir, you have travelled." "No really, Sir," said the Gentleman. "Ho! then you have practised in the Hospitals, perhaps."—"No, Sir." "Hum! not that neither? Whence, Sir, then, if I may be so bold to enquire, have you got your Knowledge in Surgery?" Sir, answered the Gentleman, "I do not pretend to much; but, the little

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"I know I have from Books." "Books!" cries the Doctor.—"What, I suppose you have read *Galen* and '*Hippocrates*!'" "No, Sir," said the Gentleman. "How! you understand Surgery," answers the Doctor, "and not read *Galen* and *Hippocrates*!" "Sir," cries the other, "I believe there are many Surgeons who never read these Authors." "I believe so too," says the Doctor, "more shame for them: but thanks to my Education: I have them by heart, and very seldom go without them both in my Pocket." "They are pretty large Books," said the Gentleman. "Aye," said the Doctor, "I believe I know how large they are better than you." (At which he fell a winking, and the whole Company burst into a Laugh.)

The Doctor pursuing his Triumph, asked the Gentleman, "if he did not understand Physic as well as Surgery." "Rather better," answered the Gentleman. "Aye, like enough," cries the Doctor, with a Wink. "Why, I know a little of Physic too." "I wish I knew half so much," said *Tow-wouse*, "I'd never wear an Apron again." "Why, I believe, Landlord," cries the Doctor, "there are few Men, tho' I say it, within twelve Miles of the Place, that handle a Fever better.—*Veniente occurrere Morbo*: That is my Method: I suppose, Brother, you understand *Latin*?" "A little, says the Gentleman. "Aye, and *Greek* now I'll warrant you: *Ton dapomibomino polustloboio Thalasses*. But I have almost forgot these things; I could have repeated *Homer* by heart once."—"Esays! the Gentleman has got a *Traytor*," says Mrs. *Tow-wouse*; at which they all fell a laughing.

The Gentleman, who had not the least affection for joking, very contentedly suffered the Doctor to enjoy his Victory; which he did with no small Satisfaction: and having sufficiently sounded his Depth, he told him, "he was thoroughly convinced of his great Learning and Abilities; and that he would be obliged to him, if he would let him know his Opinion of his Patient's Case above stairs." "Sir," says the

the Doctor, "his Case is that of a dead Man.—
 "The Contusion on his Head has perforated the internal Membrane of the Occiput, and disarticulated that radical small minute invisible Nerve, which coheres to the Pericranium; and this was attended with a Fever at first symptomatic, then pneumatic, and is at length grown delirious, or delirious, as the Vulgar express it."

He was proceeding in this learned manner, when a mighty Noise interrupted him. Some young Fellows in the Neighbourhood had taken one of the Thieves, and were bringing him into the Inn. Betty ran up Stairs with this News to Joseph; who begged they might search for a little piece of broken Gold, which had a Ribband tied on it, and which he could swear to among all the Hoards of the richest Man in the Universe.

Notwithstanding the Fellow's persisting in his Innocence, the Mob were very busy in searching him, and presently, among other things, pulled out the Piece of Gold just mentioned; which Betty no sooner saw, than she laid violent hands on it, and conveyed it up to Joseph, who received it with Raptures of Joy, and hugging it in his Bosom declared, *he could now die contented.*

Within a few Minutes afterwards, came in some other Fellows, with a Bundle which they had found in a Ditch; and which was indeed the Clothes which had been stripped off from Joseph, and the other things they had taken from him.

The Gentleman no sooner saw the Coat, than he declared he knew the Livery; and that if it had been taken from the poor Creature above stairs, he desired he might see him; for that he was very well acquainted with the Family to whom that Livery belonged.

He was accordingly conducted up by Betty: but what, Reader, was the surprize on both sides, when he saw Joseph was the Person in Bed; and when Joseph discovered the Face of his good Friend Mr. Abraham Adams.

It would be impertinent to insert a Discourse which chiefly turned on the relation of Matters already well known to the Reader : for as soon as the Curate had satisfied *Joseph* concerning the perfect Health of his *Fanny*, he was on his side very inquisitive into all the Particulars which had produced this unfortunate Accident.

To return therefore to the Kitchen, where a great Variety of Company were now assembled from all the Rooms of the House, as well as the Neighbourhood : so much delight do Men take in contemplating the Countenance of a Thief :

Mr. *Tow-rouse* began to rub his Hands with pleasure, at seeing so large an Assembly, who would, he hoped, shortly adjourn into several Apartments, in order to discourse over the Robbery ; and drink a Health to all honest Men : but Mrs. *Tow-rouse*, whose Misfortune it was commonly to see things a little perversely, began to rail at those who brought the Fellow into her House ; telling her Husband, " they were very likely to thrive, who kept a House of Entertainment for Beggars and Thieves."

The Mob had now finished their Search ; and could find nothing about the Captive likely to prove any Evidence : for as to the Clothes, tho' the Mob were very well satisfied with that Proof ; yet, as the Surgeon observed, they could not convict him, because they were not found in his Custody ; to which *Barnabas* agreed : and added, that these were *Eona Waviana*, and belonged to the Lord of the Manor.

" How," says the Surgeon, " do you say these Goods belong to the Lord of the Manor ?" " I do," cried *Barnabas*. " Then I deny it," says the Surgeon. " What can the Lord of the Manor have to do in the Case ? Will any one attempt to persuade me that what a Man finds is not his own ?" " I have heard," (says an old Fellow in the Corner) " Justice *Wise-one* say, that if every Man had his Right, whatever is found belongs to the King of London." " That may be true," says *Barnabas*, " in some sense : for the Law makes a difference between

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"tween things stolen, and things found : for a thing may be stolen that never is found ; and a thing may be found that never was stolen. Now Goods that are both stolen and found are *Waviata* ; and they belong to the Lord of the Manor." "So the Lord of the Manor is the Receiver of stolen Goods:" (says the Doctor) at which there was a universal Laugh, being first begun by himself.

While the Prisoner, by persisting in his Innocence, had almost (as there was no Evidence against him) brought over *Barnabas*, the Surgeon, *Tow-wouse*, and several others to his side ; *Betty* informed them, that they had over-looked a little Piece of Gold, which she had carried up to the Man in Bed ; and which he offered to swear to amongst a Million, aye, amongst ten Thousand. This immediately turned the Scale against the Prisoner ; and every one now concluded him guilty. It was resolved therefore, to keep him secured that Night, and early in the Morning to carry him before a Justice.

C H A P. XIV.

Shewing how Mrs. Tow-wouse was a little mollified, and how officious Mr. Barnabas and the Surgeon were to prosecute the Thief: With a Dissertation accounting for their Zeal ; and that of many other Persons not mentioned in this History.

BETTY told her Mistress, she believed the Man in Bed was a greater Man than they took him for : for besides the extreme Whiteness of his Skin, and the Softness of his Hands ; she observed a very great Familiarity between the Gentleman and him ; and added, she was certain they were intimate Acquaintance, if not Relations.

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This somewhat abated the Severity of Mrs. *Townhouse's* Countenance. She said, "God forbid she should not discharge the Duty of a Christian, since the poor Gentleman was brought to her House. She had a natural Antipathy to Vagabonds: but could pity the Misfortunes of a Christian as soon as another." *Townhouse* said, "If the Traveller be a Gentleman, tho' he hath no Money about him now, we shall most likely be paid hereafter; so you may begin to score whenever you will."

Barnabas and the Surgeon went up to *Joseph*, to satisfy themselves concerning the piece of Gold. *Joseph* was with Difficulty prevailed upon to shew it them; but would by no Entreaties be brought to deliver it out of his own Possession. He, however, attested this to be the same which had been taken from him; and *Betty* was ready to swear to the finding it on the Thief.

The only Difficulty that remained, was how to produce this Gold before the Justice: for as to carrying *Joseph* himself, it seemed impossible; nor was there any greater likelihood of obtaining it from him: for he had fastened it with a Ribband to his Arm, and solemnly vowed, that nothing but irresistible Force should ever separate them; which Resolution, Mr. *Adams*, in clenching a Fist rather less than the Knuckle of an Ox, declared he would support him.

A Dispute arose on this Occasion concerning Evidence, not very necessary to be related here; after which the Surgeon dress'd Mr. *Joseph's* Head; still persisting in the imminent Danger in which his Patient lay; but concluding with a very important Look; "that he began to have some hopes; that he should send him a *Sanative soporiferous* Draught, and "would see him in the Morning." After which *Barnabas* and he departed, and left Mr. *Joseph* and Mr. *Adams* together.

Adams informed *Joseph* of the Occasion of this Journey which he was making to *London*, namely to publish three Volumes of Sermons; being encouraged, he said, by an Advertisement lately set forth by a Society

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ciety of Bookfellers, who proposed to purchase any Copies offered to them at a Price to be settled by two Persons: but tho' he imagined he should get a considerable Sum of Money on this Occasion, which his Family were in urgent need of; he protested, "he would not leave *Joseph* in his present Condition:" finally, he told him, "he had nine Shillings and three-pence-halfpenny in his Pocket, which he was welcome to use as he pleased."

This Goodness of Parson *Adams* brought Tears into *Joseph*'s Eyes; he declared "he had now a second Reason to desire Life, that he might shew his Gratitude to such a Friend." *Adams* bid him "be chearful, for that he plainly saw the Surgeon, besides his Ignorance, desired to make a Merit of curing him, tho' the Wounds in his Head, he perceived, were by no means dangerous; that he was convinced he had no Fever, and doubted not but he would be able to travel in a Day or two."

These Words infused a Spirit into *Joseph*; he said, "he found himself very sore from the Bruises, but had no reason to think any of his Bones injured, or that he had received any Harm in his Inside; unless that he felt something very odd in his Stomach: but knew not whether that might not arise from not having eaten one Morfel for above twenty-four Hours." Being then asked, if he had any Inclination to eat, he answered in the Affirmative; then Parson *Adams* desired him to name what he had the greatest fancy for; whether a poached Egg, or Chicken-broth: he answered, "he could eat both very well; but that he seemed to have the greatest Appetite for a piece of boiled Beef and Cabbage."

Adams was pleased with so perfect a Confirmation that he had not the least Fever: but advised him to a lighter Diet, for that Evening. He accordingly eat either a Rabbit or a Fowl, I never could with any tolerable Certainty discover which; was by Mrs. *Townhouse*'s Order conveyed into a better Bed, and equipped with one of her Husband's Shirts.

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In the Morning early, *Barnabas* and the Surgeon came to the Inn, in order to see the Thief conveyed before the Justice. They had consumed the whole Night in debating what Measures they should take to produce the Piece of Gold in Evidence against him : for they were both extremely zealous in the Business, tho' neither of them were in the least interested in the Prosecution ; neither of them had ever received any private Injury from the Fellow, nor had either of them ever been suspected of loving the Publick well enough, to give them a Sermon or a Dose of Physic for nothing.

To help our Reader therefore as much as possible to account for this Zeal, we must inform him, that as this Parish was so unfortunate to have no Lawyer in it ; there had been a constant Contention between the two Doctors, spiritual and physical, concerning their Abilities in a Science, in which, as neither of them professed it, they had equal Pretensions to dispute each other's Opinions. These Disputes were carried on with great Contempt on both sides, and had almost divided the Parish ; Mr. *Tow-wouse* and one half of the Neighbours inclining to the Surgeon, and Mrs. *Tow-wouse* with the other half to the Parson. The Surgeon drew his Knowledge from those inestimable Fountains, called the *Attorney's Pocket-Companion*, and Mr. *Jacob's Law-Tables* ; *Barnabas*, trusted entirely to *Wood's Institutes*. It happened on this Occasion, as was pretty frequently the Case, that these two learned Men differed about the sufficiency of Evidence : the Doctor being of opinion, that the Maid's Oath would convict the Prisoner without producing the Gold ; the Parson, *è contra, totis viribus*. To display their Parts therefore before the Justice and the Parish was the sole Motive, which we can discover, to this Zeal, which both of them pretended to be for Publick Justice.

O Vanity ! How little is thy Force acknowledged, or thy Operations discerned ? How wantonly dost thou deceive Mankind under different Disguises ? Sometimes thou dost wear the Face of Pity, sometimes

of Generosity : nay, thou hast the Assurance even to put on those glorious Ornaments which belong only to heroick Virtue. Thou odious, deformed Monster! whom Priests have rail'd at, Philosophers despis'd, and Poets ridicul'd : Is there a Wretch so abandoned as to own thee for an Acquaintance in publick ? yet, how few will refuse to enjoy thee in private ? nay, thou art the Pursuit of most Men through their Lives. The greatest Villanies are daily practis'd to please thee : nor is the meanest Thief below, or the greatest Hero above thy notice. Thy Embraces are often the sole Aim and sole Reward of the private Robbery, and the plundered Province. It is, to pamper up thee, thou Harlot, that we attempt to withdraw from others what we do not want, or to withhold from them what they do. All our Passions are thy Slaves. Avarice itself is often no more than thy Hand-maid, and even Lust thy Pimp. The Bully Fear like a Coward, flies before thee, and Joy and Grief hide their Heads in thy Presence.

I know thou wilt think, that whilst I abuse thee, I court thee ; and that thy Love hath inspired me to write this sarcastical Panegyrick on thee : but thou art deceived, I value thee not of a farthing ; nor will it give me any Pain, if thou should'st prevail on the Reader to censure this Digression as errant Nonsense : for know to thy Confusion, that I have introduced thee for no other Purpose than to lengthen out a short Chapter ; and so I return to my History.

C H A P. XV.

The Escape of the Thief. Mr. Adams's Disappointment. The Arrival of two very extraordinary Personages, and the Introduction of Parson Adams to Parson Barnabas.

BARNABAS and the Surgeon being returned, as we have said, to the Inn, in order to convey the Thief before the Justice, were greatly concerned to find a small Accident had happened which somewhat disconcerted them; and this was no other than the Thief's Escape, who had modestly withdrawn himself by Night, declining all Ostentation, and not chusing, in imitation of some great Men, to distinguish himself at the Expence of being pointed at.

When the Company had retired the Evening before, the Thief was detained in a Room where the Constable, and one of the young Fellows who took him, were planted as his Guard. About the second Watch, a general Complaint of Drowth was made both by the Prisoner and his Keepers. Among whom it was at last agreed, that the Constable should remain on Duty, and the young Fellow should call up the Tapster; in which Disposition the young Fellow apprehended not the least Danger, as the Constable was well armed, and could besides easily summon him back to his Assistance, if the Prisoner made the least Attempt to gain his Liberty.

The young Fellow had not long left the Room, before it came into the Constable's Head, that the Prisoner might leap on him by surprize, and thereby, preventing him of the use of his Weapons, especially the long Staff in which he chiefly confided, might reduce the Success of a Struggle to an equal Chance. He wisely therefore, to prevent this Inconvenience, slipped out of the Room himself and locked the Door, waiting without with his Staff in his Hand, ready

lifted to sell the unhappy Prisoner, if by ill Fortune he should attempt to break out.

But as it hath been discovered by some great Man or other, (for I would by no means be understood to affect the Honour of making any such Discovery) human Life very much resembles a Game at *Chefs* : for, as in the latter, while a Gamester is too attentive to secure himself very strongly on one side the Board, he is apt to leave an unguarded Opening on the other ; so doth it often happen in Life and so did it happen on this Occasion : for whilst the cautious Constable with such wonderful Sagacity had possessed himself of the Door, he most unhappily forgot the Window.

The Thief who played on the other side, no sooner perceived this Opening, than he began to move that way ; and finding the Passage easy, he took with him the young Fellow's Hat ; and without any Ceremony, stepped into the Street, and made the best of his Way.

The young Fellow returning with a double Mug of Strong Beer was a little surprized to find the Constable at the Door : but much more so, when, the Door being opened, he perceived the Prisoner had made his Escape, and which way : he threw down the Beer, and without uttering any thing to the Constable, except a hearty Curse or two, he nimbly leapt out at the Window, and went again in pursuit of his Prey : being very unwilling to lose the Reward which he had assured himself of.

The Constable hath not been discharged of Suspicion on this account : It hath been said, that not being concerned in the taking the Thief, he could not have been entitled to any part of the Reward, if he had been convicted. That the Thief had several Guineas in his Pocket ; that it was very unlikely he should have been guilty of such an Oversight. That his Pretence for leaving the Room was absurd : that it was his constant Maxim, that a wise Man never refused Money on any Conditions : That at every Election, he always had sold his Vote to both Parties, &c.

But

But notwithstanding these and many other such Allegations, I am sufficiently convinced of his Innocence ; having been positively assured of it, by those who received their Informations from his own Mouth.

All the Family were now up, and with many others assembled in the Kitchen, where Mr. *Tow-wouse* was in some Tribulation ; the Surgeon having declared, that by Law, he was liable to be indicted for the Thief's Escape, as it was out of his House : He was a little comforted however by Mr. *Barnabas's* Opinion, that as the Escape was by Night, the Indictment would not lie.

Mrs. *Tow-wouse* delivered herself in the following Words ; " Sure never was such a Fool as my Husband ! would any other Person living have left a Man in the Custody of such a drunken, drowsy Blockhead as *Tom Suckbribe* ;" (which was the Constable's Name) " and if he could be indicted without any harm to his Wife and Children, I should be glad of it." (Then the Bell rung in *Joseph's* Room) " Why *Betty*, *John Chamberlain*, where the Devil are you all ? Have you no Ears, or no Conscience, not to tend the Sick better ?— See what the Gentleman wants ; why don't you go yourself, Mr. *Tow-wouse* ? but any one may die for you ; you have no more feeling than a Deal-board. If a Man lived a Fortnight in your House without spending a Penny, you would never put him in mind of it. See whether he drinks Tea or Coffee for Breakfast." " Yes, my Dear," cry'd *Tow-wouse*. She then asked the Doctor and Mr. *Barnabas* what Morning's Draught they chose, who answered, they had a Pot of *Syder-and*, at the Fire ; which we will leave them merry over, and return to *Joseph*.

He had rose pretty early this Morning : but tho' his Wounds were far from threatening any danger, he was so sore with the Bruises, that it was impossible for him to think of undertaking a Journey yet ; Mr. *Adams* therefore, whose Stock was visibly decreased

with the Expences of Supper and Breakfast, and which could not survive that Day's Scoring, began to consider how it was possible to recruit it. At last he cry'd, "He had luckily hit on a sure Method, and though it would oblige him to return himself together with *Joseph*, it mattered not much." He then sent for *Tow-wouse*, and taking him into another Room, told him, "He wanted to borrow three Guineas, for which he would put ample Security in his Hands." *Tow-wouse* who expected a Watch, or Ring, or something of double the Value, answered, "He believed he could furnish him." Upon which *Adams* pointing to his Saddle-Bag told him with a Face and Voice full of Solemnity, "that there were in that Bag no less than nine Volumes of Manuscript Sermons, as well worth a hundred Pound as a Shilling was worth twelve Pence, and that he would deposite one of the Volumes in his Hands by way of Pledge; not doubting but that he would have the Honesty to return it on his Repayment of the Money: for otherwise he must be a very great loser, seeing that every Volume would at least bring him ten Pounds, as he had been informed by a neighbouring Clergyman in the Country: for, said he, as to my own part, having never yet dealt in Printing, I do not pretend to ascertain the exact Value of such things."

Tow-wouse, who was a little surprized at the Pawn, said (and not without some Truth) "That he was no Judge of the Price of such kind of Goods; and as for Money, he really was very short." *Adams* answered, "Certainly he would not scruple to lend him three Guineas, on what was certainly worth at least ten." The Landlord replied, "He did not believe he had so much Money in the House, and besides he was to make up a Sum. He was very confident the Books were of much higher Value, and heartily sorry it did not suit him." He then cried out, *Coming Sir!* though no body called, and ran down Stairs without any Fear of breaking his Neck.

Poor *Adams* was extremely dejected at this Disappointment, nor knew he what farther Stratagem to try. He immediately apply'd to his Pipe, his constant Friend and Comfort in his Afflictions; and leaning over the Rails, he devoted himself to Meditation, assisted by the inspiring Fumes of Tobacco.

He had on a Night-Cap drawn over his Wig, and a short great Coat, which half covered his Cassock; a Dress, which, added to something comical enough in his Countenance, composed a Figure likely to attract the Eyes of those who were not over-given to Observation.

Whilst he was smoaking his Pipe in this Posture, a Coach and Six, with a numerous Attendance, drove into the Inn. There alighted from the Coach a young Fellow, and a Brace of Pointers, after which another young Fellow leapt from the Box, and shook the former by the hand, and both together with the Dogs were instantly conducted by Mr. *Tow-wouse* into an Apartment; whither as they passed, they entertained themselves with the following short facetious Dialogue.

"You are a pretty Fellow for a Coachman, *Jack!*" says he from the Coach, "you had almost overturned us just now." "Pox take you," says the Coachman, "if I had only broke your Neck, it would have been saving somebody else the trouble: but I should have been sorry for the Pointers." "Why, you Son of a B—," answered the other, "if no-body could shoot better than you, the Pointers would be of no use." "D— a me," says the Coachman, "I will shoot with you, five Guineas a Shot." "You be hang'd," says the other, "for five Guineas you shall shoot at my A—." "Done," says the Coachman, "I'll pepper you better than ever you was peppered by *Fenny Bouncer*." "Pepper your Grand-mother," says the other, "here's *Tow-wouse* will let you shoot at him for a Shilling a time." "I know his Honour better," cries *Tow-wouse*, "I never saw a surer shot at a Partridge. Every Man misses now and then;

"but if I could shoot half as well as his Honour, I would desire no better Livelihood than I could get by my Gun." "Pox on you," said the Coachman, "you demolish more Game now than your Head's worth. There's a Bitch, *Tow-rouse*, by G— she never *blinked* * a Bird in her Life." "I have a Puppy, not a Year old, shall hunt with her for a hundred," cries the other Gentleman, "Done" says the Coachman, "but you will be pox'd before you make the Bett. If you have a mind for a Bett, cries the Coachman, I will match my spotted Dog with your white Bitch for a hundred, play or pay." "Done," says the other, "and I'll run *Baldface*, against *Slouch* with you for another." "No," cries he from the Box, "but I'll venture *Miss Jenny* against *Baldface*, or *Hannibal* either." "Go to the Devil," cries he from the Coach, "I will make every Bett your own way, to be sure! I will match *Hannibal* with *Slouch* for a thousand, if you dare, and I say done first." They were now arrived, and the Reader will be very contented to leave them, and repair to the Kitchen, where *Barnabas*, the Surgeon, and an Exciseman were smoaking their Pipes over some *Syderland*, whither the Servants, who attended the two noble Gentlemen we have just seen alight, were now arrived.

"Tom," cries one of the Footmen, there's Parson *Adams* smoaking his Pipe in the Gallery." "Yes," says Tom, "I pulled off my Hat to him, and the Parson spoke to me."

"Is the Gentleman a Clergyman then?" says *Barnabas*, (for his Cassock had been tied up when first he arrived,) "Yes, Sir," answered the Footman, "and one there be but few like." "Ay," said *Barnabas*, "if I had known it sooner, I should have desired his Company; but what say you, Doctor, shall we ad-
" jour

* To blink is a Term used in Setting.

“journ into a Room, and invite him to take part of a Bowl of Punch?”

This Propofal was immediately agreed to, and executed; and Parfon *Adams* accepting the Invitation; much Civility paffed between the two Clergymen, who both declared the great Honour they had for the Cloth. They had not been long together before they entered into a Difcourfe on fmall Tithes, which continued a full Hour, without the Doctor or the Excifeman’s having one Opportunity to offer a Word.

It was then propofed to begin a general Converfation, and the Excifeman opened on foreign Affairs: but a Word unluckily dropping from one of them introduced a Difertation on the Hardfhips fuffered by the inferiour Clergy: which, after a long Duration, concluded with bringing the three Volumes of Sermons on the Carpet.

Barnabas greatly difcouraged poor *Adams*; he faid, “The Age was fo wicked, that no-body read Sermons: Would you think it, Mr. *Adams*, (faid he) I once intended to print a Volume of Sermons myfelf, and they had the Approbation of two or three Bifhops: but what do you think a Bookfeller offered me?” “Twelve Guineas perhaps (cried *Adams*.)” “Not Twelve Pence, I affure you,” answered *Barnabas*, “nay the Dog refufed me a Concordance in Exchange.—At laft, I offered to give him the printing them, for the fake of dedicating them to that very Gentleman who juft now drove his own Coach into the Inn, and I affure you, he had the Impudence to refufe my Offer: by which means I loft a good Living; that was afterwards given away in exchange for a Pointer, to one who—but I will not fay any thing againft the Cloth. So you may guefs, Mr. *Adams*, what you are to expect; for if Sermons would have gone down, I believe—I will not be vain: but to be concise with you, three Bifhops faid, they were the beft that ever were writ: but indeed there are a pretty moderate number printed already, and not all fold yet.”——“Pray, Sir,” fays

Adams, "to what do you think the Numbers may amount?" "Sir," answered *Barnabas*, "a Bookseller told me he believed five thousand Volumes at least." "Five thousand!" quoth the Surgeon, "what can they be writ upon? I remember, when I was a Boy, I used to read one *Tillotson's* Sermons; and I am sure, if a Man practised half so much as is in one of those Sermons, he will go to Heaven." "Doctor," cried *Barnabas*, "you have a profane way of talking, for which I must reprove you. A Man can never have his Duty too frequently inculcated into him. And as for *Tillotson*, to be sure he was a good Writer, and said things very well: but Comparisons are odious, another Man may write as well as he—I believe there are some of my Sermons,"——and then he apply'd the Candle to his Pipe.——"And I believe there are some of my Discourses," cries *Adams*, "which the Bishops would not think totally unworthy of being printed; and I have been informed, I might procure a very large Sum (indeed an immense one) on them." I doubt that;" answered *Barnabas*: "however, if you desire to make some Money of them, perhaps you may sell them by advertising the *Manuscript Sermons of a Clergyman lately deceased, all warranted Originals, and never printed*. And now I think of it, I should be obliged to you, if there be ever a Funeral one among them, to lend it me: for I am this very day to preach a Funeral Sermon, for which I have not penned a Line, though I am to have a double Price." *Adams* answered, "He had but one, which he feared would not serve his purpose, being sacred to the Memory of a Magistrate, who had exerted himself very singularly in the Preservation of the Morality of his Neighbours, insomuch, that he had neither Ale-house, nor lewd Women in the Parish where he lived".—"No," replied *Barnabas*, "that will not do quite so well; for the Deceased, upon whose Virtues I am to harangue, was a little too much addicted
to

"to Liquor, and publickly kept a Mistress.——I believe I must take a common Sermon, and trust to my Memory to introduce something handsome on him."——"To your Invention rather," (said the Doctor) "your Memory will be apter to put you out : for no Man living remembers any thing good of him."

With such kind of spiritual Discourse, they emptied the Bowl of Punch, paid their Reckoning, and separated : *Adams* and the Doctor went up to *Joseph* ; *Parson Barnabas* departed to celebrate the aforesaid Deceased, and the Exciseman descended into the Cellar to gage the Vessels.

Joseph was now ready to sit down to a Loin of Mutton, and waited for Mr. *Adams*, when he and the Doctor came in. The Doctor having felt his Pulse, and examined his Wounds, declared him much better, which he imputed to that *Sanative soporiferous Draught*, a Medicine "whose Virtues," he said, "were never to be sufficiently extolled : " And great indeed they must be, if *Joseph* was so much indebted to them as the Doctor imagined, since nothing more than those Effluvia, which escaped the Cork, could have contributed to his Recovery : for the Medicine had stood untouched in the Window ever since its arrival.

Joseph passed that day and the three following with his Friend *Adams*, in which nothing so remarkable happened as the swift Progress of his Recovery. As he had an excellent Habit of Body, his Wounds were now almost healed, and his Bruises gave him so little uneasiness, that he pressed Mr. *Adams* to let him depart, told him he should never be able to return sufficient Thanks for all his Favours ; but begged that he might no longer delay his Journey to *London*.

Adams, notwithstanding the Ignorance, as he conceived it, of Mr. *Tow-wouse*, and the Envy (for such he thought it) of Mr. *Barnabas*, had great Expectations from his Sermons : seeing therefore *Joseph* in so good a way, he told him he would agree to his setting out the next Morning in the Stage-Coach, that he believed

believed he should have sufficient after the Reckoning paid, to procure him one Day's Conveyance in it, and afterwards he would be able to get on, on foot, or might be favoured with a lift in some Neighbour's Waggon, especially as there was then to be a Fair in the Town whither the Coach would carry him, to which Numbers from his Parish resorted.——And as to himself, he agreed to proceed to the great City.

They were now walking in the Inn Yard, when a fat, fair, short Person rode in, and alighting from his Horse went directly up to *Barnabas*, who was smoaking his Pipe on a Bench. The Parson and the Stranger shook one another very lovingly by the Hand, and went into a Room together.

The Evening now coming on, *Joseph* retired to his Chamber, whither the good *Adams* accompanied him; and took this Opportunity to expatiate on the great Mercies God had lately shewn him, of which he ought not only to have the deepest inward Sense; but likewise to express outward Thankfulness for them. They therefore fell both on their Knees, and spent a considerable time in Prayer and Thanksgiving.

They had just finished, when *Betty* came in and told Mr. *Adams*, Mr. *Barnabas* desired to speak to him on some Business of Consequence below Stairs. *Joseph* desired, if it was likely to detain him long, he would let him know it, that he might go to Bed, which *Adams* promised, and in that Case they wished one another good Night.

C H A P. XVI.

A pleasant Discourse between the two Parsons and the Bookseller, which was broke off by an unlucky Accident happening in the Inn, which produced a Dialogue between Mrs. Tow-wouse and her Maid of no gentle kind.

AS soon as *Adams* came into the Room, Mr. *Barnabas* introduced him to the Stranger, who was, he told him, a Bookseller, and would be as likely to deal with him for his Sermons as any Man whatever. *Adams*, saluting the Stranger, answered *Barnabas*, that he was very much obliged to him, that nothing could be more convenient, for he had no other Business to the great City, and was heartily desirous of returning with the young Man who was just recovered of his Misfortune. He then snapt his Fingers (as was usual with him) and took two or three turns about the Room in an Extacy. — And to induce the Bookseller to be as expeditious as possible, as likewise to offer him a better Price for his Commodity, he assured him, their meeting was extremely lucky to himself: for that he had the most pressing Occasion for Money at that time, his own being almost spent, and having a Friend then in the same Inn who was just recovered from some Wounds he had received from Robbers, and was in a most indigent Condition.

As soon as he had seated himself, the Stranger began in these Words, “ Sir, I do not care absolutely to deny engaging in what my Friend Mr. *Barnabas* recommends: but Sermons are mere Drugs. The Trade is so vastly stocked with them, that really unless they come out with the Name of *Whitfield* or *Westley*, or some other such great Man, as a Bishop, or those sort of People, I don’t care to touch, unless
“ now

“ now it was a Sermon preached on the 30th of January, or we could say in the Title Page, published at the earnest Request of the Congregation, or the Inhabitants : but truly for a dry Piece of Sermons, I had rather be excused ; especially as my Hands are so full at present. However, Sir, as Mr. Barnabas mentioned them to me, I will, if you please, take the Manuscript with me to Town, and send you my Opinion of it in a very short time.”

O, said Adams, if you desire it, I will read two or three Discourses as a Specimen. This Barnabas, who loved Sermons no better than a Greco doth Figs, immediately objected to, and advised Adams to let the Bookseller have his Sermons ; telling him, if he gave him a Direction, he might be certain of a speedy Answer : Adding, he need not scruple trusting them in his Possession. No, said the Bookseller, if it was a Play that had been acted twenty Nights together, I believe it would be safe.

Adams did not at all relish the last Expression ; he said, he was sorry to hear Sermons compared to Plays, “ Not by me, I assure you,” cry’d the Bookseller, though I don’t know whether the licensing Act may not shortly bring them to the same footing : but I have formerly known a hundred Guineas given for a Play—.” “ More shame for those who gave it,” cry’d Barnabas. “ Why so ?” said the Bookseller, “ for they got hundreds by it.” “ But is there no difference between conveying good or ill Instructions to Mankind ?” said Adams ; “ would not an honest Mind rather lose Money by the one, than gain it by the other ?” “ If you can find any such, I will not be your Hindrance,” answered the Bookseller, “ but I think those Persons who get by preaching Sermons, are the properest to lose by printing them ; for my part, the Copy that sells best, will be always the best Copy in my Opinion ; I am no Enemy to Sermons, but because they don’t sell : for I would as soon print one of *Whitfield’s*, as any Farce whatever.”

Whoever

"Whoever prints such heterodox Stuff, ought to be hanged," says *Barnabas*. "Sir," said he, turning to *Adams*, "this Fellow's Writings (I know not whether you have seen them) are levelled at the Clergy. He would reduce us to the Example of the primitive Ages forsooth! and would insinuate to the People, that a Clergyman ought to be always preaching and praying. He pretends to understand the Scripture literally, and would make Mankind believe, that the Poverty and low Estate, which was recommended to the Church in its Infancy, and was only temporary Doctrine adapted to her under Persecution, was to be preserved in her flourishing and established State. Sir, the Principles of *Toland*, *Woolston*, and all the Free-Thinkers, are not calculated to do half the Mischief, as those professed by this Fellow and his Followers."

"Sir," answered *Adams*, "if Mr. *Whitfield* had carried his Doctrine no farther than you mention, I should have remained, as I once was, his Well-wisher. I am myself as great an Enemy to the Luxury and Splendor of the Clergy as he can be. I do not, more than he, by the flourishing Estate of the Church, understand the Palaces, Equipages, Dress, Furniture, rich Dainties, and vast Fortunes of her Ministers. Surely those, which favour so strongly of this World, become not the Servants of one who professed his Kingdom was not of it: but when he began to call Nonsense and Enthusiasm in to his Aid, and to set up the detestable Doctrine of Faith against good Works, I was his Friend no longer; for surely, that Doctrine was coined in Hell, and one would think none but the Devil himself could have the Confidence to preach it. For can any thing be more derogatory to the Honour of God, than for Men to imagine that the All-wise Being will hereafter say to the Good and Virtuous, *Notwithstanding the Purity of thy Life, notwithstanding that constant Rule of Virtue and Goodness in* which

“ which you walked upon Earth, still as thou didst not
 “ believe every thing in the true Orthodox manner, thy
 “ want of Faith shall condemn thee? Or on the other
 “ side, can any Doctrine have a more pernicious In-
 “ fluence on Society than a Persuasion, that it will
 “ be a good Plea for the Villain at the last Day ;
 “ Lord, it is true I never obeyed one of thy Command-
 “ ments, yet punish me not, for I believe them all?”
 “ I suppose, Sir,” said the Bookseller, “ your Ser-
 “ mons are of a different Kind.” “ Ay, Sir,” said
 Adams, “ the contrary, I thank Heaven, is inculcated
 “ in almost every Page, or I should belye my own
 “ Opinion, which hath always been, that a virtuous
 “ and good Turk, or Heathen, are more acceptable in
 “ the sight of their Creator, than a vicious and wick-
 “ ed Christian, tho’ his Faith was as perfectly Or-
 “ thodox as St. Paul’s himself.”—“ I wish you Suc-
 “ cess,” says the Bookseller, “ but must beg to be
 “ excused, as my Hands are so very full at present ;
 “ and indeed I am afraid, you will find a Backward-
 “ ness in the Trade, to engage in a Book which the
 “ Clergy would be certain to cry down.” “ God
 “ forbid,” says Adams, “ any Books should be pro-
 “ pagated which the Clergy would cry down : but if
 “ you mean by the Clergy, some few designing factious
 “ Men, who have it at Heart to establish some favourite
 “ Schemes at the Price of the Liberty of Mankind,
 “ and the very Essence of Religion, it is not in the
 “ Power of such Persons to decry any Book they
 “ please ; witness that excellent Book called, *A Plain*
 “ *Account of the Nature and End of the Sacrament* ; a
 “ Book written (if I may venture on the Expression)
 “ with the Pen of an Angel, and calculated to restore
 “ the true Use of Christianity, and of that Sacred In-
 “ stitution : for what could tend more to the noble
 “ Purposes of Religion, than frequent cheerful Meet-
 “ ings among the Members of a Society, in which
 “ they should in the Presence of one another, and in
 “ the Service of the supreme Being, make Promises
 “ of being good, friendly and benevolent to each
 “ other? Now this excellent Book was attacked by a
 “ Party

Party, but unsuccessfully." At these Words *Barnabas* fell a ringing with all the Violence imaginable, upon which a Servant attending, he bid him "bring a Bill immediately: for that he was in Company, for aught he knew, with the Devil himself; and he expected to hear the Alcoran, the Leviathan, or *Woolston* commended, if he staid a few Minutes longer." *Adams* desired, "as he was so much moved at his mentioning a Book, which he did without apprehending any possibility of Offence, that he would be so kind to propose any Objections he had to it, which he would endeavour to answer." "I propose Objections!" said *Barnabas*, "I never read a Syllable in any such wicked Book; I never saw it in my Life, I assure you."——*Adams* was going to answer, when a most hideous uproar began in the Inn. *Mrs. Tow-rouse*, *Mr. Tow-rouse*, and *Betty*, all lifting up their Voices together: But *Mrs. Tow-rouse's* Voice, like a Bass Viol in a Concert, was clearly and distinctly distinguished among the rest, and was heard to articulate the following Sounds.——"O you damn'd Villain, is this the Return to all the Care I have taken of your Family? This the Reward of my Virtue? Is this the manner in which you behave to one who brought you a Fortune, and preferred you to so many Matches, all your Betters? To abuse my Bed, my own Bed, with my own Servant: but I'll maul the Slut, I'll tear her nasty Eyes out; was ever such a pitiful Dog, to take up with such a mean Trollop? If she had been a Gentlewoman like myself, it had been some Excuse; but a beggarly saucy dirty Servant-Maid. Get you out of my House, you Whore." To which she added another Name, which we do not care to stain our Paper with.—It was a monosyllable, beginning with a B——; and indeed was the same, as if she had pronounced the Words *She Dog*. Which Term we shall, to avoid Offence, use on this Occasion. *Betty* had borne all hitherto with Patience, and had uttered only Lamentations: but the last Appellation stung her to the Quick. "I am a Woman as
" well

“ well as yourself,” she roared out, “ and no She Dog? And if I have been a little naughty, I am not the first; if I have been no better than I should be,” cries she sobbing, “ that’s no Reason you should call me out of my Name.” “ Huzzy, huzzy,” says Mrs. *Tow-wouse*, “ have you the Impudence to answer me? Did I not catch you, you saucy —” and then again repeated the terrible Word so odious to Female Ears. “ I can’t bear that Name,” answered *Betty*, “ if I have been wicked, I am to answer for it myself in the other World, but I have done nothing that’s unnatural, and I will go out of your House this Moment: for I will never be called *She Dog* by any Mistress in *England*!” Mrs. *Tow-wouse* then armed herself with the Spit: but was prevented from executing any dreadful Purpose by Mr. *Adams*, who confined her Arms with the Strength of a Wrist, which *Hercules* would not have been ashamed of. Mr. *Tow-wouse* being caught, as our Lawyers express it, with the Manner, and having no Defence to make, very prudently withdrew himself, and *Betty* committed herself to the Protection of the Hostler, who, though he was not pleased with what had happened, was in her Opinion rather a gentler Beast than her Mistress.

Mrs. *Tow-wouse*, at the Intercession of Mr. *Adams*, and finding the Enemy vanquished, began to compose herself. We will therefore leave her in this Temper, to open to the Reader the Steps which led to a Catastrophe, common enough, and comical enough too, perhaps in modern History, yet often fatal to the Repose and Well-being of Families, and the Subject of many Tragedies, both in Life and on the Stage.

C H A P. XVII.

*The History of Betty the Chambermaid, and
an Account of what occasioned the violent
Scene in the preceding Chapter.*

BETTY, who was the Occasion of all this Hurry, had some good Qualities. She had Good-nature, Generosity and Compassion; but unhappily her Constitution was composed of those warm Ingredients, which, though the Purity of Courts or Nunneries might have happily controuled, were by do means able to endure the ticklish Situation of a Chamber-maid at an Inn, who is daily liable to the Solicitations of Lovers of all Complexions, to the dangerous Addresses of fine Gentlemen of the Army, who sometimes are obliged to reside with them a whole Year together, and above all are exposed to the Caresses of Footmen, Stage-Coachmen, Drawers, and others, all of which employ the whole Artillery of kissing, flattering, bribing, and every other Weapon which is to be found in the whole Armory of Love, against them.

Betty, who was about one and twenty, had now lived three Years in this dangerous Situation, during which she had escaped pretty well. An Ensign of Foot was the first Person who made any Impression on her Heart; he did indeed raise a Flame in her, which required the Care of a Surgeon to cool.

While she burnt for him, several others burnt for her. Officers of the Army, young Gentlemen travelling the Western Circuit, inoffensive Squires, and some of graver Character, were set a-fire by her Charms!

At length, having perfectly recovered the Effects of her first unhappy Passion, she seemed to have vowed a State of perpetual Chastity. She was long deaf to all the Sufferings of her Lovers, till one day at a neighbouring Fair, the Rhetorick of John the Hostler, with
a new

a new Straw Hat, and a Pint of Wine, made a second Conquest over her.

She did not however feel any of those Flames on this Occasion, which had been the Consequence of her former Amour; nor indeed those other ill Effects, which prudent young Women very justly apprehend from too absolute an Indulgence to the pressing Endearments of their Lovers. This latter, perhaps, was a little owing to her not being entirely constant to *John*, with whom she permitted *Tom Whipwell*, the Stage-Coachman, and now and then a handsome young Traveller, to share her Favours.

Mr. Tow-woose had for some time cast the languishing Eyes of Affection on this young Maiden. He had laid hold on every Opportunity of saying tender things to her, squeezing her by the Hand, and sometimes of kissing her Lips: for as the Violence of his Passion had considerably abated to *Mrs. Tow-woose*; so like Water, which is stopt from its usual Current in one Place, it naturally sought a vent in another. *Mrs. Tow-woose* is thought to have perceived this Abatement, and probably it added very little to the natural Sweetness of her Temper: for tho' she was as true to her Husband, as the Dial to the Sun, she was rather more desirous of being shone on, as being more capable of feeling his Warmth.

Ever since *Joseph's* arrival, *Betty* had conceived an extraordinary Liking to him, which discovered itself more and more, as he grew better and better; till that fatal Evening, when she was warming his Bed, her Passion grew to such a Height, and so perfectly mastered both her Modesty and her Reason, that after many fruitless Hints, and sly Insinuations, she at last threw down the Warming-Pan, and embracing him with great Eagerness, swore he was the handsomest Creature she had ever seen.

Joseph in great Confusion leapt from her, and told her, he was sorry to see a young Woman cast off all Regard to Modesty: but she had gone too far to recede, and grew so very indecent, that *Joseph* was obliged,

obliged, contrary to his Inclination, to use some Violence to her, and taking her in his Arms, he shut her out of the Room, and locked the Door.

How ought Man to rejoice, that his Chastity is always in his own Power, that if he hath sufficient Strength of Mind, he hath always a competent Strength of Body to defend himself: and cannot, like a poor weak Woman, be ravished against his Will.

Betty was in the most violent Agitation at this Disappointment. Rage and Lust pulled her Heart, as with two Strings, two different Ways; one Moment she thought of stabbing *Joseph*, the next, of taking him in her Arms, and devouring him with Kisses; but the latter Passion was far more prevalent. Then she thought of revenging his Refusal on herself: but whilst she was engaged in this Meditation, happily Death presented himself to her in so many Shapes of drowning, hanging, poisoning, &c. that her distracted Mind could resolve on none. In this Perturbation of Spirit, it accidentally occurred to her Memory, that her Master's Bed was not made, she therefore went directly to his Room; where he happened at that time to be engaged at his Bureau. As soon as she saw him, she attempted to retire: but he called her back, and taking her by the Hand, squeezed it so tenderly, at the same time whispering so many soft things into her Ears, and, then pressed her so closely with his Kisses, that the vanquished Fair-One, whose Passions were already raised, and which were not so whimsically capricious that one Man only could lay them, though perhaps, she would have rather preferred that one: The vanquished Fair-One quietly submitted, I say, to her Master's Will, who had just attained the Accomplishment of his Bliss, when Mrs. *Tow-wouse* unexpectedly entered the Room, and caused all that Confusion which we have before seen, and which it is not necessary at present to take any farther Notice of.

As every Reader of any Speculation, or Experience, though not married himself, may easily conjecture,
that

that it concluded with the Discharge of *Betty*, the Submission of Mr. *Tow-ouse*, with some things to be performed on his side by way of Gratitude for his Wife's Goodness in being reconciled to him, with many hearty Promises never to offend any more in the like manner : and lastly, his quietly and contentedly bearing to be reminded of his Transgressions, as a kind of Penance, once or twice a Day, during the Residue of his Life.

The End of the First Book.

THE



THE
HISTORY
OF THE
ADVENTURES

OF

*Joseph Andrews, and of
his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams.*

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of Divisions in Authors.

THERE are certain Mysteries or Secrets in all Trades from the highest to the lowest, from that of *Prime Ministering* to this of *Authoring*, which are seldom discovered, unless to Members of the same Calling.

Among those used by us Gentlemen of the latter Occupation, I take this of dividing our Works into Books and Chapters to be none of the least considerable.

Now

Now for want of being truly acquainted with this Secret, common Readers imagine, that by this Art of dividing, we mean only to swell our Works to a much larger Bulk than they would otherwise be extended to. These several Places therefore in our Paper, which are filled with our Books and Chapters, are understood as so much Buckram, Stays, and Stay-tape in a Taylor's Bill, serving only to make up the Sum Total, commonly found at the Bottom of our first Page, and of his last.

But in reality the Case is otherwise, and in this, as well as all other Instances, we consult the Advantage of our Reader, and not our own; and indeed many notable Uses arise to him from this Method: for first, those little Spaces between our Chapters may be looked upon as an Inn or Resting-Place, where he may stop and take a Glass, or any other Refreshment, as it pleases him. Nay, our fine Readers will, perhaps, be scarce able to travel farther than through one of them in a Day. As to those vacant Pages which are placed between our Books, they are to be regarded as those Stages, where, in long Journeys, the Traveller stays some time to repose himself, and consider of what he hath seen in the Parts he hath already past through; a Consideration which I take the Liberty to recommend a little to the Reader: for however swift his Capacity may be, I would not advise him to travel through these Pages too fast: for if he doth, he may probably miss the seeing some curious Productions of Nature which will be observed by the slower and more accurate Reader. A Volume without any such Places of Rest resembles the Opening of Wilds or Seas, which tires the Eye and fatigues the Spirit when entered upon.

Secondly, What are the Contents prefixed to every Chapter, but so many Inscriptions over the Gates of Inns (to continue the same Metaphor,) informing the Reader what Entertainment he is to expect, which if he likes not, he may travel on to the next: for in Biography, as we are not tied down to an exact Concatenation equally with other Historians; so a Chapter or

two (for Instance this I am now writing) may be often pass'd over without any Injury to the Whole. And in these Inscriptions I have been as faithful as possible, not imitating the celebrated *Montagne*, who promises you one thing and gives you another; nor some Title-Page Authors, who promise a great deal, and produce nothing at all.

There are, besides these more obvious Benefits, several others which our Readers enjoy from this Art of dividing; tho' perhaps most of them too mysterious to be presently understood, by any who are not initiated into the Science of *Authoring*. These have the Sanction of great Antiquity. *Homer* not only divided his great Work into twenty-four Books, (in Compliment perhaps to the twenty-four Letters to which he had very particular Obligations) but hawked them all separately, delivering only one Book at a Time, (probably by Subscription). He was the first Inventor of the Art which so long lay dormant, of publishing by Numbers, an Art now brought to such Perfection, that even Dictionaries are divided and exhibited piecemeal to the Public; nay, one Bookseller hath (*to encourage Learning and ease the Public*) contrived to give them a Dictionary in this divided Manner for only fifteen Shillings more than it would have cost entire.

Virgil hath given us his Poem in twelve Books, an Argument of his Modesty; for by that doubtless he would insinuate that he pretends to no more than half the Merit of the *Greek*: for the same Reason, our *Milton* went originally no farther than ten; 'till being puffed up by the Praise of his Friends, he put himself on the same footing with the *Roman* Poet.

I shall not however enter so deep into this Matter as some very learned Criticks have done; who have with infinite Labour and acute Discernment discovered what Books are proper for Embellishment, and what require Simplicity only, particularly with regard to Similies, which I think are now generally agreed to become any Book but the first.

I will dismiss this Chapter with the following Observation : That it becomes an Author generally to divide a Book, as it doth a Butcher to joint his Meat, for such Assistance is of great Help to both the Reader and the Carver. And now having indulged myself a little, I will endeavour to indulge the Curiosity of my Reader, who is no doubt impatient to know what he will find in the subsequent Chapters of this Book.

CH A P. II.

A surprizing Instance of Mr. Adams's short Memory, with the unfortunate Consequences which he brought on Joseph.

MR. Adams and Joseph, were now ready to depart, when an Accident determined the former to return, which Tow-ouse, Barnabas, and the Bookfeller had not been able to do. This Accident was no other than the forgetting to put up the Sermons, which were indeed left behind; what he had mistaken for them in the Saddle-Bags being no other than three Shirts, a pair of Shoes, and some other Necessaries, which Mrs. Adams, who thought her Husband would want Shirts more than Sermons on his Journey, had carefully provided him.

The Bill was now called for, and on Examination, amounted within a Shilling to the Sum which Mr. Adams had in his Pocket. Perhaps the Reader may wonder how he was able to produce a sufficient Sum for so many Days : that he may not be too much surprized, therefore it cannot be unnecessary to acquaint him, that he had borrowed a Guinea of a Servant belonging to the Coach and Six, who had been formerly one of his Parishioners, and whose Master, the Owner of the Coach, then lived within three Miles of him : for so good was the Credit of Mr. Adams, that even Mr. Peter the Lady Booby's Steward, would have lent him a Guinea with very little Security.

Mr.

Mr. *Adams* discharged the Bill, and they were both setting out, having agreed to *ride and tie*; a Method of Travelling much used by two Persons who have but one Horse between them, and is thus performed. The two Travellers set out together, one on Horseback, the other on foot: Now as it generally happens that he on horseback out-goes him on foot, the Custom is, that when he arrives at the Distance agreed on, he is to dismount, tie the Horse to some Gate, Tree, Post, or other thing, and then proceed on foot; when the other comes up to the Horse, he unties him, mounts and gallops on, till having passed by his Fellow-Traveller, he likewise arrives at the Place of tying. And this is that Method of Travelling so much in use among our prudent Ancestors, who knew that Horses had Mouths as well as Legs, and that they could not use the latter, without being at the Expence of suffering the Beasts themselves to use the former. This was the Method in use in those Days: when, instead of a Coach and Six, a Member of Parliament's Lady used to mount a Pillion behind her Husband; and a grave Serjeant at Law condescended to amble to *Westminster* on an easy Pad, with his Clerk kicking his Heels behind him.

Adams was now gone some Minutes, having insisted on *Joseph's* beginning the Journey on horseback, and *Joseph* had his Foot in the Stirrup, when the Hostler presented him a Bill for the Horse's Board during his Residence at the Inn. *Joseph* said Mr. *Adams* had paid all; but this Matter being referred to Mr. *Townhouse*, was by him decided in favour of the Hostler, and indeed with Truth and Justice: for this was a fresh Instance of that shortness of Memory which did not arise from want of Parts, but that continual Hurry in which Parson *Adams* was always involved.

Joseph was now reduced to a Dilemma which extremely puzzled him. The Sum due for Horse-meat was twelve Shillings, (for *Adams* who had borrowed the Beast, had ordered him to be fed as well as they could feed him) and the Cash in his Pocket amounted to Sixpence, (for *Adams* had divided the last Shilling

with him). Now, tho' there have been some ingenious Persons who have contrived to pay twelve Shillings with Sixpence, *Joseph* was not one of them. He had never contracted a Debt in his Life, and was consequently the less ready at an Expedient to extricate himself. *Tow-wouse* would probably have been willing to give him Credit 'till next time, had not *Joseph*, when he honestly discovered the Nakedness of his Pockets, pulled out that little Piece of Gold which we have mentioned before. This caused Mr. *Tow-wouse's* Eyes to water, and he told *Joseph*, he did not conceive a Man could want Money whilst he had Gold in his Pocket. *Joseph* answered, he had such a Value for that little Piece of Gold, that he would not part with it for a hundred times the Riches which the greatest Esquire in the County was worth. A pretty Way indeed, said Mr. *Tow-wouse* to run in debt, and then refuse to part with your Money, because you have a Value for it. I never knew any Piece of Gold of more Value than as many Shillings as it would change for. Not to preserve my Life from starving, nor to redeem it from a Robber, would I part with this dear Piece, answered *Joseph*. Then I cannot part with the Horse, replied *Tow-wouse*. A Resolution highly commended by a Lawyer then in the Yard, who declared Mr. *Tow-wouse* might justify the Detainer.

As we cannot therefore at present get Mr. *Joseph* out of the Inn, we shall leave him in it, and carry our Reader on after Parson *Adams*, who, his Mind being perfectly at ease, fell into at Contemplation on a Passage in *Æschylus*, which entertained him for three Miles together, without suffering him once to reflect on his Fellow-Traveller.

At length having spun out this Thread, and being now at the Summit of a Hill, he cast his Eyes backwards, and wondered that he could not see any sign of *Joseph*. As he left him ready to mount the Horse, he could not apprehend any Mischief had happened, neither could he suspect that he had mis'd his Way, it being so broad and plain: the only Reason which pre-

presented itself to him, was that he had met with an Acquaintance who had prevailed with him to delay some time in Discourse.

He therefore resolved to proceed slowly forwards, not doubting but that he should be shortly overtaken, and soon came to a large Water, which filling the whole Road, he saw no Method of passing unless by wading through, which he accordingly did up to his Middle; but was no sooner got to the other Side, than he perceived, if he had looked over the Hedge, he would have found a Foot-Path capable of conducting him without wetting his Shoes.

His surprize at *Joseph's* not coming up grew now very troublesome: he began to fear he knew not what, and as he determined, to move no farther; and, if he did not shortly overtake him, to return back; he wished to find a House of publick Entertainment where he might have dried his Clothes and refresh himself with a Pint: but seeing no such (for no other Reason than because he did not cast his Eyes a hundred Yards forwards) he sat himself down on a Scile, and pulled out his *Æschylus*.

A Fellow passing presently by, *Adams* asked him, if he could direct him to an Alehouse. The Fellow who had just left it, and perceived the House and Sign to be within sight, thinking he had jeered him, and being of a morose Temper, bid him followe his Nose and be d—n'd. *Adams* told him he was a saucy Jackanapes; upon which the Fellow turned about angrily: but perceiving *Adams* clench his Fist he thought proper to go on without taking any farther notice.

A Horseman following immediately after, and being asked the same Question, answered, Friend, there is one within a Stone's-Throw; I believe you may see it before you. *Adams* lifting up his Eyes, cry'd, I protest and so there is; and thanking his Informer proceeded directly to it.

C H A P. III.

The Opinion of two Lawyers concerning the same Gentleman, with Mr. Adams's Enquiry into the Religion of his Host.

HE had just entered the House, had called for his Pint, and seated himself, when two Horsemen came to the Door, and fastening their Horses to the Rails, alighted. They said there was a violent Shower of Rain coming on, which they intended to weather there, and went into a little Room by themselves, not perceiving Mr. *Adams*.

One of these immediately asked the other, if he had seen a more comical Adventure a great while, Upon which the other said, "he doubted whether "by Law, the Landlord could justify detaining the "Horse for his Corn and Hay." But the first answered, "undoubtedly he can; it is an adjudged "Case, and I have known it tried.

Adams, who tho' he was, as the Reader may suspect, a little inclined to Forgetfulness, never wanted more than a Hint to remind him, over-hearing their Discourse, immediately suggested to himself that this was his own Horse, and that he had forgot to pay for him, which upon enquiry, he was certified of by the Gentlemen; who added, that the Horse was likely to have more Rest than Food, unless he was paid for.

The poor Parson resolved to return presently to the Inn, tho' he knew no more than *Joseph*, how to procure his Horse his Liberty: he was however prevailed on to stay under Covert, 'till the Shower which was now very violent was over.

The three Travellers now sat down together over a Mug of good Beer; when *Adams*, who had observed a Gentleman's Horse as he passed along the Road, enquired to whom it belonged: one of the Horsemen had no sooner mentioned the Owner's Name, than the

the other began to revile him in the most opprobrious Terms. The *English* Language scarce affords a single reproachful Word, which he did not vent on this Occasion. He charged him likewise with many particular Facts. He said,—“ he no more regarded a Field of Wheat when he was hunting, than he did the High-way ; that he had injured several poor Farmers by trampling their Corn under his Horse’s Heels ; and if any of them begged him with the utmost Submission to refrain, his Horse-whip was always ready to do them justice.” He said, “ that he was the greatest Tyrant to the Neighbours in every other Instance, and would not suffer a Farmer to keep a Gun, tho’ he might justify it by Law ; and in his own Family so cruel a Master, that he never kept a Servant a Twelvemonth. In his Capacity as a Justice,” continued he, “ he behaves so partially, that he commits or acquits just as he is in the humour, without any regard to Truth or Evidence : The Devil may carry any one before him for me ; I would rather be tried before some Judges than be a Prosecutor before him : If I had an Estate in the Neighbourhood, I would sell it for half the Value, rather than live near him.” *Adams* shook his Head, and said, “ he was sorry such Men were suffered to proceed with Impunity, and that Riches could set any Man above the Law.” The Reviler a little after retiring into the Yard, the Gentleman, who had first mentioned his Name to *Adams*, began to assure him, “ that his Companion was a prejudiced Person. It is true,” says he, “ perhaps, that he may have sometimes pursued his Game over a Field of Corn, but he hath always made the Party ample Satisfaction ; that so far from tyrannizing over his Neighbours, or taking away their Guns, he himself knew several Farmers not qualified, who not only kept Guns, but killed Game with them. That he was the best of Masters to his Servants, and several of them had grown old in his Service. That he was the best Justice of Peace in the Kingdom, and to his certain know-
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ledge

ledge had decided many difficult Points, which were referred to him, with the greatest Equity, and the highest Wisdom. And he verily believed several Persons would give a Year's Purchase more for an Estate near him, than under the Wings of any other great Man". He had just finished, his Encomium, when his Companion returned and acquainted him the Storm was over. Upon which, they presently mounted their Horses and departed.

Adams, who was in the utmost Anxiety at those different Characters of the same Person, asked his Host if he knew the Gentleman: for he began to imagine they had by mistake been speaking of two several Gentlemen." "No, no, Master!" answered the Host, a shrewd cunning Fellow, "I know the Gentleman very well of whom they have been speaking, as I do the Gentleman who spoke of him. As for riding over other Men's Corn, to my knowledge he hath not been on horseback these two Years. I never heard he did any Injury of that kind; and as to making Reparation, he is not so free of his Money as that comes to neither. Nor did I ever hear of his taking away any Man's Gun; nay, I know several who have Guns in their Houses: but as for killing Game with them, no Man is stricter; and I believe he would ruin any who did. You heard one of the Gentlemen say, he was the worst Master in the World, and the other that he is the best, but as for my own part, I know all his Services, and never heard from any of them that he was either one or the other.—" "Aye, aye," says *Adams*, "and how doth he behave as a Justice, pray?" "Faith Friend," answered the Host, "I question whether he is in the Commission: the only Cause I have heard he hath decided a great while was one between those very two Persons who just went out of this House; and I am sure he determined that justly, for I heard the whole matter." "Which did he decide it in favour of," quoth *Adams*? "I think I need not answer that Question," cried the Host, "after the different Characters you have heard
of

“ of him. It is not my Business to contradict Gentlemen, while they are drinking in my House : but I knew neither of them spoke a Syllable of Truth.” “ God forbid ! ” (said *Adams*.) “ that Men should arrive at such a Pitch of Wickedness, to be-lye the Character of their Neighbour from a little private Affection, or what is infinitely worse, a private Spite. I rather believe we have mistaken them; and they mean two other Persons : for there are many Houses on the Road.” “ Why prithee, Friend,” cries the Host, “ dost thou pretend never to have told a lye in thy Life ? ” “ Never a malicious one, I am certain,” answered *Adams*; “ nor with a Design to injure the Reputation of any Man living.” Pugh, malicious ! no, no,” replied the Host : “ not malicious with a Design to hang a Man, or bring him into Trouble : but surely out of love to one’s self, one must speak better of a Friend than an Enemy.” “ Out of love to your self, you should confine yourself to Truth,” says *Adams*, “ for by doing otherwise you injure the noblest Part of yourself, your immortal Soul. I can hardly believe any Man such an Idiot to risque the Loss of that by any trifling Gain, and the greatest Gain in this World is but Dirt in comparison of what shall be revealed hereafter.” Upon which the Host taking up the Cup, with a Smile drank a Health to Hereafter : adding, “ he was for something present.” Why,” says *Adams* very gravely, “ Do not you believe another World ? ” To which the Host answered, “ yes, he was no Atheist.” “ And you believe you have an immortal Soul,” cries *Adams* : He answered, “ God forbid he should not.” “ And Heaven and Hell ? ” said the Parson. The Host then bid him “ not to prophane : for those were Things not to be mentioned nor thought of but in Church.” *Adams* asked him, “ why he went to Church, if what he learned there had no Influence on his Conduct in Life ? ” “ I go to Church,” answered the Host, “ to say my Prayers and behave godly.” “ And dost not thou,” cry’d

Adams, "believe what thou hearest at Church?" "Most part of it Master," returned the Host. "And dost not thou then tremble," cries *Adams*, "at the Thought of eternal Punishment?" "As for that, Master," said he, "I never once thought about it: but what signifies talking about matters so far off? the Mug is out, shall I draw another?"

Whilst he was gone for that purpose, a Stage Coach drove up to the Door. The Coachman coming into the House, was asked by the Mistress, whom he had in his Coach? A Parcel of *Squinty-gut* B—s, (says he) I have a good mind to overturn them; you won't prevail upon them to drink any thing I assure you. *Adams* asked him, if he had not seen a young Man on Horse-back on the Road, (describing *Joseph*). Aye, said the Coachman, a Gentlewoman in my Coach that is his Acquaintance redeemed him and his Horse; he would have been here before this time, had not the Storm driven him to shelter. God bless her, said *Adams* in a Rapture; nor could he delay walking out to satisfy himself who this charitable Woman was; but what was his surprize when he saw his old Acquaintance, Madam *Slipslop*? Her's indeed was not so great, because she had been informed by *Joseph*, that he was on the Road. Very civil were the Salutations on both sides; and Mrs. *Slipslop* rebuked the Hostess for denying the Gentleman to be there when she asked for him: but indeed the poor Woman had not erred designedly: for Mrs. *Slipslop* asked for a Clergyman: and she had unhappily mistaken him for a Person travelling to a neighbouring Fair with the Thimble and Button, or some other such Operation, for he marched in a swinging great white Coat with black Buttons, a short Wig, and a Hat, which so far from having a black Hathand, had nothing black about it.

Joseph was now come up, and Mrs. *Slipslop* would have had him quit his Horse to the Parson, and come himself into the Coach: but he absolutely refused, saying he thanked Heaven he was well enough recovered to be very able to ride, and added, he hoped
he

he knew his Duty better than to ride in a Coach while Mr. *Adams* was on horseback.

Mr. *Slipslop* would have persisted longer, had not a Lady in the Coach put a short End to the Dispute, by refusing to suffer a Fellow in a Livery to ride in the same Coach with herself : so it was at length agreed that *Adams* should fill the vacant Place in the Coach, and *Joseph* should proceed on horseback.

They had not proceeded far before Mrs. *Slipslop*, addressing herself to the Parson, spoke thus : " There hath been a strange Alteration in our Family, Mr. *Adams*, since Sir *John's* Death." " A strange Alteration indeed ! " says *Adams*, " as I gather from some Hints which have dropped from *Joseph*. " " Aye," says she, " I could never have believed it, but the longer one lives in the World, the more one sees. So *Joseph* hath given you Hints." " But of what Nature will always remain a perfect Secret with me," cries the Parson ; " he forced me to promise before he would communicate any thing. " They are no Secrets to me, I assure you," cries *Slipslop* ; " and I believe, they will be none any where shortly : for ever since his Departure she hath behaved more like a mad Woman than any thing else." Truly, I am heartily concerned," says *Adams*, " for she was a good sort of a Lady ; indeed I have often wished she had attended a little more constantly at the Service, but she hath done a great deal of good in the Parish." " O Mr. *Adams* ! " says *Slipslop*, " People that don't see all, often know nothing. Many Things have been given away in our Family, I do assure you, without her knowledge. I have heard you say in the Pulpit, we ought not to brag : but indeed I can't avoid saying, if she had kept the Keys herself, the Poor would have wanted many a Cordial which I have let them have. As for my late Master, he was as worthy a Man as ever lived, and would have done infinite Good if he had not been controlled : but he loved a quiet Life, Heavens rest his Soul ! I am confident he is there, and enjoys

" joys

"joys a quiet Life, which some Folks would not allow him here." *Adams* answered, "he had never heard this before, and was mistaken, if she herself." (for he remembered she used to commend her Master and blame her Mistress,) "had not formerly been of another Opinion." "I don't know," (replied she,) "what I might once think: but now I am *confidous* Matters are as I tell you: The World will shortly see who hath been deceived; for my part I say nothing, but that it is *wonderfome* how some People can carry all Things with a grave Face."

Thus Mr. *Adams* and she discoursed: till they came opposite to a great House which stood at some distance from the Road; a Lady in the Coach spying it, cry'd; yonder lives the unfortunate *Leonora*, if one can call a Woman justly unfortunate, whom we must own at the same time guilty, and the Author of her own Calamity. This was abundantly sufficient to awaken the Curiosity of Mr. *Adams*, as indeed it did that of the whole Company, who jointly solicited the Lady to acquaint them with *Leonora's* History, since it seemed, by what she had said, to contain something remarkable.

The Lady, who was perfectly well bred, did not require many Entreaties, and having only wished this Entertainment might make amends for the Company's Attention, she began in the following manner.

C H A P. IV.

The History of Leonora, or the Unfortunate Girl.

L *LEONORA* was the Daughter of a Gentleman of Fortune; she was tall and well-shaped, with a Sprightliness in her Countenance, which often attracts beyond the more regular Features joined with an insipid Air; nor is this kind of Beauty less apt to deceive than allure the Good-Humour which it indicates, being

ing often mistaken for Good-Nature, and the Vivacity for true Understanding.

Leonora was now at the Age of Eighteen, lived with an Aunt of her's in a Town in the North of *England*. She was an extreme Lover of Gaiety, and very rarely missed a Ball or any other publick Assembly; where she had frequent Opportunities of satisfying a greedy Appetite of Vanity with the Preference which was given her by the Men to almost every other Woman present.

Among many young Fellows who were particular in their Gallantries towards her, *Horatio* soon distinguished himself in her Eyes beyond all his Competitors; she danced with more than ordinary Gaiety when he happened to be her Partner; neither the Fairness of the Evening nor the Musick of the Nightingale, could lengthen her Walk like his Company. She affected no longer to understand the Civilities of others: whilst she inclined so attentive an Ear to every Compliment of *Horatio*, that she often smiled even when it was too delicate for her Comprehension.

“ Pray, Madam, “ says *Adams*, “ who was this Squire *Horatio* ? ”

Horatio, says the Lady, was a young Gentleman of a good Family, bred to the Law, and had been some few Years called to the Degree of a Barrister. His Face and Person were such as the Generality allowed handsome: but he had a Dignity in his Air very rarely to be seen. His Temper was of the saturnine Complexion, but without the least Taint of Moroseness. He had Wit and Humour with an Inclination to Satire, which he indulged rather too much.

This Gentleman, who had contracted the most violent Passion for *Leonora*, was the last Person who perceived the Probability of its Success. The whole Town had made the Match for him, before he himself had drawn a Confidence from her Actions sufficient to mention his Passion to her; for it was his Opinion, (and perhaps he was there in the right) that it is highly)

highly) impolitick to talk seriously of Love to a Woman before you have made such a Progress in her Affections, that she herself expects and desires to hear it.

But whatever Diffidence the Fears of a Lover may create, which are apt to magnify every Favour conferred on a Rival, and to see the little Advances towards themselves through the other End of the Perspective; it was impossible that *Horatio's* Passion should so blind his Discernment, as to prevent his conceiving Hopes from the Behaviour of *Leonora*; whose Fondness for him was now as visible to an indifferent Person in their Company, as his for her.

"I never knew any of these forward Sluts come to good," (says the Lady, who refused *Joseph's* Entrance into the Coach,) "nor shall I wonder at any thing she doth in the Sequel."

The Lady proceeded in her Story thus: It was in the Midst of a gay Conversation in the Walks one Evening, when *Horatio* whispered *Leonora*, "that he was desirous to take a Turn or two with with her in private; for that he had something to communicate to her of great Consequence." "Are you sure it is of Consequence?" said she, smiling.—"I hope," answered he, "you will think so too, since the whole future Happiness of my Life must depend on the Event."

Leonora, who very much suspected what was coming, would have deferred it 'till another time: but *Horatio*, who had more than half conquered the Difficulty of speaking by the first Motion, was so very importunate, that she at last yielded, and leaving the rest of the Company, they turned aside into an unfrequented Walk.

They had retired far out of the sight of the Company, both maintaining a strict Silence. At last *Horatio* made a full Stop, and taking *Leonora*, who stood pale and trembling, gently by the Hand, he fetched a deep Sigh, and then looking on her Eyes with all the Tenderness imaginable, he cried out in a faltering Accent; "O *Leonora*! it is necessary for me to declare

" to

“to you on what the future Happiness of my Life
 “must be founded! Must I say, there is some-
 “thing belonging to you which is a Bar to my
 “Happiness, and which unless you will part with, I
 “must be miserable?” “What can that be,” repli-
 “ed *Leonora*?—“No wonder,” said he, “you are sur-
 “prized, that I should make an Objection to any
 “thing which is yours, yet sure you may guess, since
 “it is the only one which the Riches of the World,
 “if they were mine, should purchase of me.—O it is
 “that which you must part with, to bestow all the
 “rest! Can *Leonora*, or rather will she doubt longer?
 “—Let me then whisper it in her Ears,—It is
 “your Name, Madam. It is by parting with that,
 “by your Condescension to be for ever mine, which
 “must at once prevent me from being the most miser-
 “able, and will render me the happiest of Mankind.”
Leonora, covered with Blushes, and with as angry a
 Look as she could possibly put on, told him, “that
 “had she suspected what his Declaration would have
 “been, he should not have decoyed her from her
 “Company; that he had so surprized and frightened
 “her, that she begged him to convey her back as quick
 “as possible;” which he, trembling very near as
 much as herself, did.

“More Fool he,” cried *Slipslop*, “it is a sign he
 “knew very little of our *Sett*.” “Truly, Madam,”
 said *Adams*, “I think you are in the right, I should
 “have insisted to know a piece of her Mind, when I
 “had carried matters so far.” But Mrs. *Grave-aire*
 desired the Lady to omit all such fulsome Stuff in her
 Story: for that it made her sick.

Well then, Madam, to be as concise as possible,
 said the Lady, many Weeks had not past after this In-
 terview, before *Horatio* and *Leonora* were what they
 call on a good footing together. All Ceremonies ex-
 cept the last were now over; the Writings were now
 drawn, and every thing was in the utmost forwardness
 preparative to the putting *Horatio* in possession of all
 his Wishes. I will if you please repeat you a Letter
 from each of them which I have got by heart, and
 which

which will give you no small Idea of their Passion on both sides.

Mrs. *Grave-airs* objected to hearing these Letters : but being put to the Vote, it was carried against her by all the rest in the Coach ; Parson *Adams* contending for it with the utmost Vehemence.

HORATIO to LEONORA.

HOW vain, most adorable Creature, is the Pursuit of Pleasure in the absence of an Object to which the Mind is entirely devoted, unless it have some Relation to that Object ! I was last Night condemned to the Society of Men of Wit and Learning, which, however agreeable it might have formerly been to me, now only gave me a Suspicion that they imputed my Absence in Conversation to the true Cause. For which Reason, when your Engagements forbid me the extatic Happiness of seeing you, I am always desirous to be alone ; since my Sentiments for *Leonora* are so delicate, that I cannot bear the Apprehension of another's prying into those delightful Endearments with which the warm Imagination of a Lover will sometimes indulge him, and which I suspect my Eyes then betray. To fear this Discovery of our Thoughts, may perhaps appear too ridiculous a Nicety to Minds, not susceptible of all the Tenderesses of a Passion which requires every human Virtue to exert itself in its full Extent. Since the Beloved whose Happiness it ultimately respects, may give us charming Opportunities of being brave in her Defence, generous to her Wants, compassionate to her Afflictions, grateful to her Kindness, and, in the same manner, of exercising every other Virtue, which he who would not do to any Degree, and that with the utmost Rapture, can never deserve the Name of a Lover : It is therefore with a View to the delicate Modesty of your Mind that I cultivate it so purely in my own, and it is that which will sufficiently suggest to you the Uneasiness I bear from those Liberties which Men to whom the

World

World allow Politeness will sometimes give themselves on these Occasions.

Can I tell you with what Eagerness I expect the Arrival of that blest Day, when I shall experience the Falshood of a common Assertion that the greatest human Happiness consists in Hope? A Doctrine which no Person had ever stronger Reason to believe than myself at present, since none ever tasted such Bliss as fires my Bosom with the Thoughts of spending my future Days with such a Companion, and that every Action of my Life will have the glorious Satisfaction of conducing to your Happiness.

LEONORA to HORATIO.

THE Refinement of your Mind has been so evidently proved, by every Word and Action ever since I had first the Pleasure of knowing you, that I thought it impossible my good Opinion of *Horatio* could have been heightened by any additional Proof of Merit. This very Thought was my Amusement when I received your last Letter, which, when I opened, I confess I was surprized to find the delicate Sentiments expressed there, so far exceeded what I thought could come even from you, (altho' I know all the generous Principles human Nature is capable of, are centered in your Breast) that Words cannot paint what I feel on the Reflection, that my Happiness shall be the ultimate End of all your Actions.

Oh *Horatio*! what a Life must that be, where the meanest domestick Cares are sweetened by the pleasing Consideration that the Man on Earth who best deserves, and to whom you are most inclined to give your Affections, is to reap either Profit or Pleasure from all you do! In such a Case, Toils must be turned into Diversions, and nothing but the unavoidable Inconveniencies of Life can make us remember that we are mortal.

If the solitary Turn of your Thoughts, and the Desire of keeping them undiscovered, makes even the Conversation of Men of Wit and Learning tedious to you,

you, what anxious Hours must I spend who am condemn'd by Custom to the Conversation of Women; whose natural Curiosity leads them to pry into all my Thoughts, and whose Envy can never suffer *Horatio's* Heart to be possessed by any one without forcing them into malicious Designs, against the Person who is so happy as to possess it: but indeed, if ever Envy can possibly have any Excuse, or even Alleviation; it is in this Case, where the Good is so great, that it must be equally natural to all to wish it for themselves, nor am I ashamed to own it: and to your Merit, *Horatio*, I am obliged, that prevents my being in that most uneasy of all the Situations I can figure in my Imagination of being led by Inclination to love the Person whom my own Judgment forces me to condemn.

Matters were in so great forwardness between this fond Couple, that the Day was fixed for their Marriage, and was now within a Fortnight, when the Sessions chanced to be held for that County in a Town about twenty Miles distance from that which is the Scene of our Story. It seems, it is usual for the young Gentlemen of the Bar to repair to these Sessions, not so much for the sake of Profit, as to shew their Parts and learn the Law of the Justices of Peace: for which purpose one of the wisest and gravest of all the Justices is appointed Speaker or Chairman, as they modestly call it, and he reads them a Lecture, and instructs them in the true Knowledge of the Law.

"You are here guilty of a little Mistake, says *Adams*, which if you please I will correct; I have attended at one of these Quarter Sessions, where I observed the Counsel taught the Justices, instead of learning any thing of them."

It is not very material, said the Lady: hither repaired *Horatio*, who as he hoped by his Profession to advance his Fortune, which was not at present very large, for the sake of his dear *Leonora*, he resolved to spare no Pains, nor lose any Opportunity of improving or advancing himself in it.

The same Afternoon in which he left the Town, as *Leonora* stood at her Window, a Coach and Six passed by: which she declared to be the completest, genteelest, prettiest Equipage she ever saw; adding these remarkable Words, *O I am in Love with that Equipage!* which, tho' her Friend *Howells* at that time did not greatly regard, she hath since remembered.

In the Evening an Assembly was held, which *Leonora* honoured with her Company: but intended to pay her dear *Horatio* the Compliment of refusing to dance in his Absence.

O Why have not Women as good Resolution to maintain their Vows, as they have often good Inclinations in making them!

The Gentleman who owned the Coach and Six, came to the Assembly. His Clothes were as remarkably fine as his Equipage could be. He soon attracted the Eyes of the Company, all the Smarts, all the Silk Waistcoats with Silver and Gold Edgings, were eclipsed in an instant.

Madam, said *Adams*, if it be not impertinent, I should be glad to know how this Gentleman was drest.

Sir, answered the Lady, I have been told, he had on a Cut-Velvet Coat of a Cinnamon Colour, lined with a Pink Satten, embroidered all over with Gold; his Waistcoat, which was Cloth of Silver, was embroidered with Gold likewise. I cannot be particular as to the rest of his Dress: but it was all in the *French* Fashion, for *Bellarmino*, (that was his Name) was just arrived from *Paris*.

This fine Figure did not more entirely engage the Eyes of every Lady in the Assembly, than *Leonora* did his. He had scarce beheld her, but he stood motionless and fixed as a Statue, or at least would have done so, if Good-Breeding had permitted him. However, he carried it so far before he had power to correct himself,

self, that every Person in the Room easily discovered where his Admiration was settled. The other Ladies began to single out their former Partners, all perceiving who would be *Bellarmino's* Choice; which they however endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent: Many of them saying to her, "O Madam, I suppose we shan't have the pleasure of seeing you dance To-Night;" and then crying out in *Bellarmino's* hearing, "O *Leonora* will not dance, I assure you; her Partner is not here." One maliciously attempted to prevent her, by sending a disagreeable Fellow to ask her, that so she might be obliged either to dance with him, or sit down: but this Scheme proved abortive.

Leonora saw herself admired by the fine Stranger, and envied by every Woman present. Her little Heart began to flutter within her, and her Head was agitated with a convulsive Motion; she seemed as if she would speak to several of her Acquaintance, but had nothing to say: for as she would not mention her present Triumph, so she could not disengage her Thoughts one moment from the Contemplation of it: She had never tasted any thing like this Happiness. She had before known what it was to torment a single Woman; but to be hated and secretly cursed by a whole Assembly, was a Joy reserved for this blessed Moment. As this vast Profusion of Ecstasy had awaked her Understanding, so there was nothing so foolish as her Behaviour; she played a thousand childish Tricks, distorted her Person into several Shapes, and her Face into several Laughs, without any Reason. In a word, her Carriage was as absurd as her Desires, which were to affect an Insensibility of the Stranger's Admiration, and at the same time a Triumph from that Admiration over every Woman in the Room.

In this Temper of Mind, *Bellarmino*, having enquired who she was, advanced to her, and with a low Bow, begged the Honour of dancing with her, which she with as low a Curt'sy immediately granted. She danced with him all Night, and enjoyed perhaps
the

the highest Pleasure, which she was capable of feeling.

At these Words, *Adams* fetched a deep Groan, which frightened the Ladies, who told him, "they hoped he was not ill." He answered, "he groaned only for the Folly of *Leonora*."

Leonora retired, (continued the Lady) about Six in the Morning, but not to Rest. She tumbled and tossed in her Bed, with very short Intervals of Sleep, and those entirely filled with Dreams of the Equipage and fine Clothes she had seen, and the Balls, Operas and Ridotto's, which had been the Subject of their Conversation.

In the Afternoon *Bellarmino*, in the dear Coach and Six, came to wait on her. He was indeed charmed with her Person, and was, on Enquiry, so well pleased with the Circumstances of her Father, (for he himself, notwithstanding all this Finery, was not quite so rich as a *Cæsus* or an *Attalus*. "*Attalus*, says Mr. *Adams*, but pray how came you acquainted with these Names?" The Lady smiled at the Question, and proceeded—He was so pleased, I say, that he resolved to make his Addresses to her directly. He did so accordingly, and that with so much warmth and briskness, that he quickly baffled her weak Repulses, and obliged the Lady to refer him to her Father, who, she knew, would quickly declare in favour of a Coach and Six.

Thus, what *Horatio* had by Sighs and Tears, Love and Tenderness, been so long obtaining, the French-English *Bellarmino* with Gaiety and Gallantry possessed himself of in an instant. In other words, what Modesty had employed a full Year in raising, Impudence demolished in 24 Hours.

Here *Adams* groaned a second time, but the Ladies, who began to smoke him, took no Notice.

From the Opening of the Assembly 'till the End of *Bellarmino's* Visit, *Leonora* had scarce once Thought of *Horatio*: but he now began, tho' an unwelcome Guest, to enter into her Mind. She wished she had seen the charming *Bellarmino* and his charming Equi-

page before Matters had gone so far. " Yet, why" (says she) " should I wish to have seen him before, or what signifies it that I have seen him now? Is not *Horatio* my Lover? almost my Husband? Is he not as handsome, nay handsomer than *Bellarmino*? Aye, but *Bellarmino* is the genteeler and the finer Man; yes, that he must be allowed. Yes, yes, he is that certainly. But did not I no longer ago than yesterday love *Horatio* more than all the World? aye, but yesterday I had not seen *Bellarmino*. But doth not *Horatio* doat on me, and may he not in despair break his Heart if I abandon him? Well, and hath not *Bellarmino* a Heart to break too? Yes, but I promised *Horatio* first; but that was poor *Bellarmino*'s Misfortune, if I had seen him first, I should certainly have preferred him. Did not the dear Creature prefer me to every Woman in the Assembly, when every she was laying out for him? When was it in *Horatio*'s power to give me such an Instance of Affection? Can he give me an Equipage or any of those Things which *Bellarmino* will make me Mistress of? How vast is the Difference between being the Wife of a poor Counsellor, and the Wife of one of *Bellarmino*'s Fortune! But can I suffer *Horatio* to die? for he hath sworn he cannot survive my Loss: but perhaps he may not die; if he should, can I prevent it? Must I sacrifice myself to him? Besides, *Bellarmino* may be as miserable for me too." She was thus arguing with herself, when some young Ladies called her to the Walks, and a little relieved her Anxiety for the present.

The next Morning *Bellarmino* breakfasted with her in presence of her Aunt, whom he sufficiently informed of his Passion for *Leonora*; he was no sooner withdrawn, than the old Lady began to advise her Niece on this Occasion.—" You see Child," (says she) " what Fortune hath thrown in your way, and I hope you will not withstand your own Preferments." *Leonora* sighing, " begged her not to mention any such thing, when she knew her Engagements to *Horatio*." " Engagements to a Fig," cry'd the Aunt,

Aunt, "you should thank Heaven on your Knees that you have it yet in your power to break them. Will any Woman hesitate a Moment, whether she shall ride in a Coach or walk on Foot all the Days of her Life?—But *Bellarmino* drives six, and *Horatio* not even a Pair." "Yes, but, Madam, what will the World say?" answered *Leonora*; will not they condemn me?" "The World is always on the side of Prudence," cries the Aunt, and would surely condemn you if you sacrificed your Interest to any Motive whatever. O, I know the World very well, and you shew your own Ignorance, my Dear, by your Objection. O' my Conscience the World is wiser. I have lived longer in it than you, and I assure you there is not any thing worth our Regard besides Money: nor did I ever know one Person who married from other Considerations, who did not afterwards heartily repent it. Besides, if we examine the two Men, can you prefer a sneaking Fellow, who hath been bred at a University, to a fine Gentleman just come from his Travels?—All the World must allow *Bellarmino* to be a fine Gentleman, positively a fine Gentleman, and a handsome Man.—" Perhaps, Madam, I should not doubt, if I knew how to be handsomely off with the other." O leave that to me," says the Aunt. "You know your Father hath not been acquainted with the Affair. Indeed, for my part, I thought it might do well enough, not dreaming of such an Offer: but I'll disengage you, leave me to give the Fellow an Answer. I warrant you, he shall give you no farther Trouble."

Leonora was at length satisfied with her Aunt's Reasoning; and *Bellarmino* supping with her that Evening, it was agreed he should the next Morning go to her Father and propose the Match, which she consented should be consummated at his Return.

The Aunt retired soon after Supper, and the Lovers being left together, *Bellarmino* begun in the following manner: "Yes, Madam, this Coat I assure you

"you was made at *Paris*, and I defy the best *English* Taylor even to imitate it. There is not one of them can cut, Madam, they can't cut. If you observe how this Skirt is turned, and this Sleeve, a clumsy *English* Rascal can do nothing like it.— Pray how do you like my Liveries?" *Leonora* answered, "she thought them very pretty." "All *French*," says he, I assure you, except their Great Coats; I never trust any thing more than a Great Coat to an *Englishman*; you know one must encourage our own People what one can, he, he, he! but for myself, I would see the dirty Island at the bottom of the Sea, rather than wear a single Rag of *English* Work about me, and I am sure after you have made one Tour to *Paris*, you will be of the same Opinion with regard to your own Clothes. You can't conceive what an Addition a *French* Dress would be to your Beauty; I positively assure you, at the first Opera I saw since I came over, I mistook the *English* Ladies for Chambermaids, he, he, he!"

With such sort of polite Discourse did the gay *Bellarmino* entertain his beloved *Leonora*, when the Door opened on a sudden, and *Horatio* entered the Room; 'tis impossible to express the Surprize of *Leonora*.

"Poor Woman," says Mrs. *Slipslop*, what a terrible *Quandary* she must be in!" Not at all," says Miss *Grave-airs*, such Sluts can never be confounded."

A long Silence, continued the Lady, prevailed in the whole Company: If the familiar Entrance of *Horatio* struck the greatest Astonishment into *Bellarmino*, the unexpected Presence of *Bellarmino* no less surprized *Horatio*. At length *Leonora* collecting all the Spirits she was Mistress of, addressed herself to the latter, and pretended to wonder at the Reason of so late a Visit. "I should, indeed," answered he, "have made some Apology for disturbing you at this Hour, had not my finding you in Company assured me I do not break in on your Repose." *Bellarmino*

Jarmine rose from his Chair, traversed the Room in a Minuet Step, and humm'd an Opera Tune, while *Horatio* advancing to *Leonora* ask'd her in a Whisper, if that Gentleman was not a Relation of her's; to which she answered with a Smile, or rather Sneer, "No, he is no Relation of mine yet;" adding, "she could not guess the Meaning of his Question." *Horatio* told her softly, "it did not arise from Jealousy." "Jealousy!" cries she, "I assure you; —it would be very strange in a common Acquaintance to give himself any of those Airs." These Words a little surprized *Horatio*, but before he had time to answer, *Bellarmino* danced up to the Lady, and told her, "he feared he interrupted some Business between her and the Gentleman." "I can have no Business," said she, "with the Gentleman, nor any other, which need be any Secret to you."

"You'll pardon me," said *Horatio*, if I desire to know who this Gentleman is, who is to be intrusted with all our Secrets." "You'll know soon enough," cries *Leonora*, "but I can't guess what Secrets can ever pass between us of such mighty Consequence." "No Madam!" cries *Horatio*, "I'm sure you would not have me understand you in earnest." "It's indifferent to me," says she, "how you understand me; but I think so unseasonable a Visit as difficult to be understood at all, at least when People find one engaged, though one's Servants do not deny one, one may expect a well-bred Person should soon take the Hint." "Madam," said *Horatio*, "I did not imagine any Engagement with a Stranger, as it seems this Gentleman is, would have made my Visit impertinent, or that any such Ceremonies were to be preserved between Persons in our Situation." "Sure you are in a Dream," says she, "or would persuade me that I am in one." "I know no pretensions a common Acquaintance can have to lay aside the Ceremonies of Good Breeding." "Sure," said he, "I am in a Dream; for it is impossible I should be really esteemed a common Acquaintance by *Leonora*, after what has

“passed between us!” “Passed between us! Do you intend to affront me before this Gentleman? d—n me, affront the Lady,” says *Bellarmino*, cocking his Hat and strutting up to *Horatio*, “does any Man dare affront this Lady before me, d—n me?” Harkee, “Sir,” says *Horatio*, “I would advise you to lay aside that fierce Air; for I am mightily deceived, if this Lady has not a violent Desire to get your Worship a good drubbing.” “Sir,” said *Bellarmino*, “I have the Honour to be her Protector, and d—n me, if I understand your Meaning.” “Sir,” answered *Horatio*, “she is rather your Protectress: but give yourself no more Airs, for you see I am prepared for you,” (shaking his Whip at him) “Oh! *Serviteur tres humble*,” says *Bellarmino*, “*Je Vous entend par faitement bien*.” At which time the Aunt, who had heard of *Horatio*’s Visit, entered the Room and soon satisfied all his Doubts. She convinced him that he was never was more awake in his Life, and that nothing more extraordinary had happened in his three days Absence, than a small Alteration in the Affections of *Leonora*: who now burst into Tears, and wondered what Reason she had given him to use her in so barbarous a Manner. *Horatio* desired *Bellarmino* to withdraw with him: but the Ladies prevented it by laying violent Hands on the latter; upon which, the former took his Leave without any great Ceremony, and departed, leaving the Lady with his Rival to consult for his Safety, which *Leonora* feared her Indiscretion might have endangered: but the Aunt comforted her with Assurances, that *Horatio* would not venture his Person against so accomplished a Cavalier as *Bellarmino*, and that being a Lawyer, he would seek Revenge in his own way, and the most they had to apprehend from him was an Action.

They at length therefore agreed to permit *Bellarmino* to retire to his Lodgings, having first settled all Matters relating to the Journey which he was to undertake in the Morning, and their Preparations for the Nuptials at his return.

But alas ! as wise Men have observed, the Seat of Valour is not the Countenance, and many a grave and plain Man, will, on a just Provocation, betake himself to that mischievous Metal, cold Iron ; while Men of a fiercer Brow, and sometimes with that Emblem of Courage, a Cockade, will more prudently decline it.

Leonora was waked in the Morning, from a Visionary Coach and Six, with the dismal Account, that *Bellarmino* was run through the Body by *Horatio*, that he lay languishing at an Inn, and the Surgeons had declared the Wound mortal. She immediately leap'd out of the Bed, danced about the Room in a frantic manner, tore her Hair and beat her Breast in all the Agonies of Despair ; in which sad Condition her Aunt, who likewise arose at the News, found her. The good old Lady applied her utmost Art to comfort her Niece. She told her, " while there was Life, there was Hope : but that if he should die, her Affliction would be of no service to *Bellarmino*, and would only expose herself, which might probably keep her some time without any future Offer ; that as Matters had happened, her wisest way would be to think no more of *Bellarmino*, but to endeavour to reconcile herself to *Horatio*." " Speak not to me," cry'd the disconsolate *Leonora*, " is it not owing to me, that poor *Bellarmino* has lost his Life ? have not these cursed Charms" (at which Words she looked stedfastly in the Glass,) " been the Ruin of the most charming Man of this Age ? Can I ever bear to contemplate my own Face again ?" (with her Eyes still fixed on the Glass) " Am I not the Murderess of the finest Gentleman ? —" " Never think of Things passed," cries the Aunt, " think of reconciling yourself to *Horatio*." " What Reason," said the Niece, " have I to hope he would forgive me ? no, I have lost him as well as the other, and it was your wicked Advice which was the Occasion of all ; you seduced me, contrary to my Inclinations, to abandon poor *Horatio*," at which Words she burst into Tears ; " you prevailed upon

" upon me, whether I would or no, to give up my
 " Affections for him; had it not been for you, *Bellarmino*
 " *larmine* never would have entered into my
 " Thoughts; had not his Addresses been backed by
 " your Persuasions, they never would have made any
 " Impression on me; I should have defied all the For-
 " tune and Equipage in the World: but it was you,
 " it was you, who got the better of my Youth and
 " Simplicity, and forced me to lose my dear *Horatio*
 " for ever."

The Aunt was almost borne down with this Tor-
 rent of Words, she however rallied all the Strength
 she could, and drawing her Mouth up in a Purse,
 began: " I am not surprized, Niece, at this Ingra-
 " titude. Those who advise young Women for their
 " Interest, must always expect such a Return: I am
 " convinced my Brother will thank me for breaking
 " off your Match with *Horatio* at any rate." " That
 " may not be in your power yet," answered *Leonora*;
 " tho' it is very ungrateful in you to desire or
 " attempt it, after the Presents you have received
 " from him." (For indeed true it is, that many
 Presents, and some pretty valuable ones, had passed
 from *Horatio* to the old Lady: but as true it is, that
Bellarmino when he breakfasted with her and her
 Niece, had complimented her with a Brilliant from
 his Finger, of much greater Value than all she had
 touched of the other.)

The Aunt's Gall was on float to reply, when a
 Servant brought a Letter into the Room; which
Leonora hearing it came from *Bellarmino*, with great
 Eagerness opened, and read as follows:

Most Divine Creature,

THE Wound which I fear you have heard I
 received from my Rival, is not like to be so
 fatal as those shot into my Heart, which have been
 fired from your Eyes, *tout-brilliant* Those are the
 only Cannons by which I am to fall: for my Surgeon
 gives me Hopes of being soon able to attend your
Rattle; till when, unless you would do me an Ho-
 nour

nour which I have scarce the *Hardiess*e to think of, your Absence will be the greatest Anguish which can be felt by,

MADAM,

Avec tout le respecte in the World,

Your most Obedient, most Absolute

Devoté

BELLARMINE.

As soon as *Leonora* perceived such Hopes of *Bellarmino's* Recovery, and that the Gossip Fame had, according to Custom, so enlarged his Danger, she presently abandoned all farther Thoughts of *Horatio*, and was soon reconciled to her Aunt, who received her again into Favour, with a more Christian Forgiveness than we generally meet with. Indeed it is possible she might be a little alarmed at the Hints which her Niece had given her concerning the Presents. She might apprehend such Rumours, should they get abroad, might injure a Reputation, which by frequenting Church twice a Day, and preserving the utmost Rigour and Strictness in her Countenance and Behaviour for many Years, she had established.

Leonora's Passion returned now for *Bellarmino* with greater Force after its small Relaxation than ever. She proposed to her Aunt to make him a Visit in his Confinement, which the old Lady, with great and commendable Prudence advised her to decline: "For," says she, "should any Accident intervene to prevent your intended Match, too forward a Behaviour with this Lover may injure you in the Eyes of others. Every Woman till she is married ought to consider of and provide against the Possibility of the Affair's breaking off." *Leonora* said, "she should be indifferent to whatever might happen in such a Case; for she had now so absolutely placed her Affections

“ on this dear Man, (so she called him) that, if it was
 “ her Misfortune to lose him, she should for ever
 “ abandon all Thoughts of Mankind.” She there-
 fore resolved to visit him, notwithstanding all the pru-
 dent Advice of her Aunt to the contrary, and that
 very Afternoon executed her Resolution.

The Lady was proceeding in her Story, when the
 Coach drove into the Inn where the Company were to
 dine, solely to the Diffatisfaction of Mr. *Adams*, whose
 Ears were the most hungry Part about him ; he being,
 as the Reader may perhaps guess, of an insatiable
 Curiosity, and heartily desirous of hearing the End of
 this Amour, tho’ he professed he could scarce with
 Success to a Lady of so inconstant a Disposition.

C H A P. V.

*A dreadful Quarrel which happened at the Inn
 where the Company dined, with its bloody
 Consequences to Mr. Adams.*

AS soon as the Passengers had alighted from the
 Coach, Mr. *Adams*, as was his Custom, made
 directly to the Kitchen, where he found *Joseph* sitting
 by the Fire and the Hostess anointing his Leg : for
 the Horse which Mr. *Adams* had borrowed of his
 Clerk, had so violent a Propensity to kneeling, that one
 would have thought it had likewise been his Trade :
 nor would he always give any notice of such his
 Intention ; he was often found on his Knees, when the
 Rider least expected it. This Foible however was of
 no great Inconvenience to the Parson, who was accus-
 tomed to it, and threw himself forward on such Oc-
 casions with so much dexterity, that he never received
 any Mischief ; the Horse and he frequently rolling
 many Paces distance, and afterwards both getting up
 and meeting as good Friends as ever.

Poor *Joseph*, who had not been used to such kind of Cattle, tho' an excellent Horseman, did not so happily disengage himself : but falling with his Leg under the Beast, received a violent Contusion, to which the good Woman was, as we have said, applying a warm Hand with some camphirated Spirits, just at the time when the Parson entered the Kitchen.

He had scarce express'd his Concern for *Joseph's* Misfortune, before the Host likewise entered. He was by no means of Mr. *Tow-rouse's* gentle Disposition, and was indeed perfect Master of his House, and every thing in it but his Guests.

This surly Fellow, who always proportioned his Respect to the Appearance of a Traveller, from *God bless your Honour*, down to plain *Coming presently*, observing his Wife on her Knees to a Footman, cried out, without considering his Circumstances, "What a Pox is the Woman about? why don't you mind the Company in the Coach? Go and ask them what they will have for Dinner?" "My Dear," says she, "you know they can have nothing but what is at the Fire, which will be ready presently; and really the poor young Man's Leg is very much bruised." At which Words, she fell to chafing more violently than before: the Bell then happening to ring, he damn'd his Wife, and bid her go in to the Company, and not stand rubbing there all Day: for he did not believe the young Fellow's Leg was so bad as he pretended; and if it was, within twenty Miles he would find a Surgeon to cut it off. Upon these Words, *Adams* fetched two Strides across the Room; and snapping his Fingers over his Head, muttered aloud, He would excommunicate such a Wretch for a Farthing: for he believed the Devil had more Humanity. These Words occasioned a Dialogue between *Adams* and the Host, in which there were two or three sharp Replies, till *Joseph* bad the latter know how to behave himself to his Betters. At which the Host scornfully repeating the Word *Betters*, flew into a Rage, and telling *Joseph* he was as able to walk out of his House as he had been to walk into it, offered to lay

violent Hands on him ; which *Adams* perceiving, dealt him so sound a Compliment over his Face with his Fist, that the Blood immediately gushed out of his Nose in a Stream. The Host being unwilling to be out-done in Courtesy, especially by a Person of *Adams's* Figure, returned the Favour with so much Gratitude, that the Parson's Nostrils likewise began to look a little redder than usual. Upon which he again assailed his Antagonist, and with another stroke laid him sprawling on the Floor.

The Hostess, who was a better Wife than so surly a Husband deserved, seeing her Husband all bloody and stretched along, hastened presently to his Assistance, or rather to revenge the Blow which to all Appearance was the last he would ever receive ; when, lo ! a Pan full of Hog's-Blood, which unluckily stood on the Dresser, presented itself first to her Hands. She seized it in her Fury, and without any Reflection discharged it into the Parson's Face, and with so good an Aim, that much the greater part first saluting his Countenance, trickled thence in so large a Current down his Beard, and over his Garments, that a more horrible Spectacle was hardly to be seen or even imagined. All which was perceived by Mrs. *Slipshod*, who entered the Kitchen at that Instant. This good Gentlewoman, not being of a Temper so extremely cool and patient as perhaps was required to ask many Questions on this Occasion ; flew with great Impetuosity at the Hostess's Cap, which, together with some of her Hair, she plucked from her Head in a Moment, giving her at the same time several hearty Cuffs in the Face, which by frequent Practice on the inferior Servants, she had learned an excellent Knack of delivering with a good Grace. Poor *Joseph* could hardly rise from his Chair ; the Parson was employed in wiping the Blood from his Eyes, which had intirely blinded him, and the Landlord was but just beginning to stir, whilst Mrs. *Slipshod* holding down the Landlady's Face with her Left Hand, made so dextrous a use of her Right, that the poor Woman began to

roar

foar in a Key, which alarmed all the Company in the Inn.

There happened to be in the Inn at this time, besides the Ladies who arrived in the Stage-Coach, the two Gentlemen who were present at Mr. *Tow-wouse's* when *Joseph* was detained for his Horse's Meat, and whom we have before mentioned to have stopt at the Alehouse with *Adams*. There was likewise a Gentleman just returned from his Travels; all whom the horrid Outcry of Murder, presently brought into the Kitchen, where the several Combatants were found in the Postures already described.

It was now no Difficulty to put an End to the Fray, the Conquerors being satisfied with the Vengeance they had taken, and the Conquered having no Appetite to renew the Fight. The principal Figure, and which engaged the Eyes of all, was *Adams*, who was all over covered with Blood, which the whole Company concluded to be his own; and consequently imagined him no longer for this World. But the Host, who had now recovered from his Blow, and was risen from the Ground, soon delivered them from this Apprehension, by damning his Wife, for wasting the Hog's Puddings, and telling her all would have been very well if she had not intermeddled like a B—— as she was; adding, he was very glad the Gentlewoman had paid her, tho' not half what she deserved. The poor Woman had indeed fared much the worst, having besides the unmerciful Cuffs received, lost a Quantity of Hair which Mrs. *Slipshod* in Triumph held in her left Hand.

The Traveller, addressing himself to Miss *Graveairs*, desired her not to be frightened: for here had been only a little Boxing, which he said to their *Disgracia* the *English* were *accustomata* to; adding, it must be however a Sight somewhat strange to him, who was just come from *Italy*, the *Italians* not being addicted to the *Cassardo*, but *Bastanza*, says he. He then went up to *Adams*, and telling him he looked like the Ghost of *Othello*, bid him not shake his gory Crown at him, for he could not say he did it. *Adams* very innocently

Innocently answered, *Sir, I am far from accusing you!* He then returned to the Lady, and cried, I find the bloody Gentleman is *uno insipido del nullo senso*.

One of the Gentlemen having learnt from the Host the Occasion of this Bustle, and being assured by him that *Adams* had struck the first Blow, whispered in his Ear: He'd warrant he would recover. "Recover!" "Master," said the Host, smiling: "Yes, yes, I am not afraid of dying with a Blow or two neither; I am not such a Chicken as that," Pugh! said the Gentleman, I mean you will recover Damages, in that Action which undoubtedly you intend to bring, as soon as a Writ can be returned from *London*; for you look like a Man of too much Spirit and Courage to suffer any one to beat you without bringing your Action against him: He must be a scandalous Fellow indeed, who would put up a Drubbing whilst the Law is open to revenge it; besides, he hath drawn Blood from you and spoiled your Coat, and the Jury will give Damages for that too. An excellent new Coat upon my Word, and now not worth a Shilling!

I don't care, continued he, to intermeddle in these Cases: but you have a Right to my Evidence; and if I am sworn, I must speak the Truth. I saw you sprawling on the Floor, and the Blood gushing from your Nostrils. You may take your own Opinion; but was I in your Circumstances, every Drop of my Blood should convey an Ounce of Gold into my Pocket: remember I don't advise you to go to Law, but if your Jury were Christians, they must give swinging Damages, that's all. "Master," cry'd the Host, scratching his Head, "I have no stomach to Law, I thank you. I have seen enough of that in the Parish, where two of my Neighbours have been at Law about a House, till they have both lawed themselves into a Goal." At which Words he turned about, and began to enquire again after his Hog's Puddings, nor would it probably have been a sufficient Excuse for his Wife that she spilt them in his Defence, had not some Awe of the Company, especially of the

Italian

Italian Traveller, with-held his Rage. Whilst one of the above-mentioned Gentlemen was employed, as we have seen him, on the behalf of the Landlord, the other was no less hearty on the side of Mr. *Adams*, whom he advised to bring his Action immediately. He said the Assault of the Wife was in Law the Assault of the Husband; for they were but one Person; and he was liable to pay Damages, which he said must be considerable, where so bloody a Disposition appeared. *Adams* answered, If it was true that they were but one Person, he had assaulted the Wife; for he was sorry to own he had struck the Husband the first Blow. I am sorry you own it too, cries the Gentleman; for it could not possibly appear to the Court: for here was no Evidence present but the lame Man in the Chair, whom I supposed to be your Friend, and would consequently say nothing but what made for you. How, Sir, says *Adams*, do you take me for a Villain, who would prosecute Revenge in cold Blood, and use unjustifiable Means to obtain it? If you knew me and my Order, I should think you affronted both. At the Word Order, the Gentleman stared, (for he was too bloody to be of any modern Order of Knights,) and turning hastily about, said, every Man knew his own Business.

Matters being now composed, the Company retired to their several Apartments, the two Gentlemen congratulating each other on the Success of their good Offices, in procuring a perfect Reconciliation between the contending Parties; and the Traveller went to his Repast, crying, *Tutta è Pace; so send in my Dinner, good Boniface.*

The Coachman began now to grow importunate with his Passengers, whose Entrance into the Coach was retarded by Miss *Grave-airs* insisting, against the Remonstrances of all the rest, that she would not admit a Footman into the Coach: for poor *Joseph* was too lame to mount a Horse. A young Lady, who was, as it seems, an Earl's Grand-daughter, begged it with almost Tears in her Eyes; Mr. *Adams* prayed, and Mrs. *Slipslop* scolded, but all to no purpose. She said,

said, "she would not demean herself to ride with a Footman : that there were Waggon on the Road : that if the Master of the Coach desired it, she would pay for two Places : but would suffer no such Fellow to come in." "Madam," says *Slipstop*, "I am sure no one can refuse another coming into a Stage-Coach." "I don't know, Madam," says the Lady, "I am not much used to Stage-Coaches, I seldom travel in them." "That may be, Madam," replied *Slipstop*, "very good People do, and some People's Betters, for aught I know." Miss *Grave-airs* said, "Some Folks might sometimes give their Tongues a Liberty, to some People that were their Betters, which did not become them : for her part, she was not used to converse with Servants." *Slipstop* returned, "Some People kept no Servants to converse with : for her part, she thanked Heaven, she lived in a Family where there were a great many ; and had more under her own Command, than any paultry little Gentlewoman in the Kingdom." Miss *Grave-airs* cry'd, "She believed, her Mistress would not encourage such Sauciness to her Betters." "My Betters," says *Slipstop*, "who is my Betters, pray ?" "I am your Betters," answered Miss *Grave-airs*, "and I'll acquaint your Mistress."—At which Mrs. *Slipstop* laughed aloud, and told her, "her Lady was one of the great Gentry, and such little paultry Gentlewomen, as some Folks who travelled in Stage-Coaches, would not easily come at her."

This smart Dialogue between some People, and some Folks, was going on at the Coach-Door, when a solem Person riding into the Inn, and seeing Miss *Grave-airs*, immediately accosted her with "Dear Child, how do you ?" She presently answered, "O ! Papa, I am glad you have overtaken me." "So am I," answered he : for one of our Coaches is just at hand ; and there being room for you in it, you shall go no farther in the Stage, unless you desire it." "How can you imagine I should desire it ?" says she ; so bidding *Slipstop*, "ride with her"
 "Fellow,

"Fellow, if she pleased;" she took her Father by the Hand, who was just alighted, and walked with him into a Room.

Adams instantly asked the Coachman in a Whisper, if he knew who the Gentleman was? The Coachman answered, he was now a Gentleman, and kept his Horse and Man: but Times are altered, Master, said he, I remember, when he was no better born than myself. Aye, says Adams. My Father drove the Squire's Coach, answered he, when that very Man rode Postilion: but he is now his Steward, and a great Gentleman. Adams then snapp'd his Fingers, and cry'd, he thought *she was some such Trollop.*

Adams made haste to acquaint Mrs. *Slipslop* with this good News, as he imagined it; but it found a Reception different from what he expected. That prudent Gentlewoman, who despised the Anger of Miss *Grave-airs*, whilst she conceived her the Daughter of a Gentleman of small Fortune, now she heard her Alliance with the upper Servants of a great Family in her Neighbourhood, began to fear her Interest with the Mistress. She wished she had not carried the Dispute so far, and began to think of endeavouring to reconcile herself to the young Lady before she left the Inn; when luckily, the Scene at *London*, which the Reader can scarce have forgotten, presented itself to her Mind, and comforted her with such Assurance, that she no longer apprehended any Enemy with her Mistress.

Every thing being now adjusted, the Company entered the Coach, which was just on its Departure, when one Lady recollected she had left her Fan, a second her Gloves, a third a Snuff-Box, and a fourth a Smelling-Bottle behind her; to find all which, occasioned some Delay, and much swearing of the Coachman.

As soon as the Coach had left the Inn, the Women all together fell to the Character of Miss *Grave-airs*, whom one of them declared she had suspected to be some low Creature from the beginning of their Journey; and another affirmed had not even the
Looks

Looks of a Gentlewoman ; a third warranted she was no better than she should be, and turning to the Lady who had related the Story in the Coach, said, " Did you ever hear, Madam, any thing so prudish as her Remarks ?" Well, deliver me from the Censoriousness of such a Prude. The fourth added, " O Madam ! all these Creatures are censorious : but for my part, I wonder where the Wretch was bred ; indeed I must own I have seldom conversed with these mean kind of People, so that it may appear stranger to me ; but to refuse the general Desire of a whole Company, hath something in it so astonishing, that, for my part, I own I should hardly believe it, if my own Ears had not been Witnesses to it." " Yes, and so handsome a young Fellow, cries *Slipslop*, the Woman must have no Compassion in her, I believe she is more of a *Turk* than a Christian ; I am certain if she had any Christian Woman's Blood in her Veins, the Sight of such a young Fellow must have warm'd it. Indeed there are some wretched miserable old Objects that turn one's Stomach, I should not wonder if she had refused such a one ; I am as nice as herself, and should have cared no more than herself for the Company of *stinking* old Fellows : but hold up thy Head, *Joseph*, thou art none of those, and she who hath no *Compulsion* for thee is a *Mybummetman*, and I will maintain it." This Conversation made *Joseph* uneasy, as well as the Ladies ; who perceiving the Spirits which Mrs. *Slipslop* was in, (for indeed she was not a Cup too low) began to fear the Consequence ; one of them therefore desired the Lady to conclude the Story.—" Ay Madam," said *Slipslop*, " I beg your Ladyship to give us that Story you *commanded* in the Morning." Which Request that well-bred Woman immediately complied with.

C H A P. VI.

Conclusion of the Unfortunate Jilt.

L EONORA having once broke through the Bounds which Custom and Modesty impose on her Sex, soon gave an unbridled Indulgence to her Passion. Her Visits to *Bellarmino* were more constant, as well as longer, than his Surgeon's; in a word, she became absolutely his Nurse, made his Water-gruel, administred him his Medicines, and, notwithstanding the prudent Advice of her Aunt to the contrary, almost intirely resided in her wounded Lover's Apartment.

The Ladies of the Town began to take her Conduct under Consideration; it was the chief Topic of Discourse at their Tea-Table, and was very severely censured by the most part; especially by *Lindamira*, a Lady whose discreet and starch Carriage, together with a constant Attendance at Church three times a day, had utterly defeated many malicious Attacks on her own Reputation: for such was the Envy that *Lindamira's* Virtue had attracted, that notwithstanding her own strict Behaviour and strict Enquiry into the Lives of others, she had not been able to escape being the Mark of some Arrows herself, which however did her no Injury; a Blessing perhaps owed by her to the Clergy, who were her chief male Companions, and with two or three of whom she had been barbarously and unjustly calumniated.

Not so unjustly neither perhaps, says *Slipslop*, for the Clergy are Men as well as other Folks.

The extreme Delicacy of *Lindamira's* Virtue was cruelly hurt by these Freedoms which *Leonora* allowed herself; she said, "it was an Affront to her Sex, that she did not imagine it consistent with any Woman's Honour to speak to the Creature, or to be seen in her Company; and that, for her part, she should always refuse to dance at an Assembly with her,"
" for

“ for fear of Contamination, by taking her by the
“ Hand.

But to return to my Story : As soon as *Bellarmino* was recovered, which was somewhat within a Month from his receiving the Wound, he set out, according to Agreement, for *Leonora's* Father's, in order to propose the Match, and settle all Matters with him touching Settlements, and the like.

A little before his Arrival, the old Gentleman had received an Intimation of the Affair by the following Letter ; which I can repeat *verbatim*, and which they say was written neither by *Leonora* nor her Aunt, tho' it was in a Woman's Hand. The Letter was in these Words :

“ S I R,

“ I am sorry to acquaint you that your Daughter
“ *Leonora* hath acted one of the basest, as well as most
“ simple Parts with a young Gentleman to whom she
“ had engaged herself, and whom she hath (pardon
“ the Word) jilted for another of inferior Fortune,
“ notwithstanding his superior Figure. You may
“ take what Measures you please on this Occasion ; I
“ have performed what I thought my Duty, as I have,
“ tho' unknown to you, a very great Respect for your
“ Family.”

The old Gentleman did not give himself the trouble to answer this kind Epistle, nor did he take any notice of it after he had read it, till he saw *Bellarmino*. He was, to say the Truth, one of those Fathers who look on Children as an unhappy Consequence of their youthful Pleasures ; which as he would have been delighted not to have had attended them, so was he no less pleased with any opportunity to rid himself of the Incumbrance. He pass'd in the World's Language as an exceeding good Father, being not only so rapacious as to rob and plunder all Mankind to the utmost of his Power, but even to deny himself the Conveniencies and almost Necessaries of Life ; which his Neighbours attributed to a Desire of raising immense Fortunes

for

for his Children : but in fact it was not so, he heaped up Money for his own sake only, and looked on his Children as his Rivals, who were to enjoy his beloved Mistress, when he was incapable of possessing her, and which he would have been much more charmed with the Power of carrying along with him : nor had his Children any other Security of being his Heirs, than that the Law would constitute them such without a Will, and that he had not Affection enough for any one living to take the Trouble of writing one.

To this Gentleman came *Bellarmino* on the Errand I have mentioned. His Person, his Equipage, his Family and his Estate seemed to the Father to make him an advantageous Match for his Daughter ; he therefore very readily accepted his Proposals : but *Bellarmino* when he imagined the principal Affair concluded, and began to open the incidental Matters of Fortune ; the old Gentleman presently changed his Countenance, saying, “ he resolved never to marry “ his Daughter on a *Smithfield* Match ; that whoever “ had Love for her to take her, would, when he “ died, find her Share of his Fortune in his Coffers : “ but he had seen such Examples of Undutifulness “ happen from the too early Generosity of Parents, “ that he had made a Vow never to part with a Shilling whilst he lived. He commended the Saying of “ *Solomon*, *he that spareth the Rod, spoileth the Child* : “ but added, he might have likewise asserted, that “ *he that spareth the Purse, saveth the Child*.” He then ran into a Discourse on the Extravagance of the Youth of the Age ; whence he launched into a Dissertation on Horses, and came at length to commend those *Bellarmino* drove. That fine Gentleman, who at another Season would have been well enough pleased to dwell a little on that Subject, was now very eager to resume the Circumstance of Fortune. He said, “ he “ had a very high Value for the young Lady, and “ would receive her with less than he would any other “ whatever ; but that even his Love to her made some “ Regard to worldly Matters necessary ; for it would “ be a most distracting Sight for him to see her, when “ he

“ he had the Honour to be her Husband, in less than
 “ a Coach and Six.” The old Gentleman answer’d,
 “ Four will do, Four will do ;” and then took a turn
 from Horses to Extravagance, and from Extravagance
 to Horses, till he came round to the Equipage again,
 whither he was no sooner arrived, than *Bellarmino*
 brought him back to the Point ; but all to no Purpose,
 he made his Escape in a Minute, till at last the Lover
 declared, “ that in the present Situation of his Affairs
 “ it was impossible for him, though he loved *Leonora*
 “ more than *tout le monde*, to marry her without any
 “ Fortune.” To which the Father answered, “ he
 “ was sorry then his Daughter must lose so valuable a
 “ Match ; that if he had an Inclination at present, it
 “ was not in his Power to advance a Shilling : that he
 “ had had great Losses and been at great Expences on
 “ Projects, which, though he had great Expectation
 “ from them, had yet produced him nothing : that he
 “ did not know what might happen hereafter, as on
 “ the Birth of a Son, or such Accident, but he would
 “ make no Promise, or enter into any Article : for
 “ he would not break his Vow for all the Daughters
 “ in the World.”

In short, Ladies, to keep you no longer in suspense,
Bellarmino having tried every Argument and Persuasi-
 on which he could invent, and finding them all ineffec-
 tual, at length took his leave, but not in order to re-
 turn to *Leonora* ; he proceeded directly to his own
 Seat, whence after a few Day’s stay, he returned to
Paris, to the great delight of the *French*, and the
 Honour of the *English* Nation.

But as soon as he arrived at his home, he presently
 dispatched a Messenger, with the following Epistle to
Leonora.

Adorable and Charmante,

“ I Am sorry to have the Honour to tell you I am
 “ I not the *heureux* Person destined for your divine
 “ Arms. Your Papa hath told me so with a *Politesse*
 “ no often seen on this side *Paris*. You may perhaps
 “ guess his manner of refusing me—*Adieu* !
 “ You

" You will certainly believe me, Madam, incapable
 " of myself delivering this *triste* Message: Which I
 " intend to try the *French Air* to cure the Conse-
 " quences of—*Ab jamais ! Cœur ! Ange !—Ab Dia-*
 " *ble!*—If your Papa obliges you to a Marriage, I
 " hope we shall see you at *Paris*, till when the Wind
 " that flows from thence will be the warmest *dans le*
 " *Monde*: for it will consist almost entirely of my
 " Sighs. *Adieu, ma Princesse ! Ab Amour !*

BELLARMINE."

I shall not attempt Ladies, to describe *Leonora's* Condition when she received this Letter. It is a Picture of Horror, which I should have as little pleasure in drawing as you in beholding. She immediately left the Place, where she was the Subject of Conversation and Ridicule, and retired to that House I shewed you when I began the Story, where she hath ever since led a disconsolate Life, and deserves perhaps Pity for her Misfortunes more than our Censure, for a Behaviour to which the Artifices of her Aunt very probably contributed, and to which very young Women are often rendered too liable, by that blameable Levity in the Education of our Sex.

If I was inclined to pity her, said a young Lady in the Coach, it would be for the Loss of *Horatio*; for I cannot discern any Misfortune in her missing such a Husband as *Bellarmino*.

Why I must own, says *Slipslop*, the Gentleman was a little false-hearted: but *howsoever* it was hard to have two Lovers, and get never a Husband at all—But pray, Madam, what became of *Ourasbo*?

He remains still unmarried, and hath applied himself so strictly to his Business, that he hath raised I hear a very considerable Fortune. And what is remarkable, they say, he never heard the name of *Leonora* without a Sigh, or hath ever uttered one Syllable to charge her with her ill Conduct towards him.

C H A P. VII.

A very short Chapter, in which Parson Adams went a great Way.

THE Lady having finished her Story received the Thanks of the Company, and now *Joseph* putting his Head out of the Coach, cried out, "Never believe me, if yonder be not our Parson *Adams* walking along without his Horse." "On my Word, and so he is," says *Slipslop*; and as sure as "Two-pence, he hath left him behind at the Inn." Indeed, true it is, the Parson had exhibited a fresh Instance of his Absence of Mind: for he was so well pleased with having got *Joseph* into the Coach, that he never once thought of the Beast in the Stable; and finding his Legs as nimble as he desired, he sallied out brandishing a Crabstick, and had kept on before the Coach, mending and slackening his Pace occasionally, so that he had never been much more or less than a Quarter of a Mile distant from it.

Mrs. *Slipslop* desired the Coachman to overtake him, which he attempted, but in vain: for the faster he drove, the faster ran the Parson, often crying out, *Aye aye, catch me if you can*: 'till at length the Coachman swore he would as soon attempt to drive after a Greyhound; and giving the Parson two or three hearty Curses, he cry'd, Softly, softly Boys, to his Horses, which the civil Beasts immediately obeyed.

But we will be more courteous to our Reader than he was to Mrs. *Slipslop*, and leaving the Coach and its Company to pursue their Journey, we will carry our Reader on after Parson *Adams*, who stretched on without once looking behind him, 'till having left the Coach full three Miles in his Rear, he came to a Place, where by keeping the extremest Track to the Right, it was just barely possible for a human Creature to miss his Way. This Track however did he keep, as indeed he had a wonderful Capacity at these kinds of

bare

bare Possibilities ; and travelling in it about three Miles over the Plain, he arrived at the Summit of a Hill, whence looking a great way backwards, and perceiving no Coach in sight, he sat himself down on the Turf and pulling out his *Æschylus* determined to wait here for its Arrival.

He had not sat long here, before a Gun going off very near, a little startled him ; he looked up, and saw a Gentleman within a hundred Paces, taking up a Partridge which he had just shot.

Adams stood up, and presented a Figure to the Gentleman which would have moved Laughter in many : for his Cassock had just again fallen down below his great Coat, that is to say, it reached his Knees ; whereas the Skirts of his great Coat descended no lower than half way down his Thighs : but the Gentleman's Mirth gave way to his Surprise, at beholding such a Personage in such a Place.

Adams advancing to the Gentleman told him he hoped he had good Sport ; to which the other answered, very little, " I see, Sir," says *Adams*, " you have *smote* one Partridge : " to which the Sportsman made no Reply, but proceeded to charge his Piece.

Whilst the Gun was charging *Adams* remained in Silence, which he at last broke, by observing that it was a delightful Evening. The Gentleman, who had at first sight conceived a very distasteful Opinion of the Parson, began, on perceiving a Book in his Hand, and smoking likewise the Information of the Cassock, to change his Thoughts, and made a small Advance to Conversation on his side, by saying, Sir, *I suppose you are not one of these Parts ?*

Adams immediately told him, No ; that he was a Traveller, and invited by the Beauty of the Evening and the Place to repose a little, and amuse himself with Reading. " I may as well repose myself too " said the Sportsman ; for I have been out this whole Afternoon, and the Devil a Bird have I seen till I came hither."

" Perhaps then the Game is not very plenty hereabouts, cries *Adams*." " No, Sir," said the Gentleman,

“Gentleman, “the Soldiers who are quartered in the Neighbourhood, have killed it all.” “It is very probable,” cries *Adams*, “for Shooting is their Profession.” “Aye, shooting the Game,” answered the other, “but I don’t see they are so forward to shoot our Enemies. I don’t like that Affair of *Carthage* ; if I had been there, I believe I should have done other guess things, d——n me ; what’s a Man’s Life when his Country demands it, a Man who won’t sacrifice his Life for his Country deserves to be hanged, d——n me.” Which Words he spoke with so violent a Gesture, so loud a Voice, so strong an Accent, and so fierce a Countenance, that he might have frightned a Captain of Train-Bands at the Head of his Company ; but Mr. *Adams* was not greatly subject to Fear, he told him intrepidly that he very much approved his Virtue, but disliked his Swearing, and begged him not to addict himself to so bad a Custom, without which he said he might fight as bravely as *Achilles* did. Indeed he was charm’d with this Discourse, he told the Gentleman he would willingly have gone many Miles to have met a Man of his generous Way of thinking ; that if he pleased to sit down, he should be greatly delighted to commune with him : for tho’ he was a Clergyman, he would himself be ready, if thereto called, to lay down his Life for his Country.

The Gentleman sat down and *Adams* by him, and then the latter began, as in the following Chapter, a Discourse which we have placed by itself, as it is not only the most curious in this, but perhaps in any other Book.

C H A P. VIII.

A notable Dissertation, by Mr. Abraham Adams ; wherein that Gentleman appears in a political Light.

“ I Do assure you, Sir,” says he, taking the Gentleman by the Hand, “ I am heartily glad to meet with a Man of your Kidney : for tho’ I am a poor Parson, I will be bold to say, I am an honest Man, and would not do an ill Thing to be made a Bishop : Nay, tho’ it hath not fallen in my way to offer so noble a Sacrifice, I have not been without Opportunities of suffering for the sake of my Conscience, I thank Heaven for them : for I have had Relations, tho’ I say it, who made some Figure in the World ; particularly a Nephew, who was a Shopkeeper, and an Alderman of a Corporation. He was a good Lad, and was under my Care when a Boy, and I believe would do what I bid him to his dying Day. Indeed it looks like extreme Vanity in me, to affect being a Man of such Consequence, as to have so great an Interest in an Alderman ; but others have thought so too, as manifestly appeared by the Rector, whose Curate I formerly was, sending for me on the Approach of an Election, and telling me if I expected to continue in his Cure, that I must bring my Nephew to vote for one Colonel *Courtley*, a Gentleman whom I had never heard Tidings of ’till that Instant. I told the Rector, I had no power over my Nephew’s Vote, (God forgive me for such Prevarication !) That I supposed he would give it according to his Conscience, that I would by no means endeavour to influence him to give it otherwise. He told me it was in vain to equivocate : that he knew I had already spoke to him in favour of Esquire *Fickle* my Neighbour, and indeed it was true I had : for it was at a Season when the Church was in Danger,

“ and

“ and when all good Men expected they knew not
 “ what would happen to us all. I then answered
 “ boldly, If he thought I had given my Promise, he
 “ affronted me in proposing any Breach of it. Not
 “ to be prolix: I persevered, and so did my Nephew,
 “ in the Esquire’s Interest, who was chose chiefly
 “ through his Means, and so I lost my Curacy.”
 “ Well, Sir, but do you think the Esquire ever men-
 “ tion’d a Word of the Church? *Ne verbum quidem,*
 “ *ut ita dicam*; within two Years he got a Place, and
 “ hath ever since lived in *London*: where I have been
 “ informed, (but G — forbid I should believe that)
 “ that he never so much as goes to Church. I re-
 “ mained, Sir, a considerable Time without any Cure,
 “ and lived a full Month on one Funeral Sermon
 “ which I preached on the Indisposition of a Clergy-
 “ man: but this by the Bye. At last, when Mr
 “ *Fickle* got his Place, Colonel *Courtley* stood again;
 “ and who should make Interest for him, but Mr.
 “ *Fickle* himself: that very identical Mr. *Fickle*, who
 “ had formerly told me, the Colonel was an Enemy
 “ to both the Church and State, had the Confidence
 “ to sollicite my Nephew for him, and the Colonel
 “ himself offered me to make me Chaplain to his
 “ Regiment, which I refused in favour of Sir *Oliver*
 “ *Hearty*, who told us, he would sacrifice every thing
 “ to his Country; and I believe he would except
 “ his Hunting, which he stuck so close to, that in
 “ five Years together he went but twice up to Parli-
 “ ament; and one of those Times, I have been told,
 “ never was within sight of the House. However, he
 “ was a worthy Man, and the best Friend I ever had:
 “ for by his Interest with a Bishop, he got me re-
 “ placed into my Curacy, and gave me eight Pounds
 “ out of his own Pocket to buy me a Gown and
 “ Cassock, and furnish my House. He had our In-
 “ terest while he lived, which was not many Years.
 “ On his Death, I had fresh Applications made to me;
 “ for all the World knew the Interest I had in my
 “ good Nephew, who now was a leading Man in
 “ the Corporation; and Sir *Thomas Booby*, buying
 “ the

“ the Estate which had been Sir *Oliver's*, proposed
“ himself a Candidate. He was then a young Gen-
“ tleman just come from his Travels ; and it did me
“ good to hear him discourse on Affairs, which for
“ my part I knew nothing of. If I had been Master
“ of a thousand Votes, he should have had them all.
“ I engaged my Nephew in his Interest, and he was
“ elected, and a very fine Parliament-Man he was.
“ They tell me he made Speeches of an Hour long ;
“ and I have been told very fine ones : but he could
“ never persuade the Parliament to be of his Opini-
“ on.—*Non omnia possumus omnes.* He promised
“ me a Living, poor Man ; and I believe I should
“ have had it, but an Accident happened ; which
“ was, that my Lady had promised it before un-
“ known to him. This indeed I never heard 'till af-
“ terwards : for my Nephew, who died about a
“ Month before the Incumbent, always told me I
“ might be assured of it. Since that Time, Sir *Tho-*
“ *mas*, poor Man, had always so much Business, that
“ he never could find Leisure to see me. I believe
“ it was partly my Lady's fault too ; who did not
“ think my Dress good enough for the Gentry at her
“ Table. However, I must do him the Justice to
“ say, he never was ungrateful ; and I have always
“ found his Kitchen and his Cellar too, open to me ;
“ many a time after Service on a *Sunday*, for I preach
“ at four Churches, have I recruited my Spirits with
“ a Glass of his Ale. Since my Nephew's Death,
“ the Corporation is in other hands ; and I am not
“ a Man of that Consequence I was formerly. I
“ have now no longer any Talents to lay out in the
“ Service of my Country ; and to whom nothing is
“ given, of him can nothing be required. However,
“ on all proper Seasons, such as the Approach of an
“ Election, I throw a suitable Dash or two into my
“ Sermons ; which I have the pleasure to hear is not
“ disagreeable to Sir *Thomas*, and the other honest
“ Gentlemen my Neighbours, who have all pro-
“ mised me these five Years, to procure an Ordina-
“ tion for a Son of mine, who is now near Thirty.

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" hath an infinite Stock of Learning, and is, I thank
 " Heaven, of an unexceptionable Life; tho', as he
 " was never at an University, the Bishop refuses to
 " ordain him. Too much Care cannot indeed be
 " taken in admitting any to the sacred Office; tho'
 " I hope he will never act so as to be a Disgrace to
 " any Order: but will serve his God and his Country
 " to the Utmost of his power, as I have endeavoured
 " to do before him; nay, and will lay down his
 " Life whenever called to that purpose. I am sure I
 " have educated him in those Principles; so that I
 " have acquitted my Duty, and shall have nothing to
 " answer for on that account: but I do not distrust
 " him; for he is a good Boy; and if Providence
 " should throw it in his way, to be of much conse-
 " quence in a Publick Light, as his Father once was;
 " I can answer for him, he will use his Talents as
 " honestly as I have done.

CH A P. IX.

In which the Gentleman descants on Bravery and heroic Virtue, 'till an unlucky Accident puts an end to the Discourse.

THE Gentleman highly commended Mr. *Adams*
 for his good Resolutions, and told him, " he
 " hoped his Son would tread in his Steps;" adding,
 " that if he would not die for his Country, he would
 " not be worthy to live in it; I'd make no more of
 " shooting a Man that would not die for his Country,
 " than—

" Sir," said he, " I have disinherited a Nephew
 " who is in the Army, because he would not exchange
 " his Commission. and go the *West-Indies*. I believe
 " the Rascal is a Coward, tho' he pretends to be in
 " love forsooth. I would have all such Fellows
 " hanged, Sir, I would have them hanged," *A-*

Adams

Adams answered, " that would be too severe : " That
 " Men did not make themselves ; and if Fear had
 " too much Ascendance in the Mind, the Man was
 " rather to be pitied than abhorred : That Reason
 " and Time might teach him to subdue it." " He
 " said, a Man might be a Coward at one time, and
 " brave at another. " *Homer*," says he, " who so
 " well understood and copied Nature, hath taught us
 " this Lesson : for *Paris* fights, and *Hector* runs away :
 " nay, we have a mighty Instance of this in the
 " History of latter Ages, no longer ago, than the
 " 705th Year of *Rome*, when the Great *Pompey*, who
 " had won so many Battles, and been honoured with
 " so many Triumphs, and of whose Valour, several
 " Authors, especially *Cicero* and *Paterculus*, have
 " formed such Elogiums ; this very *Pompey* left the
 " Battle of *Pharsalia* before he had lost it, and re-
 " treated to his Tent, where he sat like the most pusil-
 " lanimous Rascal in a Fit of Despair, and yielded
 " a Victory, which was to determine the Empire
 " of the World, to *Cæsar*. I am not much travel-
 " led in the History of modern Times, that is to say,
 " these last thousand Years : but those who are, can,
 " I make no question, furnish you with parallel In-
 " stances." He concluded therefore, that had he
 taken any such hasty Resolutions against his Nephew,
 he hoped he would consider better and retract them.
 The Gentleman answered with great Warmth, and
 talked much of Courage and his Country, 'till per-
 ceiving it grew late, he asked *Adams*, " what Place he
 " intended for that Night ? " He told him, " he waited
 " there for the Stage-Coach ! Sir," said the Gentleman,
 " they are all past by long ago. You may see the last
 " yourself, almost three Miles before us." " I protest
 " and so they are," cries *Adams*, then I must make
 " haste and follow them." The Gentleman told
 him, " he would hardly be able to overtake them,
 " and that if he did not know his Way, he would be
 " in danger of losing himself on the Downs ; for it
 " would be presently dark ; and he might ramble
 " about all Night, and perhaps find himself farther

“ from his Journey’s End in the Morning than he was now. He advised him therefore to accompany him to his House, which was very little out of his way,” assuring him, “ that he would find some Country-Fellow in his Parish, who would conduct him for Sixpence to the City, where he was going.” *Adams* accepted this Proposal, and on they travelled, the Gentleman renewing his Discourse on Courage, and the Infamy of not being ready at all times to sacrifice our Lives to our Country. Night overtook them much about the same time as they arrived near some Bushes : whence, on a sudden, they heard the most violent Shrieks imaginable in a female Voice. *Adams* offered to snatch the Gun out of his Companion’s Hand. “ What are you doing ? ” said he. “ Doing ! ” says *Adams*, “ I am hastening to the Assistance of the poor Creature whom some Villains are murdering ” “ You are not mad enough, I hope,” says the Gentleman trembling : “ Do you consider this Gun is only charged with Shot, and that the Robbers are most probably furnished with Pistols loaded with Bullets. This is no Business of ours ; let us make as much haste as possible out of the way, or we may fall into their hands ourselves.” The Shrieks now encreasing *Adams* made no Answer, but snapt his Fingers, and brandishing his Crabstick, made directly to the Place whence the Voice issued ; and the Man of Courage made as much Expedition towards his own Home, whither he escaped in a very short time without once looking behind him : where we will leave him, to contemplate his own Bravery, and to censure the want of it in others : and return to the good *Adams*, who, on coming up to the Place whence the Noise proceeded, found a Woman struggling with a Man, who had thrown her on the Ground, and had almost overpowered her. The great Abilities of Mr. *Adams* were not necessary to have formed a right Judgment of this Affair, on the first sight. He did not therefore want the Entreaties of the poor Wretch to assist her, but lifting up his Crabstick, he immediately levelled a Blow at that Part of the Ravisher’s

visher's Head, where, according to the Opinion of the Ancients, the Brains of some Persons are deposited, and which he had undoubtedly let forth, had not Nature, (who, as wise Men have observed, equips all Creatures with what is most expedient for them;) taken a provident Care (as she always doth with those she intends for Encounters) to make this part of the Head three times as thick as those of ordinary Men, who are designed to exercise Talents which are vulgarly called rational, and for whom, as Brains are necessary, she is obliged to leave some room for them in the Cavity of the Skull: whereas, those Ingredients being entirely useless to Persons of the heroic Calling, she hath an Opportunity of thickening the Bone, so as to make it less subject to any Impression or liable to be cracked or broken; and indeed, in some who are predestined to the Command of Armies and Empires, she is supposed sometimes to make that Part perfectly solid.

As a Game-Cock when engaged in amorous Tying with a Hen, if perchance he espies another Cock at hand, immediately quits his Female, and opposes himself to his Rival; so did the Ravisher, on the Information of the Crabstick, immediately leap from the Woman, and hastened to assail the Man. He had no Weapons but what Nature had furnished him with. However, he clenched his Fist, and presently darted it at that Part of *Adam's* Breast where the Heart is lodged. *Adams* staggered at the Violence of the Blow, when throwing away his Staff, he likewise clenched that Fist which we have before commemorated, and would have discharged it full in the Breast of his Antagonist, had he not dexterously caught it with his left Hand, at the same time darting his Head, (which some modern Heroes, of the lower Class, use like the Battering-Ram of the Ancients, for a Weapon of Offence; another Reason to admire the Cunningness of Nature, in composing it of those impenetrable Materials) dashing his Head, I say into the Stomach of *Adams*, he tumbled him on his Back, and not having any regard to the Laws of Heroism, which

would have restrained him from any farther Attack on his Enemy, 'till he was again on his Legs, he threw himself upon him, and laying hold on the Ground with his left Hand, he with his right belaboured the Body of *Adams* 'till he was weary, and indeed, 'till he concluded (to use the Language of fighting) that he had done his Business; or, in the Language of Poetry, that he had sent him to the Shades below; in plain *English*, that he was dead.

But *Adams*, who was no Chicken, and could bear a drubbing as well as any boxing Champion in the Universe, lay still only to watch his Opportunity; and now perceiving his Antagonist to pant with his Labours, he exerted his utmost Force at once, and with such Success, that he overturned him and became his Superiour; when fixing one of his Knees in his Breast, he cried out in an exulting Voice, *It is my turn now*: and after a few Minutes constant Application, he gave him so dextrous a Blow just under his Chin, that the Fellow no longer retained any Motion, and *Adams* began to fear he had struck him once too often; for he often asserted, "he should be concerned to have the Blood of even the Wicked upon him."

Adams got up, and called aloud to the young Woman,—"Be of good cheer, Damsel, said he, you are no longer in danger of your Ravisher, who, I am terribly afraid, lies dead at my Feet; but G— forgive me what I have done in Defence of Innocence." The poor Wretch, who had been sometime in recovering Strength enough to rise, and had afterwards during the Engagement, stood trembling, being disabled by Fear, even from running away, hearing her Champion was victorious, came up to him; but not without Apprehensions, even of her Deliverer; which, however, she was soon relieved from, by his courteous Behaviour and gentle Words. They were both standing by the Body, which lay motionless on the Ground, and which *Adams* wished to see stir much more than the Woman did, when he earnestly begged her to tell him, "by what Misfortune she

"came

“ came, at such a time of Night, into so lonely a
“ a Place ?” She acquainted him, “ she was tra-
“ velling towards *London*, and had accidentally met
“ with the Person from whom he had delivered her,
“ who told her he was likewise on his Journey to the
“ same Place, and would keep her Company ; an Offer
“ which, suspecting no harm, she had accepted ; that
“ he told her, they were at a small distance from an
“ Inn where she might take up her Lodging that
“ Evening, and he would show her a nearer way to
“ it than by following the Road. That if she had
“ suspected him, (which she did not, he spoke so
“ kindly to her,) being alone on these Downs in the
“ dark, she had no human Means to avoid him ;
“ that therefore she put her whole Trust in Providence,
“ and walk’d on, expecting every Moment to arrive
“ at the Inn ; when on a sudden, being come to
“ those Bushes, he desired her to stop, and after some
“ rude Kisses, which she resisted, and some Entreaties
“ which she rejected, he laid violent hands on her,
“ and was attempting to execute his wicked Will,
“ when she thanked G——, he timely came up and
“ prevented him.” *Adams* encouraged her for say-
ing she had put her whole Trust in Providence, and
told her, “ He doubted not but Providence had sent
“ him to her Deliverance, as a Reward for that Trust.
“ He wished indeed he had not deprived the wicked
“ Wretch of Life, but G——’s Will be done ; he
“ said he hoped the goodness of his Intention would
“ excuse him in the next World, and he trusted in her
“ Evidence to acquit him in this.” He was then si-
lent, and began to consider with himself, whether it
would be properer to make his Escape, or to deliver
himself, into the Hands of Justice ; which medita-
tion ended, as the Reader will see in the next Chapter.

C H A P. X.

Giving an Account of the strange Catastrophe of the preceding Adventure, which drew poor Adams into fresh Calamities ; and who the Woman was who owed the Preservation of her Chastity to his victorious Arm.

WHILST *Adams* was wisely weighing in his Mind the Objections which might be made to either of these two Methods of proceeding, his Judgment sometimes inclining to the one and sometimes to the other ; for both seemed to him so equally adviseable, and so equally dangerous, that probably he would have ended his Days, at least two or three of them, on that very Spot, before he had taken any Resolution ; he lifted up his Eyes, and spied a Light at a distance to which he instantly addressed himself with *Hæus tu, Traveller, hæus tu !* He presently heard several Voices, and perceived the Light approaching toward him. The persons attending the Light began some to laugh, others to sing, and others to hollow, at which the Woman testified some Fear, but *Adams* said, “ Be of good cheer, Damsel, and repose thy “ Trust in the same Providence, which hath hitherto “ protected thee, and never will forsake the Inno- “ cent.” These People who now approached were no other, Reader, than a Set of young Fellows, who came to these Bushes in pursuit of a Diversion which they call *Bird-batting*. This, if thou art ignorant of it (as perhaps if thou hast never travelled beyond *Kensington, Islington, Hackney, or the Borough*, thou mayst be) I will inform thee, is performed by holding a large Clap-net before a Lanthorn, and at the same time, beating the Bushes : for the Birds, when they are disturbed from their Places of Rest, or Roost, immediately make to the Light, and so are enticed within

within the Net. *Adams* immediately told them, what had happened, and desired them, "to hold the
 "Lanthorn to the Face of the Man on the ground,
 "for he feared he had *snote* him fatally." But indeed his Fears were frivolous, for the Fellow, though he had been stunned by the last Blow he received, had long since recovered his Senses, and finding himself quit of *Adams*, had listened attentively to the Discourse between him and the young Woman; for whose Departure he had patiently waited, that he might likewise withdraw himself, having no longer Hopes of succeeding in his Desires, which were moreover almost as well cooled by Mr. *Adams*, as they could have been by the young Woman herself, had he obtained his utmost Wish. This Fellow, who had a Readiness at improving any Accident, though he might now play a better part than that of a dead Man; and accordingly, the moment the Candle was held to his Face, he leapt up, and laying hold on *Adams*, cried out, "No, Villain, I am not dead,
 "though you and your wicked Whore might well
 "think me so, after the barbarous Cruelties you have
 "exercised on me. Gentlemen," said he, "you
 "are luckily come to the Assistance of a poor Traveller, who would otherwise have been robbed and
 "murdered by this vile Man and Woman, who led
 "me hither out of my way from the High-Road,
 "and both falling on me have used me as you see." *Adams* was going to answer, when one of the young Fellows, cry'd, "D—n them, let's carry them
 "both before the Justice". The poor Woman began to tremble, and *Adams* lifted up his Voice but in vain. Three or four of them laid hands on him, and one holding the Lanthorn to his Face, they all agreed, *he had the most villainous Countenance they ever beheld*, and an Attorney's Clerk who was of the Company declared, *he was sure he had remembered him at the Bar*. As to the Woman, her Hair was dishevelled in the Struggle, and her Nose had bled, so that they could not perceive whether she was handsome or ugly: but they said her Fright plainly discovered her

Guilt. — And searching her Pockets, as they did those of *Adams* for Money, which the Fellow said he had lost, they found in her Pocket a Purse with some Gold in it, which abundantly convinced them, especially as the Fellow offered to swear to it. Mr. *Adams* was found to have no more than one Halfpenny about him. This the Clerk said, “ was a great Presumption on that he was an old Offender, by cunningly giving all the Booty to the Woman.” To which all the rest readily assented.

This accident promising them better Sport, than what they had proposed, they quitted their Intention of catching Birds, and unanimously resolved to proceed to the Justice with the Offenders. Being informed what a desperate Fellow *Adams* was, they tied his Hands behind him, and having hid their Nets among the Bushes, and the Lanthorn being carried before them, they placed the two Prisoners in their Front, and then began their March : *Adams* not only submitting patiently to his own Fate, but comforting and encouraging his Companion under her Sufferings.

Whilst they were on their way, the Clerk informed the rest, that this Adventure would prove a very beneficial one : for that they would be all entitled to their Proportions of 80% for apprehending the Robbers. This occasion'd a Contention concerning the Parts which they had severally born in taking them ; one insisting, “ he ought to have the greatest Share, “ for he had first laid his Hands on *Adams* ;” another claiming a superiour Part for having first held the Lanthorn to the Man's Face, on the Ground, by which, he said, “ the whole was discovered.” The Clerk claimed four fifths of the Reward, for having proposed to search the Prisoners ; and likewise the carrying them before the Justice : he said indeed, “ in strict Justice he ought to have the whole.” These Claims however they at last consented to refer to a future Decision, but seem'd all to agree that the Clerk was intitled to a Moiety. They then debated what Money should be allotted to the young Fellow, who had been employed only in holding the
Nets.

Nets. He very modestly said, "that he did not apprehend any large Proportion would fall to his share; but hoped they would allow him something: he desired them to consider, that they had assigned their Nets to his Care, which prevented him from being as forward as any in laying hold of the Robbers, (for so these innocent People were called;) that if he had not occupied the Nets, some other must; concluding however that he should be contented with the smallest Share imaginable, and should think that rather their Bounty than his Merit." But they were all unanimous in excluding him from any Part whatever, the Clerk particularly swearing, "if they gave him a Shilling, they might do what they pleased with the rest; for he would not concern himself with the Affair." This Contention was so hot, and so totally engaged the Attention of all the Parties, that a dextrous nimble Thief, had he been in Mr. *Adams's* situation, would have taken care to have given the Justice no trouble that Evening. Indeed it required not the Art of a *Shepherd* to escape, especially as the Darkness of the Night would have so much befriended him: but *Adams* trusted rather to his Innocence than his Heels, and without thinking of Flight, which was easy, or Resistance (which was impossible, as there were six lusty young Fellows, besides the Villain himself, present) he walked with perfect Resignation the way they thought proper to conduct him.

Adams frequently vented himself in Ejaculations during their Journey; at last poor *Joseph Andrews* occurring to his Mind, he could not refrain sighing forth his Name, which being heard by his Companion in Affliction, she cried, with some Vehemence, "Sure I should know that Voice, you cannot certainly, Sir, be Mr. *Abraham Adams*?" Indeed Damself, says he, "that is my Name; there is something also in your Voice, which persuades me I have heard it before." "La, Sir," says she, "don't you remember poor *Fanny*?" How *Fanny*! answered *Adams*, "indeed I very well remember you; what

"can have brought you hither." I have told you
 "Sir," replied she, "I was travelling towards London;
 "but I thought you mentioned *Joseph Andrews*,
 "pray what is become of him?" "I left him;
 "Child, this Afternoon" said *Adams*, "in the Stage-
 "Coach, in his way towards our Parish, whither he
 "is going to see you." "To see me?" "La, Sir,"
 answered *Fanny*, "sure you jeer me; what should he
 "be going to see me for?" "Can you ask that,"
 replied *Adams*? "I hope *Fanny* you are not incon-
 "stant; I assure you he deserves much better of
 "you." "La! Mr. *Adams*," said she, "what is
 "Mr. *Joseph* to me? I am sure I never had any
 "thing to say to him, but as one Fellow-Servant
 "might to another." "I am sorry to hear this,"
 said *Adams*, "a virtuous Passion for a young Man, is
 "what no Woman need be ashamed of. You either
 "do not tell me Truth, or you are false to a very
 "worthy Man." *Adams* then told her what had
 happened at the Inn, to which she listened very
 attentively; and a Sigh often escaped from her, not-
 withstanding her utmost Endeavours to the contrary,
 nor could she prevent herself from asking a thousand
 Questions, which would have assured any one but *A-*
Adams, who never saw farther into People than they de-
 sired to let him, of the Truth of a Passion she endea-
 voured to conceal. Indeed the Fact was, that this
 poor Girl having heard of *Joseph's* Misfortune by
 some of the Servants belonging to that Coach, which
 we have formerly mentioned to have stopped at the
 Inn while the poor Youth was confined to his Bed,
 that Instant abandoned the Cow she was milking, and
 taking with her a little Bundle of Clothes under her
 Arm, and all the Money she was worth in her own
 Purse, without consulting any one, immediately set
 forward, in pursuit of One, whom, notwithstanding
 her shyness to the Parson, she loved with inexpressi-
 ble Violence, though with the purest and most de-
 licate Passion. This shyness therefore, as we trust it
 will recommend her Character to all our Female
 Readers, and not greatly surprize such of our Males as

are well acquainted with the younger part of the other Sex, we shall not give ourselves any trouble to vindicate.

C H A P. XI.

What happened to them while before the Justice. A Chapter very full of Learning.

THEIR Fellow-Travellers were so engaged in the hot Dispute concerning the Division of the Reward for apprehending these innocent People, that they attended very little to their Discourse. They were now arrived at the Justice's House, and sent one of his Servants in to acquaint his Worship, that they had taken two Robbers, and brought them before him. The Justice who was just returned from a Fox-Chace, and had not yet finished his Dinner, ordered them to carry the Prisoners into the Stable, whither they were attended by all the Servants in the House, and all the People of the Neighbourhood, who flock'd together to see them with as much Curiosity as if there was something uncommon to be seen, or that a Rogue did not look like other People.

The Justice being now in the height of his Mirth and his Cups, bethought himself of the Prisoners, and telling his Company he believed they should have good Sport in their Examination, he ordered them into his Presence. They had no sooner entered the Room, than he began to revile them, saying, "that Robberies on the Highway were now grown so frequent, that People could not sleep safely in their Beds, and assured them they both should be made Examples of at the ensuing Assizes." And after he had gone on some time in this manner, he was reminded by his Clerk, "that it would be proper to take the Deposition of the Witnesses against them." Which he bid him do, and he would light his Pipe in the mean time. Whilst the Clerk was employed in writing down

down the Depositions of the Fellow who had pretended to be robbed, the Justice employed himself in cracking Jests on poor *Fanny*, in which he was seconded by all the Company at Table. One ask'd, "whether she was to be indicted for a *Highwayman*?" Another whispered in her Ear, "if she had not provided herself a great Belly, he was at her service." A third said, "he warranted she was a Relation of *Turpin*." To which one of the Company, a great Wit, shaking his Head and then his Sides, answered, "he believed she was nearer related to *Turpis*;" at which there was an universal Laugh. They were proceeding thus with the poor Girl, when somebody smocking the Cassock, peeping forth from under the Great Coat of *Adams*, cried out, "What have we here, a Parson?" "How, Sirrah," says the Justice, "do you go a robbing in the Dress of a Clergyman?" "let me tell you, your Habit will not entitle you to the *Benefit of the Clergy*." "Yes," said the witty Fellow, "he will have one Benefit of Clergy, he will be exalted above the Heads of the People," at which there was a second Laugh. And now the witty Spark seeing his Jokes take, began to rise in Spirits; and turning to *Adams*, challenged him to *cap* Verses, and provoking him by giving the first Blow, he repeated.

Molle meum levibus cord est vilebile Telis.

Upon which *Adams*, with a Look full of ineffable Contempt, told him, he deserved scourging for his Pronuntiation. The witty Fellow answered, "What do you deserve, Doctor, for not being able to answer the first time?" Why I'll give you one you Blockhead—with an S?

Si licet, ut fulvum spectatur in igdibus baurum.

What can't not with an M neither? Thou art a pretty Fellow for a Parson—Why did'st not steal some of the Parson's *Latin* as well as his Gown. Another at the Table then answered, "if he had, you would have been too hard for him; I remember you at the College a very Devil at this Sport, I have seen you catch a fresh Man: for no body that

knew

"knew you, would engage with you." "I have forgot those things now," cried the Wit, "I believe I could have done pretty well formerly.—Let's see, what did I end with—an *M* again—ay—*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*

"I could have done it once."—Ah! evil betide you, and so you can now," said the other, "no body in this County will undertake you." *Adams* could hold no longer; "Friend," said he, I have a Boy not above eight Years old, who would instruct thee that the last Verse runs thus:

"*Ut sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*" "I'll hold thee a Guinea of that," said the Wit, throwing the Money on the Table.—"And I'll go your halves," cries the other. "Done," answered *Adams*; but upon applying to his Pocket, he was forced to retract, and own he had no Money about him; which set them all a laughing, and confirmed the Triumph of his Adversary, which was not moderate, any more than the Approbation he met with from the whole Company, who told *Adams* he must go a little longer to School, before he attempted to attack that Gentleman in *Latin*.

The Clerk having finished the Depositions, as well of the Fellow himself, as of those who apprehended the Prisoners, delivered them to the Justice; who having sworn the several Witnesses, without reading a Syllable, ordered his Clerk to make the *Mittimus*.

Adams then said, "he hoped he should not be condemned unheard." No, no, cries the Justice, "you will be asked what you have to say for your self, when you come on your Trial, we are not trying you now; I shall only commit you to Goal: if you can prove your Innocence at *Size*, you will be found *Ignoramus*, and so no Harm done." "Is it no Punishment, Sir, for an innocent Man to lie several Months in Goal?" cries *Adams*: I beg you would at least hear me before you sign the *Mittimus*." "What signifies all you can say," says the Justice, "is it not here in black and white against you? I must tell you, you are a very impertinent Fellow to

"take

"take up so much of my time.—So make haste with his *Mittimus*."

One of the Company having looked stedfastly at *Adams*, asked him, "if he did not know Lady *Booby*?" Upon which *Adams* presently calling him to mind, answered in a Rapture, "O Squire, are you there? I believe you will inform his Worship." "I am innocent." "I can indeed say," replied the Squire, "that I am very much surprized to see you in this Situation;" and then addressing himself to the Justice, he said, "Sir, I assure you Mr. *Adams* is a Clergyman as he appears, and a Gentleman of a very good Character. I wish you would enquire a little farther into this Affair: for I am convinced of his Innocence." Nay," says the Justice, "if he is a Gentleman, and you are sure he is innocent, I don't desire to commit him, not I; I will commit the Woman by herself, and take your Bail for the Gentleman; look into the Book, Clerk, and see how it is to take Bail; come—and make the *Mittimus* for the *Woman* as fast as you can." "Sir," cries *Adams*, "I assure you she is as innocent as myself." "Perhaps," said the Squire, "there may be some Mistake; pray let us hear Mr. *Adams*'s Relation." "With all my heart," answered the Justice, "and give the Gentleman a Glass to whet his Whistle before he begins. I know how to behave myself to Gentlemen as well as another. No body can say I have committed a Gentleman since I have been in the Commission." *Adams* then began the Narrative, in which, though he was very prolix, he was uninterrupted too, unless by several *Hums* and *Ha's* of the Justice, and his Desire to repeat those Parts which seemed to him most material. When he had finished; the Justice, who, on what the Squire had said, believed every Syllable of his Story on his bare Affirmation, notwithstanding the Depositions on Oath to the contrary, began to let loose several Rogues and Rascals against the Witness, whom he ordered to stand forth, but in vain: the said Witness long since finding what turn Matters were like

to take, had privily withdrawn, without attending the Issue. The Justice now flew into a violent Passion, and was hardly prevailed with not to commit the innocent Fellows, who had been imposed on as well as himself. He swore, "they had best find out the Fellow who was guilty of Perjury, and bring him before him within two Days; or he would bind them all over to their good Behaviour." They all promised to use their best Endeavours to that purpose, and were dismissed. Then the Justice insisted, that Mr. *Adams* should sit down and take a Glass with him. As for *Fanny*, she was at her own Request, recommended to the Care of a Maid-Servant of the House, who helped her to new dress and clean herself.

The Company in the Parlour had not been long seated, before they were alarmed with a horrible Up-roar from without, where the Persons who had apprehended *Adams* and *Fanny*, had been regaling, according to the Custom of the House, with the Justice's Strong Beer. These were all fallen together by the Ears, and were cuffing each other without any Mercy. The Justice himself sallied out, and with the Dignity of his Presence, soon put an end to the Fray. On his return into the Parlour, he reported, "That the Occasion of the Quarrel, was no other than a Dispute, to whom if *Adams* had been convicted the greater Share of the Reward for apprehending him had belonged." All the Company laughed at this except *Adams*, who taking his Pipe from his Mouth fetched a deep Groan, and said, he was concerned to see so litigious a Temper in Men. That he remembered a Story something like it in one of the Parishes where his Cure lay: "There was," continued he, "a Competition between three young Fellows, for the Place of the Clerk, which I disposed of, to the best of my Abilities, according to Merit: that is, I gave it to him who had the happiest Knack at setting a Psalm. The Clerk was no sooner established in his Place, than a Contention began between the two disappointed Can-

" didates,

" didates, concerning their Excellence, each contend-
 " ing, they two only had been the Competitors on
 " whom my Election would have fallen. This Dis-
 " pute frequently disturbed the Congregation, and
 " introduced a Discord into the Psalmody, 'till I was
 " forced to silence them both. But alas, the ligit-
 " ous Spirit could not be stifled; and being no longer
 " able to vent itself in singing, it now broke forth
 " in fighting. It produced many Battles, (for they
 " were very near a Match;) and I believe would
 " have ended fatally, had not the Death of the
 " Clerk given me an Opportunity to promote one of
 " them to his Place; which presently put an end to
 " the Dispute, and entirely reconciled the contend-
 " ing Parties." *Adams* then proceeded to make
 some Philosophical Observations on the Folly of grow-
 ing warnt in Disputes, in which neither Party is in-
 terested. He then applied himself vigorously to
 smoaking: and a long Silence ensued, which was at
 length broken by the Justice: who began to sing forth
 his own Praises, and to value himself exceedingly on
 his nice Discernment in the Cause, which had lately
 been before him. He was quickly interrupted by
 Mr. *Adams*, between whom and his Worship a Dispute
 now arose, whether he ought not, in strictness of Law,
 to have committed him the said *Adams*; in which
 the latter maintained he ought to have been commit-
 ted, and the Justice as vehemently held he ought not.
 This had most probably produced a Quarrel, (for both
 were very violent and positive in their Opinions) had
 not *Fanny* accidentally heard, that a young Fellow
 was going from the Justice's House, to the very Inn
 where the Stage-Coach in which *Joseph* was, put up.
 Upon this News, she immediately sent for the Parson
 out of the Parlour. *Adams* when he found her reso-
 lute to go, (tho' she would not own the Reason, but
 pretended she could not bear to see the Faces of those
 who had suspected her of such a Crime,) was as fully
 determined to go with her; he accordingly took
 leave of the Justice and Company, and so ended a
 Dispute, in which the Law seemed shamefully to in-
 tend

tend to set a Magistrate and a Divine together by the ears.

C H A P. XII.

A very delightful Adventure, as well to the Persons concerned as to the good-natur'd Reader.

ADAMS, Fanny, and the Guide set out together, about one in the Morning, the Moon then just being risen. They had not gone above a Mile before a most violent Storm of Rain obliged them to take shelter in an Inn, or rather Alehouse; where Adams immediately procured himself a good Fire, a Toast and Ale, and a Pipe, and began to smoke with great Content, utterly forgetting every thing that had happened.

Fanny sat likewise down by the Fire; but was much more impatient at the Storm. She presently engaged the Eyes of the Host his Wife, the Maid of the House, and the young Fellow who was their Guide; they all conceived they had never seen any thing half so handsome; and indeed, Reader, if thou art of an amorous Hue, I advise thee to skip over the next Paragraph; which to render our History perfect, we are obliged to set down, humbly hoping, that we may escape the Fate of *Pygmalion*: for if it should happen to us or to thee to be struck with this Picture, we should be perhaps in as helpless a Condition as *Narcissus*; and might say to ourselves, *Quod petis est nusquam*. Or if the finest Features in it should set a Lady's Image before our Eyes, we should be still in as bad Situation, and might say to our Desires, *Cælum ipsum petimus sultitia*.

Fanny was now in the nineteenth Year of her Age; she was tall and delicately shaped; but not one of those slender young Women, who seem rather intend-

ed to hang up in the Hall of an Anatomist, than for any other Purpose. On the contrary, she was so plump, that she seemed bursting through her tight Stays, especially in the Part which confined her swelling Breasts. Nor did her Hips want the Assistance of a Hoop to extend them. The exact Shape of her Arms, denoted the Form of those Limbs which she concealed; and tho' they were a little reddened by her Labour, yet if her Sleeve slipped above her Elbow, or her Handkerchief discovered any part of her Neck, a Whiteness appeared which the finest *Italian* Paint would be unable to reach. Her Hair was of a Chestnut Brown, and Nature had been extremely lavish to her of it, which she had cut, and on *Sundays* used to curl down her Neck in the modern Fashion. Her Forehead was high, her Eye-brows arched, and rather full than otherwise. Her Eyes black and sparkling; her Nose, just inclining to the *Roman*; her Lips red and moist, and her Under-Lip, according to the Opinion of the Ladies, too pouting. Her Teeth were white, but not exactly even. The Small-Pox had left one only Mark on her Chin, which was so large, it might have been mistaken for a Dimple, had not her left Cheek produced one so near a Neighbour to it, that the former served only for a Foil to the latter. Her Complexion was fair, a little injured by the Sun, but overspread with such a Bloom, that the finest Ladies would have exchanged all their White for it: add to these, a Countenance in which, tho' she was extremely bashful, a Sensibility appeared almost incredible; and a Sweetness, whenever she smiled, beyond either Imitation or Description. To conclude all, she had a natural Gentility, superior to the Acquisition of Art, and which surprized all who beheld her.

This lovely Creature was sitting by the Fire with *Adams*, when her Attention was suddenly engaged by a Voice from an inner Room, which sung the following Song:

The

The S O N G.

SAY, Chloe, where must the Swain stray
 Who is by thy Beauties undone,
 To wash their Remembrance away,
 To what distant Lethe must run?
 The Wretch who is sentenc'd to die,
 May escape and leave Justice behind;
 From his Country perhaps he may fly,
 But O can he fly from his Mind!

O Rapture! unthought of before,
 To be thus of Chloe possess'd;
 Nor she, nor no Tyrant's hard Power,
 Her Image can tear from my Breast.
 But felt not Narcissus more Joy,
 With his Eyes he beheld his lov'd Charms?
 Yet what he beheld, the fond Boy
 More eagerly wish'd in his Arms.

How can it thy dear Image be,
 Which fills thus my Bosom with Woe?
 Can aught bear Resemblance to thee,
 Which Grief and not Joy can bestow?
 This Counterfeit snatch from my Heart,
 Ye Pow'rs, tho' with Torment I rave,
 Tho' mortal will prove the fell Smart,
 I then shall find rest in my Grave.

Ab! see, the dear Nymph o'er the Plain,
 Comes smiling and tripping along,
 A thousand Loves dance in her Train,
 The Graces around her all throng.
 To meet her soft Zephyrus flies,
 And wafts all the Sweets from the Flow'rs
 Ab Rogus! whilst he kisses her Eyes,
 More Sweets from her Breath he devours.

My Soul, whilst I gaze, is on fire,
 But her Looks were so tender and kind,
 My Hope almost reach'd my Desire,
 And lest lame Despair far behind.
 Transported with Madness I flew,
 And eagerly seiz'd on my Bliss;
 Her Bosom but half she withdrew,
 But half she refus'd my fond Kiss.

Advances like these made me bold,
 I whisper'd her, Love,—we're alone,
 The rest let Immortals unfold,
 No Language can tell but their own.
 Ah! Chloe, expiring, I cry'd,
 How long I thy Cruelty bore?
 Ah! Strephon, she blushing reply'd,
 You ne'er was so pressing before.

Adams had been ruminating all this Time on a Passage in *Æschylus*, without attending in the least to the Voice, tho' one of the most melodious that ever was heard; when casting his Eyes on *Fanny*, he cried out, "Bless us, you look extremely pale." Pale! Mr. Adams, says she, O Jesus! and fell backwards in her Chair. Adams jumped up, flung his *Æschylus* into the Fire, and fell a roaring to the People of the House for Help. He soon summoned every one into the Room, and the Songster among the rest: But, O Reader, when this Nightingale, who was no other than *Joseph Andrews* himself, saw his beloved *Fanny* in the Situation we have described her, can't thou conceive the Agitations of his Mind? If thou can't not, wave that Meditation to behold his Happiness, when clasping her in his Arms, he found Life and Blood returning into her Cheeks; when he saw her open her beloved Eyes, and heard her with the softest Accent whisper, "Are you *Joseph Andrews*?" "Art thou my *Fanny*?" he answered eagerly, and pulling her to his Heart, he imprinted numberless Kisses on her Lips, without considering who were present.

If

If Prudes are offended at the Lusciousness of this Picture, they may take their Eyes off from it, and survey Parson *Adams* dancing about the Room in a Rapture of Joy. Some Philosophers may perhaps doubt, whether he was not the happiest of the three; for the Goodness of his Heart enjoyed the Blessings which were exulting in the Breasts of both the other two, together with his own. But we shall leave such Disquisitions as too deep for us, to those who are building some favourite Hypotheses, which they will refuse no Metaphysical Rubbish to erect, and support: for our part, we give it clearly on the side of *Joseph*, whose Happiness was not only greater than the Parson's, but of longer Duration: for as soon as the first Tumults of *Adams's* Rapture were over, he cast his Eyes towards the Fire, where *Æschylus* lay expiring; and immediately rescued the poor Remains, to-wit, the Sheep skin Covering of his dear Friend, who had been his inseparable Companion for upwards of thirty Years.

Fanny had no sooner perfectly recovered herself, than she began to restrain the Impetuosity of her Transports; and reflecting on what she had done and suffered in the Presence of so many, she was immediately covered with Confusion; and pushing *Joseph* gently from her, she begged him to be quiet: nor would admit of either Kifs or Embrace any longer. Then seeing Mrs. *Slipslop* she curt'sied, and offered to advance to her; but that high Woman would not return her Curt'sies; but casting her Eyes another way, she immediately withdrew into another Room, muttering as she went, she wondered *who the Creature* was.

C H A P. XIII.

A Dissertation concerning high People and low People, with Mrs. Slipslop's Departure in no very good Temper of Mind, and the evil Plight in which she left Adams and his Company.

IT will doubtless seem extremely odd to many Readers, that Mrs. *Slipslop*, who had lived several Years in the same House with *Fanny*, should in a short Separation utterly forget her. And indeed the truth is, that she remembered her very well. As we would not willingly therefore, that any thing should appear unnatural in this our History, we will endeavour to explain the Reasons of this her Conduct; nor do we doubt being able to satisfy the most curious Reader, that Mrs. *Slipslop* did not in the least deviate from the common Road in this Behaviour; and indeed, had she done otherwise, she must have descended below herself, and would have very justly been liable to Censure.

Be it known then, that the human Species are divided into two sorts of People, to-wit, *High* People and *Low* People. As by *High* People, I would not be understood to mean Persons literally born higher in their Dimensions than the rest of the Species, nor metaphorically those of exalted Characters or Abilities; so by *low* People I cannot be construed to intend the Reverse. *High* People signify no other than People of Fashion, and *low* People those of no Fashion. Now this word *Fashion*, hath by long use lost its original Meaning, from which at present it gives us a very different Idea: for I am deceived, if by Persons of Fashion, we do not generally include a Conception of Birth and Accomplishments superior to the Herd of Mankind; whereas in reality, nothing more was originally meant by a Person of Fashion, than a Person who dress himself in the Fashion of the Times; and the

the Word really and truly signifies no more at this day. Now the World being thus divided into People of Fashion, and People of no Fashion, a fierce Contention arose between them, nor would those of one Party, to avoid Suspicion, be seen publicly to speak to those of the other; tho' they, often held a very good Correspondence in private. In this Contention, it is difficult to say which Party succeeded: for whilst the People of Fashion seized several Places to their own use, such as Courts, Assemblies, Operas, Balls, &c. the People of no Fashion, besides one Royal Place called his Majesty's Bear-Garden, have been in constant Possession of all Hops, Fairs, Revels, &c. Two Places have been agreed to be divided between them, namely the Church and the Play-house; where they segregate themselves from each other in a remarkable Manner: for as the People of Fashion exalt themselves at Church over the Heads of the People of no Fashion; so in the Play-House they abase themselves in the same degree under their Feet. This Distinction I have never met with any one able to account for; it is sufficient, that so far from looking on each other as Brethren in the Christian Language, they seem scarce to regard each other as of the same Species. This the Terms *strange Persons, People one does not know, the Creature, Wretches, Beasts, Brutes*, and many other Appellations evidently demonstrate; which Mrs. *Shipslop* having often heard her Mistress use, thought she had also a Right to use in her turn: and perhaps she was not mistaken; for these two Parties, especially those bordering nearly on each other, to-wit the lowest of the High, and the highest of the Low, often change their Parties according to Place and Time; for those who are People of Fashion in one Place, are often People of no Fashion in another. And with regard to Time, it may not be unpleasant to survey the Picture of Dependence like a kind of Ladder; as for instance, early in the Morning arises the Postilion, or some other Boy which great Families no more than great Ships are without, and falls to brushing the Clothes, and cleaning the Shoes of *John* the Footman, who

being drest himself, applies his Hands to the same Labours for Mr. *Second-hand* the Squire's Gentleman; the Gentleman in the like manner, a little later in the Day, attends the Squire; the Squire is no sooner equipped, than he attends the Levee of my Lord; which is no sooner over, than my Lord himself is seen at the Levee of the Favourite, who after his Hour of Homage is at an end, appears himself to pay Homage to the Levee of his Sovereign. Nor is there perhaps, in this whole Ladder of Dependance, any one Step at a greater distance from the other, than the first from the second: so that to a Philosopher the Question might only seem whether you would chuse to be a great Man at six in the Morning, or at twelve. And yet there are scarce two of these, who do not think the least Familiarity with the Persons below them a Condescension, and if they were to go one Step farther, a Degradation.

And now, Reader, I hope thou wilt pardon this long Digression, which seemed to me necessary to vindicate the great Character of Mrs. *Slipslop*, from what low People, who have never seen high People, might think an Absurdity: but we who know them, must have daily found very high Persons know us in one Place and not in another, To-day, and not To-morrow; for all which, it is difficult to account for, otherwise than I have here endeavour'd; and perhaps, if the Gods, according to the Opinion of some, made Men only to laugh at them, there is no part of our Behaviour which answers the End of our Creation better than this.

But to return to our History: *Adams*, who knew no more of all this than the Cat which sat on the Table, imagining Mrs. *Slipslop*'s Memory had been much worse than it really was, followed her into the next Room, crying out, "Madam *Slipslop*, here is one of your old Acquaintance: Do but see what a fine Woman she is grown since she left Lady *Booby*'s Service." "I think I *reflect* something of her," answered she with great Dignity, "but I can't

"can't remember all the inferior Servants in our Family." She then proceeded to satisfy *Adams's* Curiosity, by telling him, "when she arrived at the Inn, she found a Chaise ready for her; that her Lady being expected very shortly in the Country, she was obliged to make the utmost haste, and in Commensuration of *Joseph's* Lameness, she had taken him with her;" and lastly, "that the excessive Violence of the Storm had driven them into the House where he found them." After which, she acquainted *Adams* with his having left his Horse, and expressed some Wonder at his having strayed so far out of his Way, and at meeting him, as she said, "in the Company of that Wench, who she feared was no better than she should be."

The Horse was no sooner put into *Adams's* Head, but he was immediately driven out by this Reflection on the Character of *Fanny*. He protested, "he believed there was not a chaster Damsel in the Universe. I heartily wish, I heartily wish," cry'd he, (snapping his Fingers) "that all her Betters were as good." He then proceeded to inform her of the Accident of their meeting; but when he came to mention the Circumstance of delivering her from the Rape, she said, "she thought him properer for the Army than the Clergy: that it did not become a Clergyman to lay violent Hands on any one, that he should have rather prayed that she might be strengthened." *Adams* said, he was very far from being ashamed of what he had done; she replied, "want of Shame was not the *Currycristick* of a Clergyman." This Dialogue might have probably grown warmer, had not *Joseph* opportunely entered the Room, to ask leave of *Madam Slipshod* to introduce *Fanny*: but she positively refused to admit any such Trollops; and told him, she would have been burnt before she would have suffered him to get into a Chaise with her; if she had once respected him of having his Sluts way-laid on the Road for him," adding, "that Mr. *Adams* acted a very pretty Part, and she did not doubt but to

"see him a Bishop." He made the best Bow he could, and cried out, "I thank you, Madam, for that Right Reverend Appellation, which I shall take all honest Means to deserve." "Very honest Means," returned she with a Sneer, "to bring good People together." At these Words, *Adams* took two or three Strides a-cross the Room, when the Coachman came to inform Mrs. *Slipslop*, "that the Storm was over, and the Moon shone very bright." She then sent for *Joseph*, who was sitting without with his *Fanny*; and would have had him gone with her: but he peremptorily refused to leave *Fanny* behind; which threw the good Woman into a violent Rage. She said, "she would inform her Lady what Doings were carrying on, and did not doubt, but "she would rid the Parish of all such People;" and concluded a long Speech full of Bitterness and very hard Words, with some Reflections on the Clergy, not decent to repeat: at last finding *Joseph* unmoveable, she flung herself into the Chaise, casting a Look at *Fanny* as she went, not unlike that which *Cleopatra* gives *Octavia* in the Play. To say the truth, she was most disagreeably disappointed by the Presence of *Fanny*; she had from her first seeing *Joseph* at the Inn, conceived Hopes of something which might have been accomplished at an Ale-house as well as a Palace; indeed it is probable, Mr. *Adams* had rescued more than *Fanny* from the Danger of a Rape that Evening.

When the Chaise had carried off the enraged *Slipslop*; *Adams*, *Joseph*, and *Fanny* assembled over the Fire; where they had a great deal of innocent Chat, pretty enough; but as possibly, it would not be very entertaining to the Reader, we shall hasten to the Morning; only observing that none of them went to bed that Night. *Adams*, when he had smoked three Pipes, took a comfortable Nap in a great Chair, and left the Lovers, whose Eyes were too well employed to permit any Desire of shutting them, to enjoy by themselves during some Hours, an Happiness which none of my Readers, who have never been in love,

love, are capable of the least Conception of, tho' we had as many Tongues as *Homer* had to describe it with, and which all true Lovers will represent to their own Minds without the least Assistance from us.

Let it suffice then to say, that *Fanny* after a thousand Entreaties at last gave up her whole Soul to *Joseph*, and almost fainting in his Arms, with a Sigh infinitely softer and sweeter too, than any *Arabian Breeze*, she whispered to his Lips, which were then close to hers, "O *Joseph*, you have won me; I will be yours for ever." *Joseph*, having thanked her on his Knees, and embraced her with an Eagerness, which she now almost returned, leapt up in a Rapture, and awakened the Parson, earnestly begging him, "that he would that Instant join their Hands together," *Adams* rebuked him for his Request, and told him, "he would by no means consent to any thing contrary to the Forms of the Church; that he had no Licence, nor indeed would he advise him to obtain one. That the Church had prescribed a Form, namely the Publication of Banns, with which all good Christians ought to comply, and to the Omission of which, he attributed the many Miseries which beset great Folks in Marriage; concluding, *As many as are joined together otherwise than G—'s Word doth allow, are not joined together by G—, neither is their Matrimony lawful.*" *Fanny* agreed with the Parson saying to *Joseph* with a Blush, "she assured him she would not consent to any such thing, and that she wondered at his offering it." In which Resolution she was comforted, and commended by *Adams*; and *Joseph* was obliged to wait patiently till after the third Publication of the Banns, which however, he obtained the Consent of *Fanny* in the presence of *Adams* to put in at their Arrival.

The Sun had been now risen some Hours, when *Joseph* finding his Leg surprisngly recovered, proposed to walk forwards; but when they were all ready to set out, an Accident a little retarded them. This was no other than the Reckoning which amounted to

seven Shillings; no great Sum, if we consider the immense Quantity of Ale which Mr. *Adams* poured in. Indeed they had no Objection to the Reasonableness of the Bill, but many to the Probability of paying it; for the Fellow who had taken poor *Fanny's* Purse, had unluckily forgot to return it. So that the Account stood thus:

Mr. <i>Adams</i> and Company Dr.	0	7	0
In Mr. <i>Adams's</i> Pocket, — —	0	0	6½
In Mr. <i>Joseph's</i> , — — —	0	0	0
In Mrs. <i>Fanny's</i> , — — —	0	0	0
Balance — — — —	0	6	5½

They stood silent some few Minutes, staring at each other, when *Adams* whipt out on his Toes, and asked the Hostess "if there was no Clergyman in that Parish?" She answered, "there was." "Is he wealthy?" replied he, to which she likewise answered in the Affirmative. *Adams* then snapping his Fingers returned overjoyed to his Companions, crying out, "Εὐτυχία, Εὐτυχία," which not being understood, he told them in plain *English* "they need give themselves no trouble; for he had a Brother in the Parish, who would defray the Reckoning, and that he would just step to his House and fetch the Money, and return to them instantly."

C H A P. XIV.

An Interview between Parson *Adams* and Parson *Trulliber*.

PARSON *Adams* came to the House of Parson *Trulliber*, whom he found stript into his Waistcoat, with an Apron on, and a Pail in his Hand, just come from serving his Hogs; for Mr. *Trulliber* was a Parson on Sundays, but all the other six might more properly be called a Farmer. He occupied a small piece of Land of his own, besides which he rented

rented a considerable deal more. His Wife milked his Cows, waited in his Dairy, and followed the Markets with Butter and Eggs. The Hogs sell chiefly to his care, which he carefully waited on at home, and attended to Fairs; on which occasion he was liable to many Jokes, his own Size being with much All rendered little inferiour to that of the Beasts he sold. He was indeed one of the largest Men you should see, and could have acted the part of Sir John Falstaff without stuffing. Add to this, that the Rotundity of his Belly was considerably increased by the shortness of his Stature, his Shadow ascending very near as far in height when he lay on his Back, as when he stood on his Legs. His Voice was loud and hoarse, and his Accents extremely broad; to complete the whole, he had a Stateliness in his Gate, when he walked, not unlike that of a Goose, only slower.

Mr. *Trulliber* being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his Apron, and clothed himself in an old Night-Gown, being the Dress in which he always saw his Company at home. His Wife who informed him of Mr. *Adams's* Arrival, had made a small Mistake; for she had told her Husband, "she believed he was a Man come for some of his Hogs." This Supposition made Mr. *Trulliber* hasten with the utmost expedition to attend his Guest; he no sooner saw *Adams*, than not in the least doubting the cause of his Errand to be what his Wife had imagined, he told him, "he was come in very good time; that he expected a Dealer that very Afternoon;" and added, "they were all pure and fat, and upwards of 20 Score a piece." *Adams* answered, "he believed he did not know him." "Yes, yes," cry'd *Trulliber*, "I have seen you often at Fair; why, we have dealt before now mun, I warrant you; yes, yes," cries he, "I remember thy Face very well, but won't mention a word more till you have seen them, tho' I have never sold thee a Fitch of such Bacon as is now in the Sty." Upon which he laid violent Hands on *Adams*, and dragged him into the Hog-Stye, which

was indeed but two Steps from his Parlour Window. They were no sooner arrived there than he cry'd out, "Do but handle them, step in, Friend, art welcome to handle them whether dost buy or no." At which words opening the Gate, he pushed *Adams* into the Pig-Stye, insisting on it, that he should handle them, before he would talk one word with him. *Adams*, whose natural Complacence was beyond any artificial, was obliged to comply before he was suffered to explain himself, and laying hold on one of their Tails, the unruly Beast gave such a sudden spring, that he threw poor *Adams* all along in the Mire. *Trulliber* instead of assisting him to get up, burst into a Laughter, and entering the Stye, said to *Adams* with some contempt, *Why, dost not know how to handle a Hog:* and was going to lay hold of one himself; but *Adams*, who thought he had carried his Complacence far enough, was no sooner on his Legs, than he escaped out of the Reach of the Animals, and cry'd out, *nihil habeo cum Porcis*: "I am a Clergyman, Sir, and am not come to buy Hogs." *Trulliber* answered, "he was was sorry for the Mistake; but that he must blame his Wife;" adding, "she was a Fool, and always committed Blunders." He then desired him to walk in and clean himself, that he would only fasten up the Stye and follow him. *Adams* desired leave to dry his Great Coat, Wig, and Hat by the Fire, which *Trulliber* granted. Mrs. *Trulliber* would have brought him a Basen of Water to wash his Face, but her Husband bid her be quiet like a Fool as she was, or she would commit more Blunders, and then directed *Adams* to the Pump. While *Adams* was thus employed, *Trulliber* conceiving no great Respect for the Appearance of his Guest, fastened the Parlour-Door, and now conducted him into the Kitchen; telling him, he believed a Cup of Drink would do him no harm, and whispered his Wife to draw a little of the worst Cyder. After a short Silence, *Adams* said, "I fancy, Sir, you already perceive me to be a Clergyman." "Ay, ay," cries *Trulliber* grinning; "I perceive you have some Cassock; I will not venture

“ture to call it a whole one.” *Adams* answered, “it was indeed none of the best; but he had the misfortune to tear it about ten Years ago in passing over a Stile.” *Mrs. Trulliber* returning with the Drink, told her Husband “she fancied the Gentleman was a Traveller, and that he would be glad to eat a bit.” *Trulliber* bid her “hold her impertinent Tongue;” and asked her “if Parsons used to travel without Horses?” adding, he supposed the Gentleman had none by his having no Boots on.” “Yes, Sir, yes,” says *Adams*, “I have a Horse, but I have left him behind me;” “I am glad to hear you have one,” says *Trulliber*; “for I assure you, I don’t love to see Clergymen on foot; it is not seemly nor suiting the Dignity of the Cloth.” Here *Trulliber* made a long Oration on the Dignity of the Cloth (or rather Gown) not much worth relating; till his Wife had spread the Table and set a Mefs of Porridge on it for his Breakfast. He then said to *Adams*, “I don’t know, Friend, how you came to call on me; however, as you are here, if you think proper to eat a Morfel, you may.” *Adams*, accepted the Invitation, and the two Parsons sat down together, *Mrs. Trulliber* waiting behind her Husband’s Chair, as was, it seems, her custom. *Trulliber* eat heartily, but scarce put any thing in his Mouth without finding fault with his Wife’s Cookery. All which the poor Woman bore patiently. Indeed she was so absolute an Admirer of her Husband’s Greatness and Importance, of which she had frequent Hints from his own Mouth, that she almost carried her Adoration to an opinion of his Infallibility. To say the truth, the Parson had exercised her more ways than one; and the pious Woman had so well edified by her Husband’s Sermons, that she had resolved to receive the good things of this World together with the bad. She had indeed been at first a little contentious; but he had long since got the better, partly by her love for *this*, partly by her fear of *that*, partly by her Religion, partly by the Respect he paid himself, and partly by that which he received from

the Parish: She had, in short, absolutely submitted, and now worshipped her Husband as *Sarah* did *Abraham*, calling him (not Lord but) Master. Whilst they were at Table, her Husband gave her a fresh Example of his Greatness; for as she had just delivered a Cup of Ale to *Adams*, he snatched it out of his Hand, and crying out, *I called wurst*, swallowed down the Ale. *Adams* denied it, and it was referred to the Wife, who, tho' her Conscience was on the side of *Adams*, durst not give it against her Husband. Upon which he said, "No, Sir, no, I should not have been so rude to have taken it from you, if you had called *wurst*; but I'd have you know I'm a better Man than to suffer the best He in the Kingdom to drink before me in my own House, when I call *wurst*."

As soon as their Breakfast was ended, *Adams* began in the following manner: "I think, Sir, it is high time to inform you of the business of my Embassy. I am a Traveller, and am passing this way in company with two young People, a Lad and a Damsel, my Parishioners, towards my own Cure: we stopt at a House of Hospitality in the Parish, where they directed me to you, as having the Cure."—"Tho' I am but a Curate," says *Trulliber*, "I believe I am as warm as the Vicar himself or perhaps the Rector of the next Parish too: I believe I could buy them both." "Sir," cries *Adams*, "I rejoice thereat. Now, Sir, my Business is, that we are by various Accidents stript of our Money, and are not able to pay our Reckoning, being seven Shillings. I therefore request you to assist me with the Loan of those seven Shillings, and also seven Shillings more, which peradventure I shall return to you; but if not, I am convinced you will joyfully embrace such an Opportunity of laying up a Treasure in a better Place than any this World affords."

Suppose a Stranger, who entered the Chambers of a Lawyer, being imagined a Client, when the Lawyer was preparing his Palm for the Fee, should pull out

a Writ against him. Suppose an Apothecary, at the Door of a Chariot containing some great Doctor of eminent Skill, should, instead of Directions to a Patient, present him with a Potion for himself. Suppose a Minister should, instead of a good round Sum, treat my Lord — or Sir — or Esq; — with a good Broomstick. Suppose a civil Companion, or a led Captain should, instead of Virtue, and Honour, and Beauty, and Parts, and Admiration, thunder Vice and Infamy, and Ugliness, and Folly, and Contempt, in his Patron's Ears. Suppose when a Tradesman first carries in his Bill, the Man of Fashion should pay it; or suppose, if he did so, the Tradesman should abate what he had overcharged on the Supposition of waiting. In short—suppose what you will, you never can nor will suppose any thing equal to the Astonishment which seiz'd on *Trulliber*, as soon as *Adams* had ended his Speech. A while he rolled his Eyes in Silence, sometimes surveying *Adams*, then his Wife, then casting them on the Ground, then lifting them to Heaven. At last, he burst forth in the following Accents. “ Sir, I believe I know where to lay my “ little Treasure up as well as another; I thank “ G—— if I am not so warm as some, I am content; that is a Blessing greater than Riches; and “ he to whom that is given need ask no more. “ To be content with a little is greater than to possess the “ World, which a Man may possess without being so. “ Lay up my Treasure! what matters where a Man's “ Treasure is, whose Heart is in the Scriptures? there “ is the Treasure of a Christian.” At these Words the Water ran from *Adams's* Eyes; and catching *Trulliber* by the Hand, in a Rapture, “ Brother,” says he, “ Heavens bless the Accident by which I came to see “ you; I would have walked many a Mile to have “ communed with you, and, believe me, I will shortly pay you a second Visit: but my Friends, I fancy, “ by this time, wonder at my stay, so let me have the “ Money immediately.” *Trulliber* then put on a stern Look, and cry'd out, “ Thou dost not intend to rob “ me?” At which the Wife, bursting into Tears,

fell on her Knees and roared out, "O dear Sir, for Heaven's sake don't rob my Master, we are but poor People." "Get up for a Fool as thou art, and go about thy Business," said *Trulliber*, "dost thou think the Man will venture his Life? he is a Beggar and no Robber." "Very true indeed," answered *Adams*. "I wish, with all my heart, the Tithing-Man was here," cries *Trulliber*, "I would have thee punished as a Vagabond for thy Impudence. Fourteen Shillings indeed! I won't give thee a Farthing. I believe thou art no more a Clergyman than the Woman there, (pointing to his Wife) but if thou art, dost deserve to have thy Gown stript over thy Shoulders, for running about the Country in such a manner." "I forgive your Suspicions," says *Adams*, "but suppose I am not a Clergyman, I am nevertheless thy Brother, and thou, as a Christian, much more as a Clergyman, art obliged to relieve my Distress." "Dost preach to me," replied *Trulliber*, "dost pretend to instruct me in my Duty?" "Ifacks, a good Story," cries *Mrs. Trulliber*, to preach to my Master." "Silence, Woman," cries *Trulliber*; "I would have thee know Friend," (addressing himself to *Adams*), "I shall not learn my Duty from such as thee; I know what Charity is, better than to give to Vagabonds. Besides, if we were inclined, the Poors Rate obliges us to give so much Charity," (cries the Wife.) "Pugh! thou art a Fool, Poors Rate! hold thy Nonsense," answered *Trulliber*, and then turning to *Adams*, he told him, "he would give him nothing." "I am sorry," answered *Adams*, "that you do know what Charity is, since you practise it no better; I must tell you, if you trust to your Knowledge for your Justification, you will find yourself deceived, tho' you should add Faith to it without good Works." "Fellow," cries *Trulliber*, "Dost thou speak against Faith in my House? Get out of my Doors, I will no longer remain under the same Roof with a Wretch who speaks wantonly of Faith and the Scriptures." "Name not the Scriptures," says

Adams,

Adams, "How, not name the Scriptures! Do you "disbelieve the Scriptures?" cries *Trulliber*. "No," but you do," answered *Adams*, "if I may reason "from your Practice: for their Commands are so "explicite, and their Rewards and Punishments so "immense, that it is impossible a Man should stedfast- "ly believe without obeying. Now, there is no "Command more expresse, no Duty more frequently "enjoined than Charity. Whoever therefore is void "of Charity, I make no scruple of pronouncing that "he is no Christian." "I would not advise thee," (says *Trulliber*) "to say that I am no Christian. I "won't take it of you: for I believe I am as good "a Man as thyself;" (and indeed, tho' he was now rather too corpulent for athletic Exercises, he had in his Youth been one of the best Boxers and Cudgel-players in the County.) His Wife seeing him clench his Fist, interposed, and begged him not to fight, but shew himself the true Christian, and take the Law of him. As nothing could provoke *Adams* to strike, but an absolute Assault on himself or his Friend; he smiled at the angry Look and Gestures of *Trulliber*; and telling him, he was sorry to see such Men in Orders, departed without farther Ceremony.

C H A P. XV.

An Adventure, the Consequence of a new Instance which Parson Adams gave of his Forgetfulness.

W H E N he came back to the Inn, he found *Joseph* and *Fanny* sitting together. They were, so far from thinking his Absence long, as he had feared they would, that they never once miss'd or thought of him. Indeed, I have been often assured by both, that they spent these Hours in a most delightful Conversation: but as I never could prevail
on

on either to relate it, so I cannot communicate it to the Reader.

Adams acquainted the Lovers with the ill Success of his Enterprize. They were all greatly confounded, none being able to propose any Method of departing, 'till *Joseph* at last advised calling in the Hostess, and desiring her to trust them; which *Fanny* said she despaired of her doing, as she was one of the fourest-fac'd Women she had ever beheld.

But she was agreeably disappointed; for the Hostess was no sooner asked the Question than she readily agreed; and with a Curt'ly and Smile, wished them a good Journey. However, lest *Fanny's* Skill in Physiognomy should be called in question, we will venture to assign one Reason, which might probably incline her to this Confidence and Good-Humour. When *Adams* said he was going to visit his Brother, he had unwittingly imposed on *Joseph* and *Fanny*; who both believed he had meant his natural Brother, and not his Brother in Divinity; and had so informed the Hostess on her Enquiry after him. Now Mr. *Trulliber* had by his Piety, Gravity, Austerity, Reserve, and the Opinion of his great Wealth, so great an Authority in his Parish, that they all lived in the utmost Fear and Apprehension of him. It was therefore no wonder that the Hostess, who knew it was in his Option whether she should ever sell another Mug of Drink, did not dare affront his supposed Brother by denying him Credit.

They were now just on their Departure, when *Adams* recollected he had left his Great Coat and Hat at Mr. *Trulliber's*. As he was not desirous of renewing his Visit, the Hostess herself, having no Servant at home, offered to fetch it.

This was an unfortunate Expedient: for the Hostess was soon undeceived in the Opinion she had entertained of *Adams*, whom *Trulliber* abused in the grossest Terms, especially when he heard he had had the Assurance to pretend to be his near Relation.

At her Return therefore, she entirely changed her Note. She said, " Folks might be ashamed of travelling about and pretending to be what they were not. That Taxes were high, and for her part, she was obliged to pay for what she had; she could not therefore possibly, nor she would not trust any body, no not her own Father. That Money was never scarcer, and she wanted to make up a Sum. That she expected therefore they should pay their Reckoning before they left the House."

Adams was now greatly perplexed: but as he knew that he could easily have borrowed such a Sum at his own Parish, and as he knew he would have lent it himself to any Mortal in Distress; so he took fresh Courage, and sallied out all round the Parish, but to no purpose; he returned as pennyless as he went, groaning and lamenting, that it was possible in a Country professing Christianity, for a Wretch to starve in the midst of his Fellow-Creatures who abounded.

Whilst he was gone, the Hostess who stayed at a sort of Guard with *Joseph* and *Fanny* entertained them with the Goodness of *Parson Trulliber*; and indeed he had not only a very good Character, as to other Qualities, in the Neighbourhood, but was reputed a Man of great Charity.

Adams was no sooner returned the second time, than the Storm grew exceeding high, the Hostess declaring among other things, that if they offered to stir without paying her, she would soon overtake them with a Warrant.

Plato or *Aristotle*, or some body else hath said, THAT WHEN THE MOST EXQUISITE CUNNING FAILS, CHANCE OFTEN HITS THE MARK, AND THAT BY MEANS THE LEAST EXPECTED. *Virgil* expresses this very boldly:

*Turne quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, voluenda Dies en attulit ultro.*

I would

I would quote more great Men if I could: but my Memory not permitting me, I will proceed to exemplify these Observations by the following Instance.

There chanced (for *Adams* had not Cunning enough to contrive it) to be at that time in the Ale-house, a Fellow, who had been formerly a Drummer in an *Irish* Regiment, and now travelled the Country as a Pedlar. This Man having attentively listened to the Discourse of the Hostess, at last took *Adams* aside, and asked him what the Sum was for which they were detained. As soon as he was informed, he sighed and said, "he was sorry it was so much; for that he had no more than six Shillings and Six-pence in his Pocket, which he would lend them with all his heart." *Adams* gave a Caper, and cry'd out, "it would do: for that he had Six-pence himself." And thus these poor People, who could not engage the Compassion of Riches and Piety, were at length deliver'd out of their Distress by the Charity of a poor Pedlar.

I shall refer it to my Reader, to make what Observations he pleases on this Incident: it is sufficient for me to inform him, that after *Adams* and his Companions had returned him a thousand Thanks, and told him where he might call to be repaid, they all sallied out of the House without any Compliments from their Hostess, or indeed without paying her any; *Adams* declaring, he would take particular Care never to call there again. and she on her side assuring them she wanted no such Guests.

C H A P. XVI.

A very curious Adventure, in which Mr. Adams gave a much greater Instance of the honest Simplicity of his Heart than of his Experience in the Ways of this World.

O U R Travellers had walked about two Miles from that Inn, which they had more reason to have mistaken for a Castle, than Don *Quixote* ever had any of those in which he sojourned; seeing they had met with such Difficulty in escaping out of its Walls; when they came to a Parish, and beheld a Sign of Invitation hanging out. A Gentleman sat smoaking a Pipe at the Door; of whom *Adams* enquired the Road, and received so courteous and obliging an Answer, accompanied with so smiling a Countenance, that the good Parson, whose Heart was naturally disposed to Love and Affection, began to ask several other Questions; particularly the Name of the Parish, and who was the Owner of a large House whose Front they then had in prospect. The Gentleman answered as obligingly as before; and as to the House, acquainted him it was his own. He then proceeded in the following manner: "Sir, I presume by your Habit you are a Clergyman: and as you are travelling on foot, I suppose a Glas of good Bear will not be disagreeable to you; and I can recommend my Landlord's within, as some of the best in all this County. What say you, will you halt a little and let us take a Pipe together: there is no better Tobacco in the Kingdom?" This Proposal was not displeasing to *Adams*, who had allayed his Thirst that Day, with no better Liquor than what *Mrs. Trulliber's* Cellar had produced; and which was indeed little superior either in Richness, or Flavour to that which distilled from those Grains her generous Husband bestowed on his Hogs. Having

ing therefore abundantly thanked the Gentleman for his kind Invitation, and bid *Joseph* and *Fanny* follow him, he entered the Ale-House, where a large Loaf and Cheese and a Pitcher of Beer, which truly answered the Character given of it, being set before them, the three travellers fell to eating with Appetites infinitely more voracious than are to be found at the most exquisite Eating-Houses in the Parish of *St. James's*.

The Gentleman expressed great Delight in the hearty and chearful Behaviour of *Adams*; and particularly in the Familiarity with which he conversed with *Joseph* and *Fanny*, whom he often called his Children, a Term he explained to mean no more than his Parishioners; saying, he looked on all those whom God had entrusted to his Cure, to stand to him in that Relation. The Gentleman shaking him by the Hand highly applauded those Sentiments. "They are indeed," says he, "the true Principles of a Christian Divine; and "I heartily wish they were universal: but on the "contrary, I am sorry to say the Parson of our Pa-
 "rish instead of esteeming his poor Parishioners as
 "a part of his Family, seems rather to consider them
 "as not of the same Species with himself. He seldom
 "speaks to any unless some few the richest of us;
 "nay indeed, he will not move his Hat to the others.
 "I often laugh when I behold him on *Sundays* strut-
 "ting along the Church-Yard, like a Turkey-Cock,
 "through Rows of his Parishioners; who bow to
 "him with as much Submission and are as unregard-
 "ed as a Sett of servile Courtiers by the proudest
 "Prince in *Christendom*. But if such temporal Pride
 "is ridiculous, surely the spiritual is odious and detesta-
 "ble: if such a puffed up empty human Bladder
 "strutting in princely Robes, justly moves one's De-
 "rision; surely in the Habit of a Priest it must raise
 "our Scorn."

"Doubtless," answered *Adams*, "your Opinion is
 "right; but I hope such Examples are rare. The
 "Clergy whom I have the honour to know, maintain
 "a different Behaviour; and you will allow me, Sir,
 "that

"that the Readiness, which too many of the Laity
"show to condemn the Order, may be one reason
"of their avoiding too much Humility." "Very
"true indeed," says the Gentleman; "I find, Sir,
"you are a Man of excellent Sense, and am happy
"in this Opportunity of knowing you: perhaps our
"accidental meeting may not be disadvantageous to
"you neither. At present, I shall only say to you,
"that the Incumbent of this Living is old and infirm;
"and that it is in my Gift. Doctor, give me your
"Hand; and assure yourself of it at his Decease."
Adams told him, "he was never more confounded in
"his Life, than at his utter Incapacity to make any
"return to such noble and unmerited Generosity." A
"mere Trifle, Sir, cries the Gentleman, "scarcely worth
"your Acceptance; a little more than three hundred
"a Year. I wish it was double the value for your
"sake." *Adams* bowed, and cried from the Emotions
of his Gratitude; when the other asked him, "if
"he was married or had any Children, besides those
"in the spiritual Sense he had mentioned." "Sir,"
replied the Parson, "I have a Wife and six at your
"service." "That is unlucky," says the Gentle-
man; "for I would otherwise have taken you into
"my own House as my Chaplain: however, I have
"another in the Parish, (for the Parsonage House is
"not good enough) which I will furnish for you.
"Pray does your Wife understand a Dairy?" "I
"can't profess she does," says *Adams*. I am sorry
"for it," quoth the Gentleman; I would have given
"you half a dozen Cows, and very good Grounds
"to have maintained them." "Sir," says *Adams*, in
an Ecstasy, "you are too liberal; indeed you are."
"Not at all," cries the Gentleman, "I esteem Riches
"only as they give me an Opportunity of doing
"good; and I never saw one whom I had greater
"Inclination to serve." At which Words he shook
him heartily by the Hand, and told him he had suffi-
cient Room in his House to entertain him and his
Friends. *Adams* begged he might give him no such
Trouble, that they could be very well accommodated
in

in the House where they were ; forgetting they had not a Sixpenny Piece among them. The Gentleman would not be denied ; and informing himself how far they were travelling, he said it was too long a Journey to take on foot, and begged that they would favour him, by suffering him to lend them a Servant and Horses ; adding withal, that if they would do him the pleasure of their Company only two days, he would furnish them with his Coach and six. *Adams* turning to *Joseph*, said, how lucky is this Gentleman's goodness to you, who I am afraid would be scarce able to hold out on your lame Leg, and then addressing the Person who made him these liberal Promises, after much bowing, he cried out, " Blessed
 " be the Hour which first introduced me to a Man
 " of your Charity : you are indeed a Christian of
 " the true primitive kind, and an honour to the
 " Country wherein you live. I would willingly have
 " taken a Pilgrimage to the holy Land to have be-
 " held you : for the Advantages which we draw
 " from your Goodness, give me little pleasure in
 " comparison of what I enjoy for your own sake ;
 " when I consider the Treasures you are by these
 " means laying up for yourself in a Country that
 " passeth not away. We will therefore, most gene-
 " rous Sir, accept your Goodness, as well the En-
 " tertainment you have so kindly offered us at your
 " House this Evening, as the Accommodation of
 " your Horses To-morrow Morning." He then be-
 " gan to search for his Hat, as did *Joseph* for his ;
 " and both they and *Fanny* were in order of Departure, when the Gentleman stopping short, and seem-
 " ing to meditate by himself for the space of about a
 " Minute, exclaimed thus : " Sure never any thing
 " was so unlucky ; I have forgot that my House-
 " Keeper was gone abroad, and has locked up all
 " Rooms ; indeed I would break them open for you,
 " but shall not be able to furnish you with a Bed ;
 " for she has likewise put away all my Linnen. I
 " am glad it entered into my Head before I had given
 " you the Trouble of walking there ; besides, I be-
 " lieve

"I believe you will find better accommodations here than you expect. Landlord, you can provide good Beds for these People, can't you?" "Yes and please your Worship," cries the Host, "and such as no Lord or Justice of the Peace in the Kingdom need be ashamed to lie in." "I am heartily sorry," says the Gentleman, "for this Disappointment. I am resolved I will never suffer her to carry away the Keys again." "Pray, Sir, let it not make you uneasy," cries *Adams*, "we shall do very well here; and the loan of your Horses is a Favour, we shall be incapable of making any Return to." "Ay!" said the Squire "the Horses shall attend you here at what Hour in the Morning you please." And now after many Civilities too tedious to enumerate, many Squeezes by the Hand, with most affectionate Looks and Smiles on each other, and after appointing the Horses at seven the next morning, the Gentleman took his Leave of them, and departed to his own House. *Adams* and his Companions returned to the Table, where the Parson smoked another Pipe, and then they all retired to Rest.

Mr. *Adams* rose very early and called *Joseph* out of his Bed, between whom a very fierce Dispute ensued, whether *Fanny* should ride behind *Joseph*, or behind the Gentleman's Servant; *Joseph* insisting on it, that he was perfectly recovered, and was as capable of taking care of *Fanny*, as any other Person could be. But *Adams* would not agree to it, and declared he would not trust her behind him; for that he was weaker than he imagined himself to be.

This Dispute continued a long time, and had begun to be very hot, when a Servant arrived from their good Friend to acquaint them, that he was unfortunately prevented from lending them any Horses; for that his Groom had, unknown to him, put his whole Stable under a Course of Physick.

This Advice presently struck the two Disputants dumb; *Adams* cried out, "Was ever any thing so unlucky as this poor Gentleman? I protest I am
" more

“ more sorry on his account, than my own. You see, *Joseph*, how this good-natur’d Man is treated by his Servants ; one locks up his Linen, another physicks his Horses ; and I suppose by his being at this House last Night, the Buttlr had locked up his Cellar. Bless us ! how Good-nature is used in this World ! I protest I am more concerned on his Account than my own.” So am not I,” cries *Joseph* ; “ not that I am much troubled about walking on foot ; all my Concern is, how we shall get out of the House ; unless God sends another Pedlar to redeem us. But certainly, this Gentleman has such an Affection for you, that he would lend you a larger Sum than we owe here ; which is not above four or five Shillings.” Very true, Child,” answered *Adams* ; I will write a Letter to him, and will even venture to solicit him for three Half-Crowns ; there will be no harm in having two or three Shillings in our Pockets : as we have full forty Miles to travel, we may possibly have occasion for them.”

Fanny being now risen, *Joseph* paid her a Visit, and left *Adams* to write his Letter ; which having finished, he dispatched a Boy with it to the Gentleman, and then seated himself by the Door, lighted his Pipe, and betook himself to Meditation.

The Boy staying longer than seemed to be necessary, *Joseph* who with *Fanny* was now returned to the Parson, expressed some Apprehensions that the Gentleman’s Steward had locked up his Purse too. To which *Adams* answered, “ It might very possibly be ; and he should wonder at no Liberties which the Devil might put into the Head of a wicked Servant to take with so worthy a Master :” but added, that as the Sum was so small, so noble a Gentleman would be easily able to procure it in the Parish ; tho’ he had it not in his own Pocket. Indeed,” says he, “ if it was four or five Guineas, or any such large Quantity of Money, it might be a different matter.”

They were now sat down to Breakfast over some Toast and Ale, when the Boy returned ; and informed

ed them, that the Gentleman was not at home. "Very well," cries *Adams*; but why, Child, did "you not stay 'till his return? Go back again, my "good Boy, and wait for his coming home: he "cannot be gone far, as his Horses are all sick; "and besides, he had no Intention to go abroad; "for he invited us to spend this Day and To-morrow "at his House. Therefore, go back, Child, and "tarry 'till his return home." The Messenger departed, and was back again with great Expedition; bringing an Account, that the Gentleman was gone a long Journey, and would not be at home again this Month. At these Words, *Adams* seemed greatly confounded, saying, "This must be a sudden Accident, as the Sickness or Death of a Relation, or "some such unforeseen Misfortune;" and then turning to *Joseph*, cried, "I wish you had reminded me to "have borrow'd this Money last Night," *Joseph* smiling, answered, "he was very much deceived, if the "Gentleman would not have found some Excuse to "avoid lending it. I own," says he, "I was never "much pleased with his professing so much Kindness "for you at first sight: for I have heard the Gentlemen of our Cloth in *London* tell many such Stories "of their Masters. But when the Boy brought the "Message back of his not being at home, I presently "knew what would follow; for whenever a Man of "Fashion doth not care to fulfil his Promises, the "Custom is, to order his Servants that he will never "be at home to the Person so promised. In *London* "they call it *denying him*. I have myself denied Sir "Thomas *Booby* above a hundred times; and when "the Man has danced Attendance for about a Month. "or sometimes longer, he is acquainted in the end, "that the Gentleman is gone out of Town, and could "do nothing in the Business." "Good Lord!" says *Adams*: "What wickedness is there in the Christian "World? I profess, almost equal to what I have "read of the *Heathens*. But surely, *Joseph*, your "Suspensions of this Gentleman must be unjust; for, "what a silly Fellow must he be, who would do the
"Devil's

“ Devil’s Work for nothing? and can’st thou tell me
 “ any Interest he could possibly propose to himself by
 “ deceiving us in his Professions?” “ It is not for
 “ me,” answered *Joseph*, “ to give Reasons for what
 “ Men do to a Gentleman of your Learning.” “ You
 “ say right,” quoth *Adams*; “ Knowledge of Men
 “ is only to be learnt from Books, *Plato* and *Seneca*
 “ for that; and those are Authors, I am afraid Child,
 “ you never read.” “ Not I, Sir, truly,” answered
Joseph; “ all I know is, it is a Maxim among the
 “ Gentlemen of our Cloth, that those Masters who
 “ promise the most perform the least; and I have
 “ often heard them say, they found the largest Vailés
 “ in those Families, where they were not promised
 “ any. But, Sir, without considering any farther
 “ these Matters, it would be our wisest way to con-
 “ trive some Method of getting out of this House :
 “ for the generous Gentleman, instead of doing us
 “ any Service, hath left us the whole Reckoning to
 “ pay.” *Adams* was going to answer, when their
 Host came in; and with a kind of Jeering-Smile said,
 “ Well Masters! the Squire has not sent his Horses
 “ for you yet. Laud help me! how easily some Folks
 “ make Promises!” “ How!” says *Adams*, “ have
 “ you ever known him do any thing of this kind be-
 “ fore?” “ Aye marry have I,” answered the Host;
 “ it is no business of mine you know, Sir, to say any
 “ thing to a Gentleman to his face: but now he is
 “ not here, I will assure you, he has not his Fellow
 “ within the three next Market-Towns. I own, I
 “ could not help laughing, when I heard him
 “ offer you the Living; for thereby hangs a good
 “ Jest. I thought he would have offered you my
 “ House next; for one is no more his to dispose of
 “ than the other.” At these Words, *Adams* blessing
 “ himself, declared, “ he had never read of such a
 “ Monster; but what vexes me most,” says he, “ is,
 “ that he hath decoyed us into running up a long
 “ Debt with you, which we are not able to pay;
 “ for we have no Money about us; and what is
 “ worse, live at such a distance, that if you should
 “ trust

"trust us, I am afraid you would lose your Money,
 "for want of our finding any Conveniency of send-
 "ing it." Trust you, Master!" says the Host,
 "that I will with all my heart; I honour the Clergy
 "too much to deny trusting one of them for such a
 "Trifle; besides, I like your fear of never paying
 "me. I have lost many a Debt in my Life-time;
 "but was promised to be paid them all in a very
 "short time. I will score this Reckoning for
 "the Novelty of it. It is the first I do assure
 "you of its kind. "But what say you, Master,
 "shall we have t'other Pot before we part?
 "It will waste but a little Chalk more; and if you
 "never pay me a Shilling, the Loss will not ruin
 "me." *Adams* liked the Invitation very well; es-
 pecially as it was delivered with so hearty an Ac-
 cent,—He shook his Host by the Hand, and thank-
 ing him, said, "he would tarry another Pot ra-
 "ther for the Pleasure of such worthy Company
 "than for the Liquor;" adding, "he was glad to
 "find some Christians left in the Kingdom; for
 "that he almost began to suspect that he was so-
 "journing in a Country inhabited only by *Jews* and
 "*Turks*."

The kind Host produced the Liquor, and *Jo-
 seph* with *Fanny* retired into the Garden: where
 while they solaced themselves with amorous Discourse,
Adams sat down with his Host; and both filling
 their Glasses and lighting their Pipes, they began
 that Dialogue which the Reader will find in the next
 Chapter.

C H A P. XVII.

A Dialogue between Mr. Abraham Adams, and his Host, which, by the Disagreement in their Opinions seemed to threaten an unlucky Catastrophe, had it not been timely prevented by the Return of the Lovers.

“SIR,” said the Host, “I assure you, you are
 “not the first to whom our Squire hath promised more than he hath performed. He is so famous for this Practice, that his Word will not be
 “taken for much by those who know him. I remember a young Fellow whom he promised his
 “Parents to make an Exciseman. The poor People, who could ill afford it, bred their Son to
 “Writing and Accounts, and other Learning, to qualify him for the Place; and the Boy held up
 “his Head above his Condition with these Hopes;
 “nor would he go to plough, nor do any other kind of
 “Work; and went constantly dressed as fine as could
 “be, with two clean *Holland* Shirts a Week, and this
 “for several Years; ’till at last he followed the
 “Squire up to *London*, thinking there to mind him
 “of his Promises: but he could never get sight of
 “him. So that being out of Money and Business,
 “he fell into evil Company, and wicked Courses;
 “and in the end came to a Sentence of Transportation, the News of which broke the Mother’s Heart.
 “There was a Neighbour of mine, a Farmer, who
 “had two Sons whom he bred up to the Business,
 “Pretty Lads they were; nothing would serve the
 “Squire, but that the youngest must be made a
 “Parson. Upon which, he persuaded the Father to
 “send him to School, promising, that he would afterwards maintain him at the University; and
 “when he was of proper Age, give him a Living.
 “But

" But after the Lad had been seven Years at School,
 " and his Father brought him to the Squire with a
 " Letter from his Master, that he was fit for the U-
 " niversity ; the Squire instead of minding his pro-
 " mise, or sending him thither at his Expence, only
 " told his Father, that the young Man was a fine
 " Scholar ; and it was pity he could not afford to
 " keep him at *Oxford* for four or five Years more,
 " by which Time, if he could get him a Curacy,
 " he might have him ordained." The Farmer said,
 " he was not a Man sufficient to do any such thing."
 " Why then," answered the Squire ; " I am very
 " sorry you have given him so much Learning ; for
 " if he cannot get his living by that it will rather
 " spoil him for any thing else ; and your other Son
 " who can hardly write his Name, will do more at
 " plowing and sowing, and is in a better Condition
 " than he : and indeed so it proved ; for the poor
 " Lad not finding Friends to maintain him in his
 " Learning, as he had expected ; and being unwilling
 " to work fell to drinking, though he was a very
 " sober Lad before ; and in a short time, partly
 " with Grief, and partly with good Liquor, fell into
 " a Consumption and died. There was another, a
 " young Woman, and the handsomest in all this
 " Neighbourhood, whom he enticed up to *London*,
 " promising to make her a Gentlewoman to one of
 " your Women of Quality : but instead of keeping
 " his Word, we have since heard, after having a
 " Child by her himself, she became a common
 " Whore ; then kept a Coffee-House in *Covent-Gar-*
 " *den*, and a little after died of the *French Distemper*
 " in a Goal. I could tell you many more Stories :
 " but how do you imagine he served me myself ?
 " You must know, Sir, I was bred a Sea-faring
 " Man, and have been many Voyages ; till at last I
 " came to be Master of a Ship myself, and was in
 " a fair Way of making a Fortune, when I was
 " attacked by one of those cursed *Guarda-Costas*,
 " who took our Ships before the beginning of the
 " War ; and after a Fight wherein I lost the greater
 " part

“ part of my Crew, my Rigging all demolished, and
 “ two Shots received between Wind and Water, I
 “ was forced to strike. The Villains carried off my
 “ Ship, a Brigantine of 150 Tons; and put me, a
 “ Man, and a Boy, into a little bad Pink, in which
 “ with much ado, we at last made *Falmouth*; tho’ I
 “ believe the *Spaniards* did not imagine she could
 “ possibly live a Day at Sea. Upon my return hither,
 “ where my Wife, who was of this Country then
 “ lived, the Squire told me, he was so pleased with
 “ the Defence I had made against the Enemy, that
 “ he did not fear getting me promoted to a Lieute-
 “ nancy of a Man of War, if I would accept of
 “ it, which I thankfully assured him I would. Well,
 “ Sir, two or three Years past, during which, I had
 “ many repeated Promises, not only from the Squire,
 “ but (as he told me) from the Lords of the Admi-
 “ ralty. He never returned from *London*, but I was
 “ assured I might be satisfied now, for I was certain
 “ of the first Vacancy; and what surprizes me still,
 “ when I reflect on it, these Assurances were given
 “ me with no less Confidence, after so many Disap-
 “ pointments, than at first. At last, Sir, growing
 “ weary and somewhat suspicious after so much de-
 “ lay. I wrote to a Friend in *London*, who I knew
 “ had some Acquaintance at the best House in the
 “ Admiralty; and desired him to back the Squire’s
 “ Interest; for indeed, I feared he had solicited the
 “ Affair with more coldness than he pretended.—
 “ And what Answer do you think my Friend sent
 “ me?—Truly, Sir, he acquainted me, that
 “ the Squire had never mentioned my Name at the
 “ Admiralty in his Life; and unless I had much
 “ faithfuller Interest, advised me to give over my
 “ Pretensions, which I immediately did; and with
 “ the Concurrence of my Wife, resolved to set up an
 “ Alehouse, where you are heartily welcome: and so
 “ my Service to you; and may the Squire, and all
 “ such sneaking Rascals go to the Devil together.”
 “ O fie! says *Adams*; “ Oh fie! He is indeed a
 “ wicked Man; but G— will, I hope, turn his Heart

“ to Repentance, Nay, if he could but once see the
 “ Meanness of this detestable Vice; would he but
 “ once reflect that he is one of the most scandalous
 “ as well as pernicious Lyars; sure he must despise
 “ himself to so intolerable a degree, that it would be
 “ impossible for him to continue a Moment in such a
 “ Course. And to confess the Truth, notwithstanding
 “ the Baseness of this Character, which he hath
 “ too well deserved, he hath in his Countenance suf-
 “ ficient Symptoms of that *bonè Indoles*, that Sweet-
 “ ness of Disposition which furnishes out a good
 “ Christian.” “ Ah! Master, Master,” (says the
 “ Host.) “ if you had travelled as far as I have, and
 “ conversed with the many Nations where I have
 “ traded, you would not give any Credit to a Man’s
 “ Countenance. Symptoms in his Countenance,”
 “ quotha! “ I would look there perhaps to see
 “ whether a Man had the Small-Pox, but for no-
 “ thing else!” He spoke this with so little regard to
 “ the Parson’s Observation, that it a good deal net-
 “ tled him; and taking the Pipe hastily from his
 “ Mouth he thus answered:—“ Master of mine,
 “ perhaps I have travelled a great deal farther than
 “ you without the Assistance of a Ship. Do you ima-
 “ gine sailing by different Cities or Countries is tra-
 “ velling? No.

Cælum non Animus mutant qui trans mare currunt.

“ I can go farther in an Afternoon, than you in a
 “ Twelve-Month. What, I suppose you have seen
 “ the Pillars of *Hercules*, and perhaps the Walls of
 “ *Carthage*. Nay, you may have heard *Scylla*, and
 “ seen *Charybdis*; you may have entered the Closet
 “ where *Archimedes* was found at the taking *Syracuse*.
 “ I suppose you have sailed among the *Cyclades*, and
 “ passed the famous Streights which take their name
 “ from the unfortunate *Helle*, whose Fate is sweetly
 “ described by *Apollonius Rhodius*; you have pass-
 “ ed the very Spot, I conceive, where *Dædalus* fell into
 “ the Sea, his waxen Wings being melted by the

“ Sun;

"Sun; you have traversed the *Euxine* Sea, I make
 "no doubt; nay, you may have been on the Banks of
 "the *Caspian*, and called at *Colchis*, to see if there is
 "ever another Golden Fleece."—"Not I truly, Ma-
 "ster," answered the Host, "I never touched at any of
 "these Places." "But I have been at all these," replied
Adams. "Then I suppose," cries the Host, "you have
 "been at the *East Indies*, for there are no such, I will
 "be sworn either in the *West* or the *Levant*." "Pray
 "where's the *Levant*," quoth *Adams*, that should be in
 "the *East Indies* by right."—"O ho! you are a pretty
 "Traveller, cries the Host, "and not know the
 "*Levant*. My service to you, Master; you must
 "not talk of these things with me; you must not
 "tip us the Traveller; it won't go here." "Since
 "thou art so dull to misunderstand me still," quoth
Adams, "I will inform thee; the travelling I mean
 "is in Books, the only way of travelling by which
 "any Knowledge is to be acquired. From them I
 "learn what I asserted just now, that Nature gene-
 "rally imprints such a Portraiture of the Mind in
 "the Countenance, that a skilful Physiognomist
 "will rarely be deceived. I presume you have never
 "read the Story of *Socrates* to this purpose; and
 "therefore I will tell it you. A certain Physiogno-
 "mist asserted of *Socrates*, that he plainly discovered
 "by his Features that he was a Rogue in his Nature.
 "A Character so contrary to the Tenour of all
 "this great Man's Actions, and the generally re-
 "ceived Opinion concerning him, that the Boys of
 "*Athens* threw Stones at the Physiognomist, and
 "would have demolished him for his Ignorance, had
 "not *Socrates* himself prevented them by confessing
 "the Truth of his Observations, and acknowledging
 "that tho' he corrected his Disposition by Philosophy,
 "he was indeed naturally as inclined to Vice as had
 "been predicated of him. Now, pray resolve me,
 "—How should a Man know this Story, if he had not
 "read it?" "Well Master," said the Host, "and
 "what signifies it whether a Man knows it or no?
 "He who goes abroad as I have done, will always
 "have

" have opportunities enough of knowing the World, without troubling his head with *Socrates*, or any such Fellows."—" Friend," cries *Adams*, " if a Man would sail round the World, and anchor in every Harbour of it, without Learning, he would return home as ignorant as he went out." " Lord help you," answered the Host, " there was my Boatswain, poor Fellow ! he could scarce either write or read, and yet he would navigate a Ship with any Master of a Man of War ; and a very pretty knowledge of Trade he had too." " Trade," answered *Adams*, " as *Aristotle* proves in his first Chapter of Politics, is below a Philosopher, and unnatural as it is managed now." The Host look'd stedfastly at *Adams*, and after a Minute's silence asked him " if he was one of the Writers of the *Gazetteers* ? for I have heard," says he, " they are writ by Parsons." " *Gazetteers* !" answered *Adams*. " What is that ?" " It is a dirty News-Paper," replied the Host, " which hath been given away all over the Nation for these many Years to abuse Trade and honest Men, which I would not suffer to lie on my Table, tho' it hath been offered me for nothing. " Not I truly," said *Adams*, " I never write any thing but Sermons, and I assure you I am no Enemy to Trade, whilst it is consistent with Honesty ; nay, I have always looked on the Tradesman, as a very valuable Member of Society, and perhaps inferior to none but the Man of Learning." " No, I believe he is not, nor to him neither," answered the Host. " Of what use would Learning be in a Country without Trade ? What would all you Parsons do to clothe your Backs and feed your Bellies ? Who fetches you your Silks and your Linens, and your Wines, and all the other Necessaries of Life ? I speak chiefly with regard to the Sailors." " You should say the Extravagancies of Life," replied the Parson, " but admit they were the Necessaries, there is something more necessary than Life itself, which is provided by Learning ; I mean the Learning of the Clergy.

" Who

“ Who clothes you with Piety, Meekness, Humility,
“ Charity, Patience, and all the other Christian Vir-
“ tues? Who feeds your Souls with the Milk of
“ brotherly Love, and diets them with all the dainty
“ Food of Holiness, which at once cleanses them of
“ all impure carnal Affections, and fattens them with
“ the truly rich Spirit of Grace?—Who doth this?”
“ Ay, who indeed!” cries the Host; “ for I do not
“ remember ever to have seen any such Clothing or
“ such Feeding. And so in the mean time, Master,
“ my service to you.” *Adams* was going to answer
with some severity, when *Joseph* and *Fanny* returned,
and pressed his Departure so eagerly, that he would
not refuse them; and so grasping his Crabstick, he
took leave of his Host, (neither of them being so well
pleased with each other as they had been at their first
sitting down together) and with *Joseph* and *Fanny*,
who both exprest much Impatience, departed; and
now all together renewed their Journey.



The End of the first Volume.